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JAMES MABBE, anno 1631

Also

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[1] In compiling this scheme, the Editor has received valuable assistance from the bibliographies contained
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N THE PROSE FICTION OF SPAIN, ENGLAND, ICARESQUE NOVEL AND KINDRED WORKS[1]

TRANSLATIONS FROM SPANISH AND FRENCH INTO ENGLISH.	FRENCH WORKS.	TRANSLATIONS FROM SPANISH INTO FRENCH.
		Celestine en laquelle est traicte des deceptions des serviteurs envers leurs maistres, et des macquerelles envers les amoureux. Tr. anon. 1527
An Interlude of Calisto and Melebea. 1530 ?		
		L'histoire plaisante et facetieuse du Lazare de Tormes. Tr. Jean Saugrain. (Part I) 1561 (2nd edition 1594.)
The marvelus Dedes and the lyf of Lazaro de Tormes. Licensed 1568–9		
The Pleasaunt Historie of Lazarillo de Tormes. . . Drawen out of Spanish by David Rouland of Anglesey. 1576 (Earliest surviving edition, 1586; reprinted 1596, 1624, 1639.)		
		La Celestine fidellement repurgee, et mise en meilleure forme par Jacques de Lavardin. 1578
The . . . Historie of Lazarillo de Tormes. . . The second part translated by W. P. 1596	*La vie genereuse des mercelots, gueuz, et boesmiens.* 1596	
The tragick comedie of Celestina. Licensed 1598		*La II. Partie des Faicts Merveilleux du Lazare de Tormes.* Tr. Iean vander Meeren. 1598
		Guzman d'Alfarache. (Part I). Tr. G. Chappuys. 1600
		La Vida de Lazarillo de Tormes, La Vie de Lazarille de Tormes. (Spanish and French.) Tr. P. B. 1601 (Other editions, 1609, 1615, 1616.)
	John Barclay. *Euphormionis Lusinini Satyricon.* 1603 (Translated into French from the original Latin, 1624.)	

Mr. Chandler's *Romances of Roguery* (Macmillan, 1899), and the same author's *Literature of Roguery*

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Mateo Alemán. **Segunda Parte de la Vida de Guzmán de Alfarache.** 1605	Nicholas Breton. *Grimello's Fortunes.* 1604 *Pasquil's Jests.* 1604
Francisco de Úbeda. **Libro de Entretenimiento de la Pícara Justina.** 1605	*The Life and Death of Gamaliel Ratsey.* 1605 (Representative of the long series of criminal biographies.)
	Thomas Dekker. *Belman of London.* 1608
	Thomas Dekker. *Lanthorne and Candle-light.* 1608
Juan Hidalgo. *Romances de Germania.* 1609	
	Samuel Rowlands. *Martin Mark-All, Beadle of Bridewell.* 1610
Alonso Gerónimo de Salas Barbadillo. **La Hija de Celestina.** 1612	
Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. **Novelas Exemplares.** 1613	
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Juan Cortes de Tolosa. *Discursos Morales.* 1617	William Fennor. *Compters Commonwealth.* 1617
Vicente Martínez Espinel. **Relaciones de la vida del Escudero Marcos de Obregón.** 1618	Geffray Mynshul. *Essayes and Characters of a Prison and Prisoners.* 1618
Historia de la Monja Alférez. 1618, 1625	
Carlos García. *La desordenada codicia de los bienes agenos.* 1619	
Antonio Liñan y Verdugo. *Guía y Avisos de forasteros.* 1620	
Diego Agreda y Vargas. *Novelas Morales.* 1620	
Juan de Luna. **Segunda parte de la vida de Lazarillo de Tormes.** 1620	
Alonso Gerónimo de Salas Barbadillo. *El Necio bien Afortunado.* 1621	

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Translations from Spanish and French into English.	French Works.	Translations from Spanish and English into French.
		Les Relations de Marc d'Obregon. Traduites par le Sieur d'Audiguier. 1618
		Les Novvelles de Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Tr. F. de Rosset and le Sr. d'Audiguier. 1618
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		Le Gueux, ou La Vie de Guzman d'Alfarache. Tr. J. Chapelain. 1619
	Théodore-Agrippa d'Aubigné. *Les Avantures du Baron de Faeneste.* 1617–1620	*Seconde Partie de la vie de Lazarille de Tormes.* (Luna's sequel). Tr. le Sieur d'Audiguier. 1620
		Le Voleur ou la Vie de Guzman. (Aleman's Part II). Tr. Chapelain. 1620
		L'Antiquité des Larrons. (*La desordenada Codicia*). Tr. le Sr. d'Audiguier. 1621 (Other editions, 1623, 1632).
The Pursuit of the Historie of Lazarillo de Tormes. By Jean de Luna. 1622	Théophile de Viau. *Fragments d'une histoire comique.* 1621	*Nouvelles Morales* . . . Tirées de l'Espagnol de Don Diego Agreda y Vargos. . . Par I. Baudoin. 1621
The Rogue or The Life of Guzman de Alfarache. Tr. James Mabbe. 1622 (Other editions, 1630) 1634, 1655, 1656.)	Charles Sorel. Histoire comique de Francion. 1622–41	
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Gerónimo de Alcalá Yáñez y Ribera. *Alonso Mozo de muchos Amos.* Part I. 1624 Part II. 1626	
Gonzalo Céspedes y Meneses. *Varia Fortuna del Soldado Píndaro.* 1626	
Francisco de Quevedo Villegas. **Historia de la Vida del Buscón.** 1626 *Sueños.* 1627	
Alonso de Castillo Solórzano. *Las Harpias en Madrid.* 1631 *La Niña de los Embustes.* 1632 *Aventuras del Bachiller Trapaza.* 1634	Nicholas Goodman. *Holland's Leaguer: or, an historical discourse of the Life and Actions of Dona Britanica Hollandia.* 1632
La Garduña de Sevilla. 1634	
Luis Vélez de Guevara. **El Diablo Cojuelo.** 1641 **La Vida i Hechos de Estevanillo Gonzalez,** Compuesto por el mesmo. 1646	
	Richard Head. *The English Rogue Described in The Life of Meriton Latroon.* Part I. 1665

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TRANSLATIONS FROM SPANISH AND FRENCH INTO ENGLISH.	FRENCH WORKS.	TRANSLATIONS FROM SPANISH AND ENGLISH INTO FRENCH.
	Jean de Lannel. *Le Romant Satyrique.* (*Le Roman des Indes.*) 1624	
	Charles Sorel. *Le Berger Extravagant.* 1627	
The Spanish Bawd, represented in Celestina. Tr. James Mabbe. 1631	André Mareschal. *Chrysolite.* 1627	
The Sonne of the Rogue; or, the Politick Theefe. (*La desordenada Codicia.*) Englished by W. M. (Reprinted as *Lavernae* 1650) 1638	Le Sieur du Verdier. *Le Chevalier Hypocondriaque.* 1632	*La Celestine ou Histoire Tragicomique de Caliste et de Melibee.* (Spanish text and new French translation.) 1633 *L'Avanturier Buscon.* Tr. La Geneste. 1633 *Les Visions de don Francisco de Quevedo Villegas.* Tr. La Geneste. 1633 *La Narquoise Justine* (*La Picara Justina*). Tr. anon. 1635
Exemplarie Novells. By Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Tr. James Mabbe. 1640 (Republished with title *Delight in Several Shapes.* 1654)	Clerville. *Le Gascon Extravagant.* 1639	*Les Tromperies de ce Siècle* (*Engaños deste Siglo*). Tr. Le Sieur De Ganes de Languedoc. 1639
Visions, or Hel's Kingdome . . . strangely displaied by R. C[roshawe]. (Unacknowledged version of Quevedo's Sueños.) 1640	Tristan l'Hermite. *Page disgracíe.* 1642	*Les Œuvres de Quevedo.* Tr. Alazert. 1645
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The Rogue: or, The Excellence of History Displayed, In the. . . Life of Guzman de Alfarache. Epitomiz'd into English, by A. S. Gent. (Abridgment of Mabbe's translation.) 1655 (Another edition entitled, *The Spanish Rogue*, circa 1690.)	Paul Scarron. **Le Romant Comique.** Part I. 1652 Part II. 1657 (Continuations by Antoine Offray and the Abbé Preschac 1678, 1679.)	*Les Hypocrites* (La Hija de Celestina.) *nouvelle de M. Scarron.* 1655
The Comical History of Francion. Tr. R. Loveday (?) 1655 *The Hypocrites.* Tr. from the French by John Davies of Kidwelly. 1657		

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Francisco Santos Dia y Noche de Madrid. 1663 Periquillo el de las Gallineras. 1668	
	Francis Kirkman. *The English Rogue.* Part II. 1668
	Head and Kirkman. *The English Rogue.* Parts III and IV. 1671 Francis Kirkman. *The Unlucky Citizen.* 1673 Richard Head. *Proteus Redivivus.* 1675
	John Bunyan. *Life and Death of Mr. Badman.* 1680
	The Life and Death of Young Lazarillo, Heir Apparent to Old Lazarillo de Tormes. 1688
	The Adventures of Covent Garden. 1699 *The Compleat Mendicant: or, Unhappy Beggar* (Attributed to Defoe.) 1699

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The Life and Adventures of Buscon. Put into English by a Person of Honour (J.D.). 1657 (2nd edition, 1670.)		
A Scourge for a Denn of Thieves (reprint of *The Sonne of the Rogue*). 1659 *La Picara.* Tr. from *La Fouyne de Seville* by John Davies of Kidwelly. 1665	César Oudin de Préfontaine. *Les Avantures du Chevalier de la Gaillardise.* 1662 Antoine Furetière. **Le Roman Bourgeois.** 1666	*La Fouyne de Seville* (La Garduña de Sevilla). Tr. d'Ouville. 1661 (Reprinted as *Histoire et Avantures de Dona Rufine* 1743.)
The Visions of Quevedo. Tr. by Sir Roger L'Estrange. 1667 *The Fortunate Fool.* Tr. from *El Necio bien Afortunado* by Philip Ayres. 1670 *Scarron's Comical Romance : Or, a Facetious History of a Company of Strowling Stage-Players . . . turn'd into English.* 1676		
The Famous History of Auristella . . . with the Pleasant Story of Paul of Segovia. Tr. anon. 1683	Charles Coypeau d'Assoucy. *Les Avantures de Monsieur D'Assoucy.* 1677	
Select Novels. The first six written by Miguel Cervantes. Tr. W. Pope. 1694 *The Life of Donna Rosina* (abridgment of *La Garduña de Sevilla*). Tr. E. W. c. 1700		*Histoire de l'admirable don Guzman d'Alfarache.* Tr. Gabriel Bremond. 1695
The Whole Comical Works of Monsr. Scarron. . . . Translated by Mr. Tho. Brown, Mr. Savage and Others. 1700		*Les Oeuvres de Quevedo.* Tr. Le Sieur Raclots. 1699
		Nouvelles Avantures de . . . Don Quichotte de la Manche. Tr. A.-R. Lesage from Spanish of Avellaneda. 1704

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Spanish Works.	English Works.
	(Captain Alexander Smith. *The History of the Lives of the most Noted Highway-men.* 1714 (Reprinted with Additions as, *A Compleat History of the Lives and Robberies Of the most Notorious Highway-men. . . To which is prefix'd, The Thieves New Canting-Dictionary,* 1719–20.) Theophilus Lucas. *Memoirs of the Lives, Intrigues, and Comical Adventures Of the most Famous Gamesters.* 1714

English Works.	Translations from French and Spanish into English.
Daniel Defoe. *The King of Pirates, . . . Captain Avery.* 1719 *The Life, Adventures and Pyracies of Captain Singleton.* 1720 **The Fortunes and Misfortunes of the Famous Moll Flanders.** 1722 *The History of Colonel Jack.* 1722 *The Fortunate Mistress or a History . . . of the Lady Roxana.* 1724 *A Narrative of all the Robberies, Escapes, etc., of John Sheppard. Written by Himself.* 1724	*The Spanish Pole-Cat: or, The Adventures of Seniora Rufina.* Tr. Sir Roger L'Estrange and J. Ozell. 1717 (Reprinted 1727.) *A Select Collection of Novels . . .* Written by the most *Celebrated Authors in several Languages . . . New Translated from the Originals, By several Eminent Hands.* 1722 *The Life and Adventures of Pedrillo del Campo.* Tr. Ralph Brookes. 1723

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The Comical Works of Quevedo. Tr. Captain John Stevens. 1707		
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The Life of Guzman d'Alfarache . . . To which is added, The Celebrated Tragi-Comedy, Celestina. By several Hands. 1708	Alain-René Lesage. **Le Diable Boiteux.** 1707	
The Jealous Estremaduran. . . done from the Spanish, By J. Ozell. 1709	Olivier. *L'infortuné Napolitain, ou Les Avantures du Seigneur Rozelli.* (2nd edition). 1708 (4th edition, 1722, with additions.)	
Memoirs of the Life and Adventures of Signor Rozelli. Tr. anon. 1709 (2nd edition, 'enlarged with an Appendix of two whole sheets', 1713.)		
	Les Libertins en Campagne. 1710	
	Les Tours de Maître Gonin. 1714	
	Alain-René Lesage. **Gil Blas.** 1715, 1724, 1735	

French Works.	Translations from Spanish and English into French.
Thibault, Gouverneur de Talmont. *La Vie de Pedrille del Campo : roman comique dans le goust espagnol.* 1718	
Les Avantures de Don Antonio de Buffalis. Histoire italienne. 1722	

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A Continuation of the Life and Adventures of Signor Rozelli. (Attributed to Defoe). 1724 (Reprinted the following year with the translation of 1713.)	
Captain Alexander Smith. *Memoirs of the Life and Times of the Famous Jonathan Wild.* 1726	
Street Robberies Consider'd. (Attributed to Defoe.) 1728	*A Collection of Select Novels, Written Originally in Castillian by Don Miguel Cervantes Saavedra. Made English by Harry Bridges Esq.* 1728
	The History and Adventures of Gil Blas of Santillane. Tr. anon. (3rd edition.) 1732 (Later editions, 1737, 1739, 1744.)
	The Comical History of Estevanillo Gonzalez . . . Done out of French. 1735
	The Bachelor of Salamanca. Tr. Lockman. 1737
	Le Diable Boiteux : or the Devil upon Two Sticks. (7th edition). Tr. anon. 1741
	The History of . . . Signor Rozelli. Translated from the last French edition by Monsieur D'Clue. 1742 (No more than an abridgment of the earlier translation).
Henry Fielding. **Life of the Late Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great.** 1743	*Instructive and Entertaining Novels. Translated from the Original Spanish of the Inimitable M. Cervantes. By Thomas Shelton.* (Reprint of Mabbe's *Exemplarie Novells.*) 1742
The Adventures of David Simple. By a Lady (Sarah Fielding). 1744	*The Adventures of Robert Chevalier, called de Beauchêne.* 1745
Tobias George Smollett. **The Adventures of Roderick Random.** 1748	
The Life and Adventures of Joe Thompson. 1750	*The Adventures of Gil Blas de Santillane.* Tr. Tobias Smollett. 1749
An Apology for the Life of Bampfylde-Moore Carew. 1750 (Earlier biography of Carew 1745.)	
T. G. Smollett. **The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle.** 1751	
The History of Jack Connor. 1752	
Thomas Mozeen. *Young Scarron.* 1752	
T. G. Smollett. *The Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom.* 1753	
The Adventures of Dick Hazard. 1755	
The Fortunate Imposter: or, the very Entertaining Adventures of Dick Hazard. 1759	
The History of Tom Fool. 1760	
Charles Johnstone. *Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea. By an Adept.* 1760–1765	*A Dialogue between Scipio and Bergansa . . . To which is annexed, The Comical History of Rincon and Cortado.* 1767
T. G. Smollett. **The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker.** 1771	

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French Works.	Translations from Spanish and English into French.
	La Vie et les vols du fameux Jean Sheppards Traduit de l'Anglois. 1725
Alain-René Lesage. *Les Avantures de M. Robert Chevalier, dit de Beauchêne.* 1732	*Histoire de Guzman d'Alfarache . . . purgée de. moralités superfluës. Par Monsieur Le Sage.* 1732
Histoire d'Estevanille Gonzalès. 1734	
Le Bachelier de Salamanque. 1736	
	Les Aventures de Joseph Andrews. Tr. L'Abbé des Fontaines. 1750
	Histoire de Tom Jones . . . traduction de l'anglois . . . par M. D[e] L[a] P[lace]. 1750
	Histoire et Avantures de sir Williams Pickle. (Peregrine Pickle.). Tr. anon. 1753
	Amélie, roman. Tr. Mme. Riccoboni. 1762
	La Vie et les Aventures de Joseph Thompson. Tr. anon. 1762
	Histoire de Jonathan Wild le Grand. Tr. anon. 1763
	Histoire et Aventures de Roderik Random. Tr. anon. 1782

THE PICARESQUE NOVEL

AN ESSAY IN COMPARATIVE LITERATURE

The picaresque novel, strictly speaking, purports to be the biography, generally the autobiography, of a *pícaro* or rogue. The early history of the Spanish word *pícaro* is very obscure, but, whatever its derivation, it does not seem to have come into use much before the middle of the sixteenth century.[1] In the *Celestina* (1499)[2] and its immediate imitations the word is not to be found, and curiously enough it does not occur in the *Lazarillo de Tormes* (1554),[2] the prototype of the picaresque novel. It is not till the appearance of *Guzmán de Alfarache* (1599) that *pícaro* appears to have been accepted as the generic term for the great army of idle vagabond adventurers, who justified their existence altruistically by the countless opportunities they afforded to the charitable of exercising their charity and so acquiring merit, and who at the end of the sixteenth century formed 3 per cent. of the entire population of Spain. The *pícaro* then is one who, by birth, choice or misfortune, finds himself on the lowest rung of the social ladder: perpetually in danger of being trampled out of existence by his more fortunate fellows, and congenitally incapable of sustained effort, he endeavours to compensate for his poverty, weakness and laziness by the exercise of unscrupulous cunning and dishonesty.

But the *pícaro* stands for much more than this in the history of the novel; for not only does the literary rogue provide us with the same diversity of types as the rogue of real life, but he is also the originator and representative of a literary movement, and it is this movement with which we are chiefly concerned. Consequently throughout this series the words 'picaresque novel' will not be used in their strictest sense, and this title will include those works that played an important part in the rise of realism in prose fiction, though they are sometimes neither 'picaresque' nor 'novels' in the strict sense of the words, such, for instance, as the *Celestina.*

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[1] v. De Haan, *Pícaros y Ganapanes* in the *Homenaje á Menéndez y Pelayo*, vol. ii, pp. 149-90.

[2] For convenience the dates given are those of the earliest authenticated edition; it is almost certain that neither the 1499 edition of the *Celestina* nor any of the 1554 editions of *Lazarillo* is an *editio princeps*, v. Appendix II, and p. xxviii of this Introduction

According to Aristotle the function of art is to make good the shortcomings of nature: art must take its material from the purposeless world of fact about us, and from it build up within us a new world, the world of imagination, which may embody in itself what Nature is aiming at, but fails to reach. This maxim brings us face to face at once with the dualism of the world in which we live, on the one side concrete facts which we call reality, on the other side thought and imagination. Art implies a fusion of these two opposing elements; the artist moulding the material facts of life according to the dictates of imagination, so that they may receive a form and meaning, which in themselves they do not possess. But for one artist who succeeds in this task, a hundred fail; some, since they are unable to do more than copy the world about them, try to find a place for purposeless photographs of existence in the ordered structure of art, while others ignoring the world of facts get lost in the clouds of fancy and people the world of imagination with unsubstantial abstractions. This conflict of realism and idealism[1] is the key to the development of the novel.

The origin of the novel, 'the epic of modern life', is to be sought not in the late Latin and Greek novels, such as the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius or the *Satyricon* of Petronius; for it was not until after the Renaissance that the writers of prose fiction became aware of their existence, but in the legendary romances of the Middle Ages. These romances, at first simple narratives of great feats of arms, became in the age of Chivalry more elaborate and less material, though to the modern reader they have all the charm of primitive simplicity, and are clearly the literature of an age to which psychology and self-analysis meant nothing. In France and England, however, the golden age of Chivalry soon passed, and the chivalrous romances, though they still survived, no longer expressed the aspirations, and lost all touch with the life, of a new age, which saw the loosening of the bonds of feudalism, and ideals of law and patriotism take the place of the knight-errant, and his code of honour. In Spain, however, the case was different, and as it is to Spain beyond all countries that the earliest novels are indebted, it is necessary to consider somewhat more fully the development of the romance in that country during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

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[1] Throughout this essay the terms *realism* and *idealism*, when used in relation to literature, are to be understood, the former as the analysis of observation, the latter as the artistic synthesis of the imagination.

THE CHIVALRESQUE ROMANCE IN SPAIN

During these centuries the condition of Spain differed very considerably from that of the other Western nations. Her long struggle with the unbeliever had filled the Spaniard with a religious fervour, which was elsewhere already an anachronism; for the time of the Crusades had passed away, never to return. While in England and France chivalry had become an idle dream, in Spain it was a living force, finding its expression not only in knightly chronicles or romances, but in romantic deeds against the Moslem. When in 1492 Granada fell, the spirit of Chivalry still glowed white-hot in the heart of the Spanish people, but it was no longer the personal chivalry of the knight-errant; under the wise direction of the Catholic Kings, it had become an enthusiasm of patriotism, the knight-errantry of a nation. At last unity reigned supreme throughout the Spanish peninsula, unity of religion and unity of Government, one Church, one Monarch and one Empire. Nor was this the only miracle of the times: for to the Spaniards had been vouchsafed the discovery of the New World, teeming with wealth, as they believed, to make them masters of the Old. Never since the Jews had conquered Canaan had a nation believed with such conviction that they were the Chosen People, the Elect of God. High and low alike were ready to endure all things fearlessly in a great cause, and that cause they found in the extension of their unity throughout the world, in the gathering of all the nations into the fold of the one true Church, and in the subduing of every people to the Sword and Empire of Spain. Two lines of Hernando de Acuña (d. 1580) may be taken as a summary of Spanish aspirations :—

> Una grey y un pastor solo en el suelo, . . .
> Un monarca, un imperio y una espada.[1]
>
> One Fold, one Shepherd only on the earth . . .
> One Monarch, one Empire and one Sword.

Self-sacrifice was the spirit of the age, and it seemed for a moment that this glorious contempt for commonsense would make Spain mistress of the world. Just when the rest of Europe was beginning to settle down and make the best of things as they were, bringing down the ideals of Christianity and Chivalry from empyrean impossibility to terrestrial reality, Spain set out in the opposite direction and sought to transform the earth into the world of her dreams, and to remould this sorry scheme of things to her heart's desire. The enterprise was impossible, and Spain, after a career of meteoric splendour, failed, leaving only an example and a warning for those who followed.

The national literature displayed the same extravagant hatred of compromise between the real and the ideal; the Spanish people looked to their literature to aid them in shutting their eyes to the incompatibility of the two, and to inspire them in their struggle against nature. Nor were they disappointed. The Spanish genius was naturally inclined to extravagance and a superfluity of adornment, and the chronicle of Spain had become already rather the panegyric of a hero than the chronicle of a nation: history was no more than the life-story of some great man, in whose glory the historian spared neither his own invention nor his reader's credulity. The Celtic tales of Arthur and Lancelot had long been known in Spain, so that it was an easy step from the imaginative chronicle to the chivalresque romance with its marvels and unreality.[2]

The origin and early history of *Amadís de Gaula*, the type of the extravagant chivalresque romance, is very obscure, but at least it is certain that the book became a perfect craze in Spain during the fifteenth century. The earliest edition known to us was printed at Saragossa in 1508, and for a hundred years sequel followed sequel, and imitation followed imitation, until Don Quixote rode out upon his knightly quest and shook down the walls of unreality with peals of laughter. Each succeeding chivalresque romance tried to improve upon its predecessor, travelling ever further from sense and possibility; the giants grew bigger, the knights more noble, the ladies more beautiful, but the whole thing was no more than a convention and all of them were the same, monotonously the same. In truth Spain had in the seriousness of her high emprise lost her sense of humour; in the words of a French critic, 'il lui suffisait de sa conscience, de Dieu et de son épée'.

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[1] Quoted in *A History of Spain*, by U. R. Burke, edited by M. A. S. Hume, Vol. II, pp. 88–89.

[2] *Spanish Influence in English Literature*, by M. A. S. Hume.

Yet a shrewd sense of humour and satirical observation had been a characteristic of the Spanish genius and had inspired their literature from its beginning. The very first of Spanish chivalresque romances, *El Cavallero Cifar* (circa 1300), contains in the character of the *ribaldo*, a rough sketch of the *pícaro* of a later age. The moral tales of the Infante Juan Manuel (1282–1348), the famous *Libro de los Enxiemplos del Conde Lucanor et de Patronio* (Book of Ensamples of Count Lucanor and Patronio), didactic as they are in their purpose, display a completeness of experience and acuteness of observation, that make them a very mine of worldly wisdom, such as Bacon himself would not have despised. Juan Ruiz, the Archpriest of Hita (fl. 1350), with arch hypocrisy bids the reader of his *Libro de Cantares* find therein ensamples of the evil and of the good, that he may eschew the one and ensue the other, and, if he lingers lovingly over the evil, it is life as it is that he paints with his merciless pen, and laughs at with a merry cynicism. While Ruiz found food for laughter in the frailty of man, López de Ayala (1332–1407), the great Chancellor and chronicler of Castille, wrote in his *Rimado del Palacio* of the sins and weaknesses of his fellows and himself with all the satirist's indignation and scourged them with the severity of a moralist. But just at the time when Spain was setting out on her wild career, a more important book appeared than any that had gone before it, a work of genius, which, in its pitiless pessimism and minute observation, showed how an artist might treat the sordid facts of life in all their ugliness and meaningless cruelty, and yet by the mystery of his art throw over them the glamour of a romantic and transcendent passion, and raise them from their nothingness, so that they might worthily take their place in the world of imagination. This book which marks an epoch in Spanish, indeed in European, literature, is the *Celestina*, first published probably before 1499, of which Mabbe's admirable translation fills the greater part of this volume.

THE *CELESTINA*

The reader will find in Appendix II (p. 303) a discussion of the numerous difficulties connected with the bibliography and authorship of the *Comedy*, or, as it was called after 1501, the *Tragi-comedy of Calisto and Melibea*, popularly known from its most striking character as the *Celestina*: what concerns us now is its influence upon the picaresque novel. Appearing at the end of the fifteenth century, when the most extravagant spirit of unreasonable idealism that the world has ever seen was sweeping across Spain, it seems with its cynical and merciless realism a warning from a later and decadent age, reminding the Spanish people, even in the madness of their enthusiasm, of the fate that ever waits upon

> The high that proves too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
> The passion that leaves the ground to lose itself in the sky.

In the *Celestina* we have a simple story of the tragic loves of Calisto, a young nobleman 'with many graceful qualities richly endowed', and Melibea, a fair maiden of no mean estate, neither the one nor the other possessing the qualities of a hero or a saint, but very human in their failings and virtues. But neither Calisto nor Melibea, who by the mystery of their love live in a world unattainable to average humanity, is the protagonist; it is upon the portrait of a very different character, the wise bawd Celestina, that the author has bestowed all the wealth of his genius, and about her he has grouped the dishonest servants Sempronio and Parmeno and their lights-of-love, portraits that in convincing truth and artistic skill yield only to that of Celestina. 'See life', the author seems to say, 'not with the false eyes with which Calisto saw Melibea, but with eyes unblinded by the illusion of ideals and learn that at its best and at its worst it is nothing but vanity and the shadow of a dream.' 'All things pass after this manner', says Sempronio, 'all is forgotten and thrown behind us as if they had never been.' Yet it is easy to lay too much stress on the cynical realism of the *Celestina*; for its main plot is essentially romantic. It is not, like the picaresque novel, its acknowledged descendant, a reaction from an exaggerated idealism, and therefore blind to anything but the material aspect of human life. The passion of Calisto and Melibea transcends morality and death itself, much more those purely selfish motives, which alone influence the *pícaro*. The *Celestina* indeed fulfils Aristotle's definition of art, and anticipates the fusion of the real and the ideal, after which the novel groped so long in vain, so that as a work of art it foreshadows the advent of *Don Quixote* and *Tom Jones*, rather than that of *Guzmán de Alfarache* and *Gil Blas*, which reproduced only its realistic observation, and passed over the romantic tragedy of Calisto and Melibea.

The *Celestina* is written in the form of prose dialogue, and though not intended for representation its interest is essentially dramatic; consequently it exercised an immediate influence upon the drama, then just coming into existence, and Moratín remarks that 'as Greek tragedy was composed from the crumbs that fell from Homer's table, so the Spanish drama owed its earliest forms to the *Celestina*.' But this influence was short-lived; the Spanish playwright sought his themes in the 'pundonor' and heroic loyalty, conventional and grandiose subjects which demanded all the sublimity of poetry for their expression and could find little to borrow in the realism and prose of the *Celestina*, or in its romantic conception of human love.

For a time it seemed that despite its popularity the influence of the *Celestina* would begin and end with the formation of the Spanish theatre, which, as we have said, soon chose a more ambitious path, and with a series of more or less servile imitations. Upon the novel, however, the *Celestina* was fated to leave an indelible impression. It appeared, indeed, at a time when Spanish fiction was not yet ripe for realism, and it could not check the growing extravagance of the chivalresque romance, though it might tempt Pedro Manuel de Urrea to combine its realism with the allegory and chivalresque adventures of the *Cárcel de Amor* in his *Penitencia de Amor*[1] (1514), and even Feliciano de Silva, indefatigable composer of sequels to *Amadís*, to write a *Second Comedy of Celestina* (1534). A hundred years later, however, when the national enthusiasm had worn itself out, and a reaction set in against the unreality and absurdity of the old romance, a new school of fiction arose, which sought its inspiration in the characters and scenes of low life, that the *Celestina* had painted with such masterly skill.

If Celestina herself is the prototype of Justina and Moll Flanders, the lesser characters of Parmeno and Sempronio are even more truly the originals of Lázaro, Guzmán, and Gil Blas. Servants all, their rule of life is purely selfish, their philosophy the quintessence of cynicism, and if Guzmán and his fellows do not meet with the same tragic fate as Parmeno and Sempronio, they richly deserve it. Parmeno sums up the whole philosophy of the *pícaro*, when he replies to Sempronio's remark that some devil must have taught Celestina her cunning, 'Only necessity and poverty; for there is no better mistress in the world than starvation, no better quickener and awakener of the wits.' Necessity and poverty with their companion starvation are the only springs of conduct that the *pícaro* can understand.

LAZARILLO DE TORMES

It was not, however, for half a century, during which Spain was too engrossed in attempting the impossible to cultivate a sense of humour, and the chivalresque romance reigned supreme, that the first[2] of picaresque novels, the *Lazarillo de Tormes*, was published. The three earliest editions known of this work are dated 1554, but M. Foulché-Delbosc has proved that they are all derived from a lost edition of earlier but uncertain date.[1] The *Lazarillo de Tormes* is the simple account of the adversities and fortunes of a poor boy. Little Lázaro, born on the banks of the Tormes, starts life as a blind man's leader and after serving various masters, such as a miserly priest and penniless hidalgo, ends, 'at the height of all good fortune', as town crier of Toledo, and, as he hints, *mari complaisant* of an Archpriest's mistress. 'Written in the most debonair and idiomatic Castilian', says Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly in his *History of Spanish Literature* (1898), '*Lazarillo de Tormes* condenses into seven short chapters the cynicism, the wit, and the resource of an observer of genius.'

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[1] Reprinted by M. Foulché-Delbosc in the *Bibliotheca Hispanica*, vol. x. v. *Revue Hispanique* (1902), vol. ix. pp. 200–215.

[2] Ticknor, following Clemencín, suspected that the *Vida y Hechos de Diego García de Paredes*, printed at the end of the *Corónica del Gran Capitán* (1559), and written supposedly by Paredes on his deathbed in 1533, might be ranked as a picaresque novel, but in point of fact this autobiography is no more than a plain, and for the most part unvarnished, account of the prowess of a soldier of fortune, and its grim narrative has little relation to the *gusto picaresco*.

It is certain that some of the incidents of the *Lazarillo* are not original, but drawn from the store of traditional anecdotes which supplied the material of countless jest-books, such as the *Floresta Española de Apotegmas* (1574) of Melchior de Santa Cruz, or in England *The Hundred Merry Tales*: thus the story of the *buldero* is to be found with but slight modification in the fourth *novella* of Massuccio's *Il novellino*, and M. Jusserand has unearthed from a MS. of the fourteenth century an illustration [2] of a boy cheating a blind man of his wine by sucking it through a straw, an incident which figures in the first *Tratado* of *Lazarillo*. But in grouping these stories round a single figure and making a connecting thread of the personality of the *pícaro*, the unknown author of the *Lazarillo* originated a new form of fiction, which even three and a half centuries have not exhausted. He had studied the *Celestina*, as is clear from several passages, but he made no attempt at artistic unity as the author of the earlier work had done. He was content to give a loosely connected series of pictures, vividly portraying the low life of his age, and even Lázaro, the only connecting link, save for here and there a happy touch, is little more than a name. The brevity and conciseness of the *Lazarillo*, its vivid portraiture and mocking cynicism, blind the reader to its faults of construction, although its incidents have so little relation one to the other, that the censor of the Inquisition was able to cut out the whole episode of the *buldero* without in any way injuring the continuity of the work. But it is necessary to remark its want of artistic unity, because it is exactly this fault which the later picaresque novel inherited without the *Lazarillo's* merits.

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[1] v. *Revue Hispanique*, vol. vii. p. 81, also *Vida de Lazarillo de Tormes, restitución de la edición príncipe por R. Foulché-Delbosc, Bibliotheca Hispanica,* vol iii.

[2] Reproduced in *Revue Hispanique,* vol. vii.

But whatever its faults *Lazarillo de Tormes* was a great achievement; for the first time in a Spanish novel the very unheroic *pícaro* plays the part of hero. For Lázaro is the first of the noble army of needy adventurers, who in the struggle for existence have no time to think of honour or honesty; indeed if they did, they would starve: all their thoughts are turned towards escaping the pinch of hunger with the least possible exertion, and making themselves as comfortable as they can in an uncomfortable world. The same spirit that inspired the Spanish soldier to fear no odds, inspires them in their struggle for a bare livelihood; never despairing, they glory in the cunning and ingenuity which prolong an existence that many would consider worse than death itself; but they, true Bohemians as they are, love it for its freedom and irresponsibility, even when they bewail its hardships.

Lazarillo is the first symptom of reaction against the chivalresque romance. His life is spent not in rescuing distressed maidens, not in conquering giants and monsters, not in mystic quest of a phantom ideal, but in stealing food to fill his empty belly, in cheating his neighbours and masters, and in evading by lies and subtlety the consequences of his double dealing. His conception marks the beginning of disillusionment. Spain was beginning to flag in her passionate quest of the ideal, and to realize that all the victories she had won at so terrible a cost brought her no nearer to its attainment. Garcilaso de la Vega (1503–1536), the Spanish Sir Philip Sidney, was among the first to realize the hopelessness of the struggle, and in the first flush of Charles V's glorious triumphs he gave expression to it in the prophetic lines,

> ¿ Qué se saca de aquesto ? ¿ Alguna gloria ?
> ¿ Algunos premios ó aborrecimiento ?
> Sabrálo quien leyere nuestra historia;
> Veráse allí que, como el humo al viento,
> Así se deshará nuestra fatiga.[1]

which may be roughly translated

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[1] *Elegia al duque de Alba* (1535).

What profit brings our toil? A moment's fame?
Renown undying, or contempt and shame?
He who hereafter reads our nation's story
Will see dispersed, like wind-blown smoke, our glory.

Already the brute facts of political economy, which they had cheerfully sacrificed to their ideal, began to press hard upon them and their empire was crumbling to its fall. The nation was fast becoming a nation of adventurers, inspired often with lofty aspirations, but as they began to perceive the impossibility of attainment, ideals fell into the background, scruples were forgotten, and a mad struggle for existence began. The spirit that under Charles V had carried the Spanish arms victorious across Europe could find no outlet in the cautious administration of Philip II, and it is the chief charm of the Spanish *pícaro* that despite his sordid selfishness he has still a leaven of the spirit that sustained the invincible troops of the Gran Capitán.

It would seem then that the first picaresque novel appeared at a propitious moment, when Spain's dreams of universal empire were fading, and their enthusiasm for the chivalresque romance was cooling with their fiery zeal for glory. Moratín in his list of chivalresque novels names fifty published between 1498 and 1552, while for the rest of the century he mentions only twenty, and of these several were reprints. Certainly the *Lazarillo* was very popular from its first publication, but the picaresque novel was not yet destined to occupy the place of honour, until then held by the chivalresque romance, which was still widely read, and did not become extinct until Cervantes awoke the Spaniards' slumbering sense of humour and taught them that the days of their dreams had passed away for ever. Of immediate imitators the *Lazarillo* had few or none; an anonymous sequel was published at Antwerp in 1555, but the author evidently considered that his readers had had enough of realism. This sequel, which is sufficiently amusing, entirely lost the spirit of the original; it takes Lazarillo from the world he had described with such cynical brilliancy and carries him off metamorphosed into a tunny, to the deep seas, where he disports himself among the finny tribes, and goes through adventures that smack not a little of Amadís and his congeners. The *Patrañuelo* (1566), a collection of short stories by Juan de Timoneda, shows here and there a touch of the picaresque spirit, and the *Relación de la Cárcel de Sevilla* of Cristóbal de Chaves (1585–1597), an absorbingly interesting account of the great prison of Seville, needed only a little working up to become a true rogue novel, and supplied later picaresque writers with abundant material. But it is not till the very end of the century that a second picaresque novel was published. *Lazarillo* was read and re-read, but no rival *pícaro* challenged his supremacy.

In 1559 the attention of the ever-watchful Inquisition was drawn to the freedom with which things ecclesiastical are treated in its pages, and it was placed upon the Index. But the book continued to be read surreptitiously, and in 1573 the secretary of Philip II, Juan López de Velasco, prepared an expurgated version, which, on the whole, treated it very mercifully. It might seem that the ban of the Holy Office frightened away possible competitors, and it is true that the later picaresque novel usually treated the Church with prudent respect. But in point of fact the *Lazarillo de Tormes* was popular not for the novelty of its genre but for its own literary merits ; there is always a public for a work of genius.

Though time was bringing disillusionment, and their vigour was slackening, the hopes of the Spanish people were not yet completely ruined, and the fundamental weakness of their Empire was not yet fully visible. Though their zeal was flagging and a sense of weariness was stealing over them, they could not yet regard the world in the spirit of devil-may-care cynicism, which characterizes the *pícaro's* outlook upon life. As they were growing less eager for stories of superhuman achievements, literature provided a new world of unreality, in which they could forget the menace of failure and the need of action.

Just as Garcilaso de la Vega, ‘ tomando ora la espada, ora la pluma ’ (taking now the sword, now the pen), turned from the vanity of conquest to the melodious melancholy of pastoral poetry, so his countrymen sought consolation in the pastoral romance. They had grown weary of enchanted castles and battles against fearful odds, and turned with relief to another province of absurdity, where unnatural shepherds bewailed in grandiloquent language their love for heartless and bejewelled shepherdesses, and whiled away the magic hours with endless narrative, forgetting to watch their flocks, which served no more useful purpose than the adornment of the landscape. Theocritus and Virgil had laid the foundations of Arcadia, and Sannazaro had revived in Italy its unearthly customs, when Jorje Montemôr—in Castilian Montemayor—wrote his *Diana* (?1558), the first Castilian prose pastoral. The *Diana* appeared some few years after the *Lazarillo de Tormes*, and met with immediate success, though the scenery of the pastoral was far more akin to the fat land of Portugal—the *Diana* was based on the Portuguese *Menina e moço* of Ribeiro (d. ?1524)—than to the lean land of Spain, which knows little of the velvet lawns and purling brooks that form the landscape of Arcadia. During the latter half of the sixteenth century numerous imitations appeared, which slowly but surely ousted the chivalrous romance from its preeminence. Cervantes, though he administered the *coup de grâce* to the romance of chivalry, deigned to write a *Galatea* (1585) himself, and held it not the least of his works, though in the *Coloquio de los perros* he laughs gaily at the pastoral conventions. It was not till the seventeenth century was well advanced that Lazarillo's successors drove these rather tedious shepherds into obscurity.

REALISTIC PROSE FICTION IN ENGLAND (1550-1600).

'The Spaniard,' says Dekker,[1] 'was so busy in touching heaven with a lance that our Knight of the Burning Shield could not get him at so much leisure as to eat a dish of pilchards with him.' While the Spaniard was still tilting at clouds and windmills, Lazarillo de Tormes travelled from his native land into England and found the Englishman ready enough to discuss a dish of pilchards, homely fare though it was. The Englishman had long been busy about his own affairs, arranging his own comfort with the prosaic commonsense and sturdy disregard of other people's feelings characteristic of the nation, and even the enthusiasm of the Renaissance could not quite blind him to reality. Lazarillo in his English guise, it is true, found before long the same chivalrous knights and Arcadian shepherds as his rivals, but he found also sturdy allies in a little band of rogues already acclimatized, such as Reynard the Fox and Robin Hood. The spirit of chivalry even in Chaucer's time was growing obsolete: the 'verray parfit gentle knight', who 'loved chivalry, trouthe and honour, freedom and courtesye', was already a survival from a bygone age. English commonsense stigmatized chivalry as windy bombast, and stinted its career as mercilessly as mine host stinted Chaucer's tale of Sir Thopas, 'al of a knight was fair and gent In bataille, and in tourneyment':—

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[1] *News from Hell* (1606). As the Knight of the Burning Shield is the devil's courier the satire is more merciful than appears at first sight, and the phrase shows a keen appreciation of the Spanish character.

> 'No more of this for goddes dignitee',
> Quod oure hoste; 'for thou makest me
> So wery of thy verray lewednesse,
> That, also wisly god my soule blesse,
> Myn eres aken of thy drasty speeche;
> Now swiche a rym the devel I beteche.'

The national caution, however, was not proof against the enthusiasm of the Renaissance; the awakening of a slumbering curiosity[1] drew Englishmen from their insular isolation, and in the literatures of Greece and Rome, of France, Italy and Spain, they found a new world, whose existence they had scarcely suspected, the world of imagination. The printing press played its part in this discovery. 'A new life', says M. Jusserand, 'was infused into old legendary heroes, and they began again, impelled not by the genius of new writers, but simply by the printer's skill, their never-ending journeys over the world.' During the sixteenth century the mediaeval romance was the staple reading of the people, and in 1575 we find that even a mason could possess a small library of romances, such as *King Arthur's Book*, *The Four Sons of Aymon*, *Huon of Bordeaux*. These romances[2] were for the most part of the primitive type, very different from the conventional artificiality of the later chivalresque romance, and the best of them in their self-restraint and archaic simplicity, and the worst of them in their crude brutality, were far nearer life and reality than their successors of the Amadís type. With the exception of Lord Berner's popular translation (1540) of the *Cárcel de Amor*, and Paynel's unsuccessful *Treasurie of Amadis of Fraunce* (1568), the old mediaeval romances had no rivals in the field of prose fiction, when *Lazarillo de Tormes*, translated by David Rouland of Anglesey, was published in 1576.[1] The *Celestina* had already been adapted for the English stage in the form of an Interlude (circa 1530), reprinted in this volume after Mabbe's translation, and we have evidence that during the last years of the sixteenth century, just when Elizabethan realistic fiction was at its zenith, the Spanish tragi-comedy was better known in England than it is to-day. *Lazarillo* was reprinted in 1586 and 1596, and in the latter year there also appeared a translation of the anonymous sequel. In 1580 we have a reference to 'the tragical Comedie of *Calistus*', unmistakably a new stage version of the *Celestina*, while in 1591 *Lacelestina, comedia in Spanishe*, and in 1598 *The tragick comedye of Celestina*, a translation apparently of the whole work, were licensed for publication.[2] Certainly there was no lack of interest in foreign realistic fiction, and the Elizabethan realists were not without models, if they cared to use them.

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[1] *English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare*, by J. J. Jusserand, tr. E. Lee (1890).

[2] Specimens of these will be found in *Early Prose Romances*, selected by W. J. Thoms, Routledge's series of 'Early Novelists'.

In 1579 the publication of Lyly's *Euphues* marks the beginning of the Elizabethan novel. The life of the Renaissance was too rich and too complex to be expressed by the simplicity and self-restraint of Malory and his fellows: a new medium of expression was required and this medium Lyly attempted to supply. His *Euphues* sought to please—and for a time succeeded—by its carefully elaborated style, a balanced alliterative arrangement of erudite similes and far-fetched antitheses,

> Talking of stones, stars, plants, of fishes, flies,
> Playing with words and idle similies

Euphuism achieved in England an immediate, if short-lived, popularity; its outlandish absurdities had an invincible attraction for a people who had just awakened to the marvels of existence, and were insatiate in their search for the extraordinary.

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[1] Rouland's translation was licensed 1568–9, and was certainly published in 1576, though no copy of this edition is known to exist.

[2] v. Appendix III, p. 337.

This extravagance of style was followed by a riot of imagination. Lyly's successors, Greene and his school, grafted on the stock of Euphuism amazing tales of love and adventure, as impossible and as popular as the Spanish chivalresque novel. To these productions, mainly in the Italian manner, one of Lyly's imitators, Anthony Munday, added a series of translations of the Amadís romances, which were widely read during the first years of the following century. Nor was the pastoral wanting to complete the world of unreality: Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, published after his death and contrary to his wishes in 1590, was followed by Young's translation (1598) of the *Diana*, the *Arcadia's* model, and Arcadianism became as popular as Euphuism had been.

But even when the cult of unreality was at its height, English writers did not entirely forget the imperfect world in which they lived. The mediaeval stories of Reynard the Fox, more truly a *pícaro* than Cervantes' Berganza, of Robin Hood and other romantic rogues were not the only allies of Lazarillo: stories of real life, coarse jests and practical jokes for the most part, had been handed down for generations, and, as is the way with such stories, they became grouped round the name of some celebrated buffoon. The earliest collections of these stories came from Germany, such as Murner's *Til Eulenspiegel* (1519), translated into English as *Til Howleglas* (? 1528). About the middle of the sixteenth century these jest-books had a considerable vogue, and they prepared the way for the Rogue Pamphlets of Greene and Dekker.

More serious, but no less akin to picaresque fiction, is the curious series of Beggar Books, of which more will be said in a later preface. These studies of the lowest orders of society, or rather of social outcasts, who formed, and still form, a rival society, with their own customs, language, and code of morality, take their origin from the *Liber Vagatorum*, published in Germany in the first years of the sixteenth century and re-edited by Martin Luther in 1528. John Awdeley's *Fraternitye of Vacabonds* (1561) and Thomas Harman's *Caveat for Commen Cursetors* (1567) are the first English Beggar Books; they consist of a brief study of thieves' and beggars' slang and an exposure of their tricks and impostures, undertaken with the extremely practical purpose of putting honest men, especially magistrates, on their guard against them. Abounding in amusing anecdotes, they only needed a little working up and setting in novel form to produce the picaresque novel proper, and later writers took full advantage of their possibilities in this respect.

But apart from jest and beggar books, there was every reason that the Elizabethan romances should show a tendency towards the picaresque. The coterie of literary men, who endeavoured to make a livelihood by their pens, lived just such a life as the *pícaro* ; debauchery, debt, starvation, imprisonment : ‘ debt and deadly sin ’, says Nash cheerfully, ‘ who is not subject to ? ’ First and chief among them was Robert Greene, Master of Arts, ‘ author of plays and penner of love pamphlets’ ; though by nature a Puritan, he was thrown by accident, by success, and weakness of will into a wild Bohemian life, in which wine, women, and repentance played an equal part. To a moral reaction from the vanity of his plays and love pamphlets and still more from the dissipation of his life, we owe some of the most interesting of Greene's works, the cony-catching pamphlets, in which he made full use of his unrivalled knowledge of the criminals and courtesans of *Troynovant* (London). With puritanic materialism he sought to atone for his sins by betraying the secrets of his associates—the sister of Cutting Ball, a famous cutpurse, had once been his mistress—for the benefit of the ‘ cony ’ their victim, the respectable member of society, such as Greene himself should have been. The earlier cony-catching pamphlets, *A Notable Discovery of Coosnage*, *Second Part of Conny-catching* (1591), *Thirde and last part of Conny-catching* (1592), follow Awdeley and Harman pretty closely, inasmuch as they are no more than matter of fact investigations of the slang and tricks of thieves and card sharpers : yet though there is no attempt to write a low-life novel, there is a greater liveliness of anecdote and a certain appreciation of the cunning of his cony-catchers, which suggest that Greene intended these pamphlets to amuse as well as to warn, and that his motive in writing them was not entirely altruistic. In the *Disputation between a Hee Conny-catcher and a Shee Conny-catcher*, attributed to Greene, and in his *Black Booke's Messenger* (1592), we have something more than studies in rogue life. The first is in dialogue form and to some extent we hear the cony-catcher's point of view; while the anecdotes are connected by the names of the two interlocutors, with the result that the *Disputation* is a distinct step in the direction of the picaresque novel. In the *Black Booke's Messenger* the resemblance is even more striking; Black Ned on the point of being hanged, makes his confessions, which are, as a matter of fact, a picaresque novel in brief. The success of these pamphlets drew from 'Cuthbert Cunny-catcher', who claimed to be a professor of the art of cony-catching, and to have graduated in Whittington College (Newgate), an amusing work, *The Defence of Conny-catching*, in which he would prove that he and his fellows are no worse than your respectable citizen, who keeps on the right side of the law; its form is the same as Greene's earlier pamphlets, but its half jocular sympathy with the rogue and his cunning is characteristic of the best types of the picaresque novel in every country, though in Spain it is too often overlaid with commonplace moralizing.

There seems no reason to suppose that Greene was in any way influenced by the *Lazarillo de Tormes.* Although he had travelled in Spain, he appears to have been ignorant of Spanish. None the less we have evidence that *Lazarillo*, first published in English in 1568 or 1576, was known and read. In the only surviving copy of *Til Howleglas*, preserved in the Bodleian, Gabriel Harvey, its first owner, has written[1]: 'This *Howlesglas*, with *Skoggin*[2], *Skelton*[3], and *Lazarillo*, given me at London, of Mr Spensar, XX December 1578.'

It is in the work of Thomas Nash, Harvey's merciless enemy, that we find by far the closest approximation to the Spanish picaresque novel. Thomas Nash, born at Lowestoft, 1567, possessed all the good qualities and some of the vices of the typical *pícaro,* but he added to them an exuberant gaiety and a certain surprising vein of seriousness, which distinguishes his work from that of any earlier picaresque writer. Reckless and extravagant, neither penury nor prison could cloud his high spirits; unlike Greene, his friend, he never suffered the agonies of repentance, but a good friend and a good hater he laughed his short life away good-humouredly, for all that he was a satirist—Young Juvenal, Dekker called him—and to defend himself or his friends could steep his pen in vitriol. All his works abound in brilliant picaresque touches, but it is in *The Unfortunate Traveller; or, The Life of Jack Wilton* (1594), that, as M. Jusserand was the first to point out, we have the earliest example of the English picaresque novel.

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[1] Gabriel Harvey's inscription is much injured apparently by the binder's paste. So far as I can decypher it, it runs as follows: 'This Howlesglass, with Skoggin, Skelton, and Lazarillo, given me at London, of Mr. Spensar xx December /78, on condition (three words illegible) by reading of them ouer before the first of January, ymmediately ensuing: otherwise to forfeit unto him my Lucian in fower uolumes. Whereupon j was y^e^ rather jnduced to trifle away so many howers, as were jdely overpassed jn running thorough the (word illegible) foolish books; wherein methowght y^t^ not all fower togither seemed comparable for (word illegible) and crafty (?) feates with Joe Miller—whose witty shiftes, and practises are ...ted amongst Skelton's Tales.'

[2] *Geystes of Skoggon* (1565) by Andrew Borde. Borde died in 1549.

[3] *Skelton's Merie Tales* (1567).

How far Nash may have been directly influenced by Rouland's translation of the *Lazarillo de Tormes* cannot be decided finally; the reader, however, will have an opportunity of comparing the two works in the second volume of this series. Nash was certainly possessed of definite literary theories, which might well dispose him to welcome the realism of *Lazarillo.* The mediaeval romances were to him 'feigned nowhere acts', 'the fantastical dreams of those exiled Abbey-lubbers (monks)', who 'to no Commonwealth commodity toss over their troubled imaginations to have the praise of learning which they lack'. Euphuism again he held of little worth, though he is not so guiltless of it as he would have us believe. Consequently it is in no way surprising that his only novel is in strong contrast to the extravagant fiction of his time.

Yet the *Unfortunate Traveller* is far from being a typical picaresque novel. It is written indeed in autobiographical form, and has no more artistic unity than *Lazarillo.* It opens in the best picaresque vein, though the pranks of Jack Wilton are conceived in a spirit of impish mischief, very different from the grim cynicism of its Spanish predecessor. But Nash soon wearied of his *pícaro's* roguery, and his natural exuberance of spirits and wealth of vocabulary carried him beyond the limits of realism into the extravagance of burlesque, thus anticipating the *roman comique* of the following century. To burlesque he added an idealized love-story, the history of a terrible vendetta and more than a touch of melodrama. Yet despite these incongruous elements the book remained the first and best specimen of the English picaresque romance, until Defoe gave fresh life to the genre and laid the foundations of the modern novel. Unfortunately *Jack Wilton* was not a success, and Nash never repeated the experiment: he took up the cudgels against the Harveys again, wrote his admirable panegyric of the Red Herring, *Lenten Stuffe* (1599), and then vanishes from our sight.

Other attempts in this style are not numerous; Chettle's *Piers Plainne's Seaven Yeres Prentiship* (1595), an extraordinary jumble of the chivalresque, pastoral and picaresque, Dickenson's *Greene in Conceipt, new raised from his grave* (1598), a description of a London courtesan's life, Breton's *Miseries of Mavillia* (1599), and *Grimello's Fortunes* (1604), pretty well complete the list. Dekker and Samuel Rowlands carried on into the seventeenth century the rogue pamphlets which Greene had popularized. Thomas Dekker, Ben Jonson's enemy, was a contemporary and friend of Greene and Nash, though unlike them he lived to a good old age, dying probably in 1641. His *Belman of London* (1608) and *Lanthorne and Candle-light* (1608), cony-catching pamphlets, met with considerable popularity, though, like Rowlands' rival pamphlet, *Martin Mark-All, Beadle of Bridewell* (1610), they were mainly based on the works of his predecessors. *The Discoveries made by Cock Wat, the Walking Spirit of Newgate,* to some extent anticipates the supernatural setting of *El Diable Cojuelo* and its more famous imitation, *Le Diable Boiteux* of Lesage, while its description of Newgate may be compared with *La Relación de la Cárcel de Sevilla. The Wonderful Year* (1603) is noteworthy for several well-drawn picaresque scenes and seems to have been read by Defoe before he wrote his *Journal of the Plague Year.* But Dekker's most characteristic prose work is the *Gull's Hornbook* (1609), an adaptation of the Latin poem *Grobianus* (1549). *Grobianism* consists in a series of ironical counsels, recommending such conduct as should be avoided and praising that which should be blamed. This genre, though it has no plot or connecting characters has a certain similarity to the picaresque; thus in the *Gull's Hornbook* we find a series of satirical portraits of everyday life, and though the *pícaro* is no longer the intermediary, the result is much the same. But the realistic fiction of the early seventeenth century was only a survival: the novel was crushed by the supremacy of the drama, which in its turn succumbed to the fanaticism of the Puritans.

THE SPANISH PICARESQUE NOVEL OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

As we have said, the immediate influence of *Lazarillo de Tormes* upon Spanish fiction was insignificant; the nation was not yet prepared to turn from its gorgeous dreams to the bare reality of life. It was not until after the death of Philip II in 1598 that the spirit of exaltation utterly gave way to weariness and disillusionment, and the Spaniard began to regard idealism as ‘ an *ignis fatuus* that bewitches, and leads men into pools and ditches ’: the inspiration of chivalry was of no avail, and there was no comfort in Arcadia, and he was glad to turn from ‘ the feigned nowhere acts ’ of knights and shepherds to the cynical realism of the *pícaro*. Since the writers of novels could no longer obtain success by elaborating and extending the mediaeval romances, they sought a new model, and found it in the *Lazarillo de Tormes*. As was to be expected, they exaggerated the faults of their original; the revolt from artificiality engendered a distrust in art, and from this distrust sprang the two besetting sins of the picaresque novel, lack of connection and artistic unity of plot. The whole problem depended on the characterization of the *pícaro*, the connecting link between the incidents, in whose career these incidents could alone find artistic unity. The author of the *Lazarillo* made no attempt to solve this problem; the surpassing brilliancy and truth of his picture of life blinded the reader to its faults of construction: but in the hands of a smaller artist these faults became glaring, and the effort to correct them eventually produced the modern novel.

The first to profit by the change of national feeling was Mateo Alemán (d.1609), who published in 1599 the first part of *Guzmán de Alfarache*. Alemán was a worthy treasury official, who considered his work as a ‘ Watch tower of Human Life ’, a phrase that betrays his blameless intentions, although to his annoyance his readers insisted on calling it ‘ The Rogue ’.

He was no cynic like the author of *Lazarillo ;* the latter regards human life as a non-moral absurdity, and does not trouble to consider his hero's actions from the standpoint of morality ; they follow naturally not from any weakness in Lazarillo, but from the vicious constitution of the universe. Alemán, on the other hand, intends his Guzmán to be a terrible example : he is, as he confesses, his own worst enemy, and if he could only conquer himself, might aspire to a life of honest respectability. It is this optimistic view of life that wearies the reader with pious commonplaces and interminable moralizings ; when Alemán sticks to his story, and forgets for a time his high moral purpose, he is amusing and observant.

Guzmán's adventures are more varied than those of Lazarillo, as indeed was necessary from the length of the book, and they carry him into ranks of society to which the blindman's leader did not aspire. Moreover Alemán's fluency allowed him to attempt a fuller description of Guzmán's character, though unfortunately his respectability has almost obliterated his efforts at character-drawing. His impertinent sermons would be more tolerable, at least more easily omitted, if he were content to moralize in parenthesis and in his own person, but unhappily he was bound, since his novel was in the form of memoirs, to put them all into the mouth of Guzmán, who thus becomes a composite monster, at one moment the respectable Alemán himself, at the next the embodiment of all that shocks him.

This didacticism, regrettably tedious to the modern reader increased rather than diminished the popularity of *Guzmán de Alfarache* ; it was in its time by far the most popular of all picaresque novels,and in 1605 we are told that twenty-six editions and 50,000 copies had already been sold, and there is reason to suppose that this estimate is not very grossly exaggerated. As this vice of moralizing, so foreign to modern taste, is continually cropping up in picaresque fiction, where it seems most out of place, it is necessary to warn the reader unacquainted with Spanish literature against passing too severe a judgment upon it. In the first place, it served the useful and obvious purpose of protecting the book from the censorship of the Inquisition ; in the second place, the traditional form of Spanish prose fiction was the didactic apologue, and it was impossible for any but the most original writer to escape its influence. The reader expected moralizing and liked it: the *Celestina* and *Lazarillo*, works of art as they are without the slightest pretension to morality, profess in their prefaces a moral purpose, just as the immoral Archpriest of Hita, with his tongue in his cheek perhaps, yet with a touch of underlying seriousness, bade his readers learn from his book, ‘To know good and evil, and choose the better’. But Alemán had a third and better excuse for his *moralités superflues*, as Lesage called them. It was not merely a literary convention that adorned the rogue with the trappings of respectability; an external piety and wordy morality was as characteristic of the *pícaro* of the sixteenth or seventeenth century as it was of his more respectable contemporaries. It was not hypocrisy; for religion had entirely lost touch with conduct. Gonzalo de Berceo, who flourished during the first half of the thirteenth century, tells in *The Miracles of our Lady*, a story of ‘a wicked robber, who preferred stealing to going to church’; this robber, however, had one saving virtue; whenever in the pursuit of his nefarious designs he passed an image of the Virgin, he did humble reverence to it. Caught in the act, he was condemned to the gallows, but the Virgin had pity on him and wrought a miracle on his behalf, so that he received a free pardon and lived a happy and godly life ever after. Just such a man was the *pícaro*, scrupulous in the observance of religious forms, but in conduct totally unscrupulous, cheerfully swindling his master with the praises of honesty and righteousness upon his lips, and yet no hypocrite. The fact that he was a parasite upon society did not trouble his religious tranquillity; he was as useful a member of it as the monk, with whom he had much in common. He is never weary of repeating his favourite text, ‘It is more blessed to give than to receive’; ‘God’, says Guzmán, ‘did not so much make the rich man for the sake of the poor, as the poor for the sake of the rich.’ So in receiving alms he confers a favour, for the charitable, ‘thanks to us, gain heaven by their charity, while we lose it for their sake’.

The first part of *Guzmán de Alfarache* inspired one Juan Martí to publish a sequel under the pseudonym of Mateo Luján de Sayavedra. This sequel is even more discursive than the original and its appearance forced Alemán in self-defence to publish his second part in 1605, just as Avellaneda drew from Cervantes the second part of *Don Quixote.* Alemán, however, unlike Cervantes, treated his plagiarist with wonderful forbearance; he contented himself with admiring his rival's wit, borrowing his best ideas, and including him in his story as a subordinate *pícaro*, who dies raving mad under the delusion that he is Guzmán de Alfarache.

Space will not permit more than a reference to *El Viaje Entretenido* (The Entertaining Journey) (1603), which is in part a minute description of the life of a strolling comedian, told with all the convincing charm of truthful observation. Its author, Agustín de Rojas Villandrando, known for his recklessness and good fortune as *el caballero del milagro*, was himself a *pícaro* of *pícaros*, and his book, though never translated from its native language, has the credit of inspiring Scarron with the idea of his *Roman Comique.* The *Pícara Justina* of Francisco López de Úbeda, published in the same year as Alemán's sequel, substitutes for the *pícaro* the rogue heroine; but apart from the fact that the author consigned some of his moral comments to the end of the chapters, where they serve to accentuate his cynical outlook on life, he added little of value to the conception of the picaresque novel: indeed he has been hailed as the first corrupter of the Spanish tongue. He confesses to imitating Antonio de Guevara (d. 1545) the author of the *Reloj de Príncipes*, who has been accused of inspiring the English Euphuists, and exaggerated Guevara's worst defects; his style is affected, pedantic and difficult, comparing very badly with the easy fluency of Alemán or the monumental conciseness of *Lazarillo.*

Modern history has a strong bias towards a fatalism, which relentlessly eliminates the great man and his achievements, and regards the affairs of nations merely as the unstable equilibrium of so many abstract tendencies, each the resultant of countless conflicting wills. The history of literature, however, cannot disregard so conveniently the work of genius, which no formula can express: for it is as impossible to express a great work of art in terms of its component tendencies, as to produce it by rule of three.

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra (1547–1616), indefatigable observer of human life and character, no less indefatigable reader of chivalresque romances, gave to the world in 1605, after a life of many vicissitudes, the first part of *Don Quixote.* The artistic formula that Alemán and his Spanish successors sought and never found, came naturally to Cervantes, and by the accident of genius an attack on an ephemeral form of literature became a masterpiece of literary art, a complete expression of the tragi-comedy of human life. It is as the fusion of the chivalresque and picaresque genres, of imagination and experience, that *Don Quixote* concerns us in the present study, though it is far more than this: never Amadís more chivalrous, never *pícaro* more real than Don Quixote; in him—perhaps unknowingly—Cervantes immortalized Spain's glorious and impossible enthusiasms, and bade men laugh at their absurdity and weep that they were doomed to failure. He brought chivalry down from the skies to walk upon the earth, and preserved for posterity all that was best in the dying chivalresque romance. But though *Don Quixote* is rich in picaresque detail, and though it attains the object at which the romance was aiming all unconsciously, the expression of the real in terms of the ideal, it cannot be called a picaresque novel; it is as the author of the most perfect example of the picaresque short story that we must now consider Cervantes.

The *Novelas Exemplares* (1613) are instinct with that sympathy for the superhuman idealism of chivalry, and with that love of all things human, which gave immortality to *Don Quixote.* We are concerned with the six *novelas*—there are twelve in all—which have more or less claim to the title picaresque. Of these three may be dismissed in a few words. *El Licenciado Vidriera* takes its interest and title not from the picaresque wanderings of Tomas Rodaja, but from the wit and wisdom of his sayings, when he imagines himself made of glass. *La Gitanilla* gives a detailed picture of gipsy life, but Preciosa the heroine is as little affected by the wandering life she has led, as her complexion by the sun and wind; she is a character of pure romance, scarcely in keeping with her environment. *La Ilustre Fregona* starts out in true picaresque style: two youths of noble family leave their homes on the pretext of studying at Salamanca, but intending really to run away to the tunny-fisheries of Zahara, the *pícaro's* Paradise, in quest of liberty and adventure. But with the defence to publish his second part in 1605, just as Avellaneda drew from Cervantes the second part of *Don Quixote.* Alemán, however, unlike Cervantes, treated his plagiarist with wonderful forbearance; he contented himself with admiring his rival's wit, borrowing his best ideas, and including him in his story as a subordinate *pícaro*, who dies raving mad under the delusion that he is Guzmán de Alfarache.

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One can only regret that Cervantes never fulfilled his promise of a fuller account of the 'life and miracles of Rinconete and Cortadillo and their master Monipodio': it might well have been that the picaresque novel, which had its origin in Spain, would in Spain have attained its highest development. Unfortunately Cervantes was inimitable, and his *novelas* had little influence upon the development of the picaresque romance, which was groping as blindly as ever after artistic expression.

Very different from the work of Cervantes is *La Vida del Buscón*, commonly known as *El Gran Tacaño*, of Francisco Gómez de Quevedo y Villegas (1580–1645), written probably about 1608, though not published till 1626. If Pablos, the hero, is something more of a character than Guzmán, it is only that he tells his story straightforwardly without a word of moralizing. Nor does Quevedo make any attempt at artistic unity; his episodes jostle one another with all the purposelessness of reality, and we end *in mediis rebus*; for when he is weary of his story, he packs Pablos off to the Indies to begin again the nightmare of his existence. The impression left upon the reader is one of unredeemed brutality, heightened by the author's brilliant talent. We find even in the cynicism of Lazarillo a touch of sympathy for the penniless hidalgo, and Alemán is never weary of telling us that honesty is the best policy: there is none of this in Quevedo; everything is ugly, sordid and cruel, and he gloats over human suffering with an inhuman leer, as though he were watching the writhings of a grotesque ape, tied by Fate upon the rack. It may be that his bitterness is due to his physical defects; he was half-blind and club-footed according to his own confession, though, curiously enough, he was one of the most noted duellists of his time: certain it is that he realized the failure of his country, and he repeated Garcilaso's lament over the vanity of conquest with even greater conviction:

> Y es más fácil ¡ oh España ! en muchos modos
> Que lo que á todos les quitaste sola,
> Te puedan á tí sola quitar todos.[1]

Easier is it, Spain, by far, that what thou alone didst take from all, all shall take back from thee alone.

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[1] Sonnet LXVIII, quoted by Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly in his *Littérature espagnole*, Paris, 1904.

After the appearance of the first part of *Don Quixote* in 1605 no new chivalresque novel was published and only one reprinted ; Cervantes gave the *coup de grâce* to a dying fashion, or rather he filled its place with something infinitely better, which was an expression of the reality of his own age. The pastoral still survived, but even in the hands of Cervantes and Lope de Vega, it could not compete in popularity with Guzmán de Alfarache and his successors. Publishers and authors followed the public taste and for about a quarter of a century the picaresque novel reigned supreme.

We may pass quickly over those works that did no more than carry on the tradition of amusing and slightly connected stories, such as *Lazarillo de Manzanares* (1620) and *Alonso, mozo de muchos amos* (Part I, 1624; Part II, 1626), though Borrow with his usual eccentricity declared that *Gil Blas* was immeasurably inferior to the *Alonso.* Juan de Luna's sequel to *Lazarillo de Tormes,* published at Paris in 1620, affords us by comparison with its original an excellent test of the progress made by picaresque fiction since the publication of *Lazarillo.* The interest has to a great extent been transferred from the characters whom fate throws in Lázaro's way—we have no blind beggar, no penniless hidalgo, no ingenious seller of indulgences in the new *Lazarillo*—to the figure of the *pícaro* himself. Luna's psychology, however, is too primitive to make the sequel more than a pale shadow of the original.

The Spanish picaresque novels that we have so far considered, have been (with the exception of the *Viaje Entretenido*) the work of men who were not *pícaros* themselves, and though autobiographical in form, they are inclined to regard rogue life from the standpoint of respectability. It was not, however, long before the *pícaros*, who made up a considerable proportion of the population [1], encouraged by the success of *Guzmán,* began to write of their own experiences with such embellishments as their imagination could afford. Such are the life-stories of the Captain Alonso de Contreras, of Diego Duque de Estrada, and the Monja Alferez, the original of De Quincey's *Spanish Military Nun* (1847). The absolute formlessness of the *Vida y Hechos de Estevanillo de Gonzalez* (1646) bears out its contention that it is 'a true relation', though undoubtedly the author, who held the exalted post of jester to Octavio Piccolomini, Duke of Amalfi, borrowed from previous picaresque novels and from his own imagination, when it suited him. The *Relaciones de la Vida del Escudero Marcos de Obregón* (1618) is another of this class, but though it is to some extent founded on fact, its author, Vicente Martínez Espinel, had a certain sense of form, as befitted a poet and musician, the friend of Cervantes and Lope de Vega, and when in his old age he tried his hand at the picaresque novel, basing it upon the experience of his own adventurous existence, he endeavoured to give it some appearance of artistic unity. Though he was by no means successful in this attempt, he knew how to tell a story, and the *Escudero* is still an amusing book, and far more edifying than its author's life, who, even after taking orders, led an existence that scandalized his neighbours.

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[1] At the end of the sixteenth century over 3 per cent. of the entire population of Spain were vagabonds and beggars and their numbers were yearly increasing.—De Haan, *Pícaros y Ganapanes.*

The studies of the life and language of beggars, thieves and the like had, apart from the picaresque novel, less vogue in Spain than the beggar books and rogue pamphlets in England. We have already mentioned *La Relación de la Cárcel de Sevilla*, to which the author half promised to add a vocabulary of thieves' slang, but he did not carry out his intention, and it was not till 1609 that Juan Hidalgo published at the end of his *Romances de Germanía* the first Spanish slang vocabulary. In 1619 Dr. Carlos García published the *Desordenada Codicia de los Bienes agenos* (Inordinate Covetousness of others' Goods) which combines a distinct rogue fiction with a study of rogue life and language; abroad this book met with some success, being translated into French as *L'Antiquité des Larrons* in 1621, and into English as *The Sonne of the Rogue* in 1638.

Various attempts were made to introduce fresh elements into the Spanish picaresque novel. Luis Vélez de Guevara (1579–1644) made an ingenious use of the supernatural in his *Diablo Cojuelo* (1641), a device of which Lesage availed himself in *Le Diable boiteux*. Guevara's work is a vigorous and humorous satire, which deserves to be remembered for its vivid presentment of Spanish life, as well as for the central idea, which was all that the more famous French book borrowed. Quevedo's *Cartas del Caballero de la Tenaza* (*Letters of the Knight of the Forceps*) delineate the character of a miser, who is, as Mr. Chandler points out, the passive version of the acquisitive *pícaro*, and the same author in his *Sueños* (*Visions*) (1627) made use of picaresque realism to satirize the vices and follies of his age. The tendency to combine a romantic interest with the prosaic facts of the rogue's existence showed itself as early as *Guzmán de Alfarache*, in which Alemán diversified the cheats and sermons of his hero with two episodic romantic *novelas*. These episodes, though to the modern reader they break the continuity of the story in most annoying fashion, were very popular in those days of more leisurely reading, and were continually imitated. Gonzalo de Céspedes y Meneses made some attempt in his *Soldado Píndaro* (1626) to connect the romantic episodes with the main plot, his *pícaro* becoming a soldier-adventurer, whose life combined the vicissitudes of a Guzmán with the most romantic of love adventures. Of Cervantes' successors in the picaresque *novelas* perhaps the best was Antonio Liñan y Verdugo, whose *Guía y Avisos de Forasteros* (1620) has fallen into an oblivion that the power and subtle observation of its author do not deserve. It is sufficient to mention the *Dia y Noche de Madrid* (1663) of Francisco Santos with its interesting vignettes of Spanish life.

Two authors, however, in whose hands the picaresque novel tended towards the form that it ultimately assumed in France and England, require a rather fuller notice. Alonso Gerónimo Salas de Barbadillo (? 1580–1635) published in 1612 *La Hija de Celestina* (*The Daughter of Celestina*). This work combines an amusing story with a unity of plot unparalleled in its predecessors, which is largely due to the fact that the greater part of the story is not in autobiographical form, but told in the third person. This novel was adapted into French, as *Les Hypocrites, nouvelle de M. Scarron* (1655), and from the French was translated into English by John Davies of Kidwelly (1657). The same author was scarcely so successful in *El Necio bien Afortunado* (*The Fortunate Fool*) (1621), which was, however, well translated in 1670 by Philip Ayres. Another of his works, *Don Diego de Noche* (1623), was translated into English anonymously as a novel of Quevedo in

1671.[1] One of the best of his works, *El curioso y sabio Alejandro* (1634), a series of lively and satirical portraits, approaches very nearly those collections of characters which were so popular in France and England during the seventeenth century. Though not strictly picaresque, the satire and minute observation is the direct legacy of the picaresque romance.

It was, however, in the hands of Alonso de Castillo Solórzano (?1589–?1650) that the Spanish rogue novel attained its highest development in point of form and came nearest to the modern low-life novel. Castillo Solórzano's first picaresque novel, *Las Harpias de Madrid* (1631), is a series of amusing *novelas* loosely grouped about the history of a stolen coach. In the *Niña de los Embustes* (1632) and the *Aventuras del bachiller Trapaza* (1634) he attempted the longer picaresque novel, but neither of these was remarkably successful; the author retained the old autobiographical form and did not avail himself of Salas Barbadillo's example of telling his story in the third person, a device which, apart from a psychological study of the principal figure, offered to the skilful writer the surest means of producing an artistic plot. In the *Garduña de Sevilla* (*The Weasel of Seville*) (1634), however, he resorted to this plan, with the result that it is, not indeed a work of genius, but technically the best worked out of Spanish picaresque novels. If it lacks the vivid portraiture of *Lazarillo*, the pitiless cynicism of Quevedo, and still more the genius of Cervantes, it remains a diverting and spirited story of roguery, which still amuses the modern reader by the ingenuity of its intrigues, quite apart from its historical or archaeological interest.

THE PICARESQUE NOVEL IN FRANCE BEFORE LESAGE

The *pícaro* in Spain was, as we have said, not only a literary reaction against the unreality of the chivalresque romance, but also a natural and necessary expression of the decadence of the national spirit. In France he appears at the end of the sixteenth century, as the champion of a particular literary movement, and as the representative of that spirit of *gauloiserie*, which inspired the *fabliaux*, Villon and Rabelais, a spirit instinct in the nation, which, however, seemed on the point of being smothered under the refinements of the Hôtel de Rambouillet.

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[1] A copy of this translation is preserved in the Bodleian: it is not mentioned in the bibliography of Mr. Chandler's *Romances of Roguery*.

It was in the middle of the sixteenth century that *Amadís de Gaula* and its sequels were first translated into French, and their numerous editions prove their popularity. In 1574 the *Diana Enamorada* of Montemayor was translated by Nicole Colin, again in 1582 by Gabriel Chappuys, and in 1603 by Pavillon. The romantic idealism and unreality of these novels was well suited to the exaggerated refinement and *politesse mondaine* towards which French literature was tending. For some time, however, the French reader was content with translations, and it was not till 1610 that the pastoral and chivalresque romances were naturalized in France by the *Astrée* of Honoré d'Urfé.

The *Astrée*, the first of French novels, is based in conception upon the *Diana Enamorada*. We have the usual love-lorn shepherds of the pastoral, and the usual extravagant adventures of the chivalresque romance. But it was just in this form that the aspirations of d'Urfé's contemporaries could be expressed, and the *Astrée*, telling of love too pure for passion, too noble for humanity, in a charming and graceful style, was greeted with the refined acclamations of that society, which for so long controlled the fortunes of its country's literature, as a complete expression of its ideals. Yet as M. Morillot says, 'Au fond de tout Français, il y a toujours eu à la fois un troubadour sentimental et un incorrigible railleur.' So it is that d'Urfé has added to his ever-faithful and ever-unhappy shepherds, Hylas, the inconstant cynic, the sceptic and materialist, who prefers the body to the soul, and changes his mistresses as readily as the *pícaro* his masters, a very *pícaro* of love.

It was not only the chivalresque and pastoral romances that French translators had introduced from Spain. An anonymous version of the *Celestina* was published in 1527, and reprinted in 1529 and 1542: a new and to some extent expurgated translation by Jacques de Lavardin appeared in 1578 and was reprinted the same year. Contemporary with the *Amadís* and *Diana* translations we have Saugrain's version of *Lazarillo de Tormes*, Part I (1561). Less popular than its rivals, the French version of the first picaresque novel went through several editions and revisions, and perhaps we may trace its influence in *La Vie Généreuse des mercelots, gueuz, et boesmiens* (1596), which tells of a boy's experiences among pedlars, beggars and gipsies. *L'Histoire plaisante et facétieuse du Lazare de Tormes* was joined in 1600 by *Guzman d'Alfarache*, translated by Chappuys, the translator of the *Diana*, and the two stand at the head of the *romans comiques*, which expressed the true French spirit of raillery, and from time to time rose in revolt against the *fadeur langoureuse* of the pastoral and the tedious absurdities of its successor, the heroic novel.

Consequently the *Astrée* and its imitations, despite an immense popularity, did not reign unrivalled in the affections of the French public. In 1618 Cervantes' *Novelas Exemplares*, the *Engaños desto Siglo* of Loubayssin de Lamarca, and the *Escudero, Marcos de Obregón* were translated from the Spanish, while in 1619 and 1620 Chapelain produced new versions of *Guzmán de Alfarache*. The old *esprit gaulois*, renewed by the Spanish picaresque influence, showed itself clearly enough in the *Euphormionis Lusinini Satyricon* (1603), the Latin satire of John Barclay, in the *Aventures du Baron Faeneste*[1] (1617), of Théodore Agrippa d'Aubigné, the story of a swaggering Gascon braggart, and in the *Fragments d'une Histoire comique* (1621) of Théophile Viau. The first, however, to imitate deliberately the picaresque romance that came from beyond the Pyrenees was Charles Sorel, who in 1623 published his *Histoire comique de Francion*: Sorel replaced the vague structure of the picaresque novel by a complicated and logical plot, which culminated in the marriage of Francion with the lady who appears to have had the greatest share of his widely-distributed affections, and his consequent reformation. He amused his readers with more than a little obscenity that Spanish taste would not permit, and hurried his hero through a portrait-gallery of adventurers, courtesans, lawyers, thieves, vagabonds, and the like, whose characters are wittily but roughly sketched. Francion is an adventurer not a whit more scrupulous than his Spanish relations, although he comes of a noble family, and not a few of his experiences are derived from theirs, although erotic intrigues lend a greater variety to his existence. The *Francion* met with great success, and indeed it is one of the best of picaresque novels: at least forty editions and translations of the seventeenth century survive, so that the *Astrée* and its successors could by no means boast a complete victory over realism.

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[1] Faeneste (= φάινεσθαι seeming) is opposed to the worthy Enay (= ἶιναι being), but despite this metaphysical allegory, he is a *pícaro* of the *Miles Gloriosus* type.

In 1627 Sorel made a more direct attack upon the pastoral in *Le Berger Extravagant*, a burlesque imitation of *Don Quixote*, which lacks entirely the idealism of Cervantes' genius. Where Cervantes interwove idealism and reality, tears and laughter, Sorel has only the coarse jeering sneer of the materialist. He has no sympathy with the pastoral or chivalresque ideals, and is only bent on making his bourgeois hero, whose study of pastorals has turned his brain, ridiculous. Not content with attacking the extravagance of the pastorals with the extravagance of burlesque, he must needs jeer at poetry, and imagination to boot, and the Nemesis of oblivion has fallen upon his work. *L'Histoire Générale des Larrons* (1623–1636), consisting of rogue biographies gathered from all quarters shows that picaresque tales could command an audience, though it is in form a reversion to the primitive type, being merely a collection of amusing stories without connection or unity.

It was clear that neither the pastoral nor the chivalresque genres could do more than hold their own against the mocking laughter of realism; they endeavoured to obtain fresh allies by adapting themselves still further to the spirit of contemporary society. It was essentially a cultured society interested in a dilettante fashion in ancient history, geography, and generally such knowledge as could be assimilated without undue fatigue or pedantic application. It was, moreover, an heroic age, and eager to read of heroic deeds. The heroism of the chivalresque romance was too crude, for the ideal hero of the time was essentially courtly and polite. It was no longer sufficient that a knight should overcome giants of incredible size, he must conquer the world and scale the heights of heaven itself to dry his ladylove's unnecessary tears or win her unwilling smile. The novel was swift as ever to mark the desires of its readers. It only required patience and a little imagination to weave into the fabric of the work a dissertation on the habits of crocodiles or a detailed description of Senegal. Again nothing was easier than to take an historical subject, and embellish it with a few artful inventions, ascribing everything to the all-pervading motive of love, and in fact to apply to history a more or less probable imagination.

But there was a subject that interested society far more deeply than history, geography, and all the learning of past and future ages, and that subject was itself, its life, its loves and its transcendent virtues. Even in ancient history it must see a reproduction of itself; Clovis must be bewigged and perfumed like a French monarch of the seventeenth century, and Horatius Cocles must talk with the sentiment and refinement of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. The new novel added to the chivalresque romance a certain verisimilitude by the use of familiar historical names; but a new device[1] was found to give an inner reality to the adventures of ancient warriors and emperors. It was that of the *roman à clef*. The magnificent heroes and heroines were only the reader's contemporaries masquerading under ancient names, and the author took care that the disguise should be a thin one, for it pleased the reader to see, in the ever-victorious Cyrus, for instance, the great Condé, the hero of Rocroy. Such was the development of the chivalresque romance in the hands of De Gomberville, La Calprenède and Madeleine Scudéri, more complex, more artificial, and more voluminous.

Yet even the heroic *roman à clef*, designed so carefully to suit the reader's taste, could not silence the realists. Sorel's *Berger Extravagant* was followed by the *Chevalier Hipocondriaque* (1632) of Du Verdier and the *Gascon Extravagant* (1639) of Clerville, while Sorel published in 1648 his unfinished *Polyandre Histoire Comique*, which in its description of 'petites avantures de Paris' and middle-class life prepares the way for Furetière's *Roman Bourgeois*. In 1642 Tristan l'Hermite published his *Page Disgracié*, the autobiography of his youth, describing his experiences as a page at the Louvre, in England, in Scotland, and again in France, with just such vivid pictures of society as distinguished the Spanish picaresque novel. In 1650 and 1655 Cyrano de Bergerac wrote his *Comic Histories of the Moon and Sun*, delightful miscellanies of science, satire and bizarre fancies, which though they cannot be classified with either the heroic or comic romance are certainly more akin to the latter than the former.

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[1] This device had been used by Sorel with a satirical intent in his *Francion*, thus the pedant Hortensius is said to represent Balzac.

But the real answer to the long-winded historico-geographico-heroic novel came from the pen of Paul Scarron (1610–1660), the founder of the burlesque school in France. Transformed by the irony of fate from a handsome and dashing young abbé into a crippled caricature of humanity, it was small wonder that he had no sympathy with the high-flown optimism of the grand style, and set himself to combat their absurdities. In 1651 he published the first part of his *Roman Comique*, followed by the second part in 1657. He had already in his plays shown himself an industrious borrower from the Spanish, and it was only natural, that, writing a novel of real life, he should turn for inspiration to the Spanish picaresque romance, of which he was particularly fond, once even in a letter signing himself Lazarillo de Tormes. It was in the *Viaje Entretenido* of Agustín de Rojas Villandrando that he found this inspiration. Scarron's own theatrical experiences, however, had provided him with ample material, and he only borrowed from the *Viaje Entretenido* its idea and loose plot. Like Rojas, he described the adventures of a band of strolling comedians, but the incidents are his own,[1] and indeed a great part of them actually occurred in the neighbourhood of Mans about the year 1635, while most of the characters presented are studies from real life. To the structure of the picaresque novel Scarron contributed nothing; he accepted the formless confusion characteristic of the genre, and indeed deliberately added to it, confessing with an insouciance partly real, partly affected, that he forgets what he has said and is not certain what he is going to say. It is usual to compare the *Viaje Entretenido* unfavourably with the *Roman Comique*, and certainly by abolishing the dialogue-form and the interpolated *loas*, Scarron has made his story easier to read. Yet with all its gaiety and observation the *Roman Comique* never quite equals the best parts of the *Viaje Entretenido*; there is a tendency to extravagance and burlesque, which does not vitiate Rojas' observation of reality, and it was this very fault that Scarron's successors chose to imitate. It was only to be expected that an exaggeration of the heroic should lead by reaction to an exaggeration of the ridiculous, which was equally faulty and equally untrue.

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[1] With the exception of the episodic tales, derived from the Spanish.

In the continuations of the *Roman Comique* by Offray and Preshac, in the *Aventures du Chevalier de la Gaillardise* (1662), in the *Aventures de Monsieur d'Assoucy* (1677), this extravagance is more pronounced, unchecked by Scarron's humour, commonsense, and keen observation. Both the *roman héroïque* and the *roman comique* alike left truth and reality, though in different directions, and both were doomed to perish. It was Boileau who administered the *coup de grâce* to the heroic novel. The *Précieuses Ridicules* appeared in 1659, and some five or six years later Boileau's *Dialogue des Héros de Roman*, circulated in MS. form, finished what the burlesque had begun, and the *roman héroïque* was laughed out of court. The *roman comique*, which existed only as a satire and parody, perished with its rival.

One more novel there is to chronicle in this period, the work of Furetière, the friend of Boileau, Molière, Racine and La Fontaine, and it may well be that the *Roman Bourgeois* was written with the approval of this illustrious coterie. The *Roman Bourgeois* steers a mid course between the burlesque and the heroic; it is a plain record of everyday life, dealing neither with heroes nor *pícaros*, neither with the sublime nor the supremely ridiculous. But the old fault of the picaresque novel is conspicuous; in M. Morillot's words, 'the connecting thread of the novel is the thread of the binding'. It is a gallery of portraits, sharply defined and amusing, but it leads nowhither; there is no attempt at artistic unity. With the *Roman Bourgeois* and the advent of the Classical school the first period of the French novel closes. Novels were still written and read, but their supremacy was passed. The extravagance of idealism and the extravagance of burlesque discredited for the time that department of literature, and even the moderation of Furetière could not restore its popularity, since his work was essentially a satire, and did not touch what was at the root of the matter, an artistic observation of reality, combined with an artistic unity of plot.

THE PICARESQUE NOVEL IN ENGLAND (1600–1700).

During the seventeenth century the English novel made little or no advance. The romantic tales of the Elizabethan period, such as Ford's *Parismus*, were widely read, and the industrious Munday's translations of *Amadís* and its sequels met with an equal success. Nash's effort at the picaresque novel, *The Unfortunate Traveller*, was forgotten, although the tradition of Greene's cony-catching pamphlets was carried on by the tracts of Dekker and Rowlands. These low-life pamphlets were still very popular and Dekker's *Belman of London* (1608) went through three editions in a single year, although it was, as Rowlands showed in his *Martin Mark-all, Beadle of Bridewell* (1610), to a great extent plagiarized from the old *Caveat for Common Cursetors* by Thomas Harman.

Another form of literary composition offered ample opportunity for picaresque observation; namely, the collections of characters which were so popular during this century. It is interesting to compare such a work as *The Essayes and Characters of a Prison*, by G. Mynshull (1618), with the *Relación de la Carcel de Sevilla* or Harman's *Caveat.* Mynshull is far less interested in the customs of the prison and in the life and manners of its inmates, than in its moral aspect and in the feelings and characters of the prisoners. The books of characters were preparing the way for the modern *roman de mœurs*, with its problems of psychology and morality, and its subordination of plot to psychological study. They were collecting, as it were, rough material for the novel of the future, or rather they pointed out the direction in which it was to develop.

The second quarter of the seventeenth century is marked by the translation of several Spanish picaresque novels, a movement which might have proved more fruitful, but for the political troubles of the time. Up to 1620 Lazarillo was the only foreign *pícaro* who had been naturalized in England. In that year a translation appeared of Juan de Luna's fairly successful sequel, published in Paris, 1620, while

James Mabbe produced the first of his classic translations from the Spanish, *The Rogue; or, The Life of Guzman de Alfarache.* They both went through several editions, and Guzman became, like Lazarillo, a familiar character, witness the pamphlet, *The English Gusman; or, the History of that Unparalleled Thief, James Hind*, by G. F[idge], 1652. In 1631 the *Celestina* followed in Mabbe's translation, entitled *The Spanish Bawd*, in 1638 *La Desordenada Codicia de los Bienes agenos*, with the title *The Sonne of the Rogue*; in 1640 Mabbe's translation of Cervantes' *Novelas Exemplares*, in 1657 an anonymous version of Quevedo's *Buscón*, popularly known as *El Gran Tacaño*; in the same year John Davies of Kidwelly translated *Les Hypocrites*, Scarron's version of *La Hija de Celestina*, and in 1665 *La Garduña de Sevilla* with the title of *La Picara*; in 1670 Barbadillo's *El Necio bien Afortunado* was translated by Philip Ayres, and his *Don Diego de Noche* appeared anonymously in 1671[1] as a novel of Quevedo.

The idealistic novel was, however, even more popular. Just as the Spanish had found recreation and refreshment from their struggles towards world-empire in the chivalresque and pastoral romance, so the English sought relief in their time of stress from the *roman héroïque*, that was in France approaching its downfall. The novels of d'Urfé, La Calprenède, Scudéri and the rest were translated into English and found, even when Puritanism was predominant, at least as many readers as the romantic love-stories of Greene and his school. Nor was the *roman comique*, the French burlesque equivalent of the picaresque novel, forgotten, though it did not exercise in England the salutary effect that it had in France: for even in Addison's time we learn that the ponderous heroic romance still kept its place upon the shelves. *Francion* was translated 'by a person of quality', probably R. Loveday, in 1655, two years after *Le Berger Extravagant*, and Scarron's *Roman Comique* in 1676.

The heroic romance found imitators in Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery, Sir George Mackenzie and John Crowne, while the translations of the picaresque novels and the *romans comiques* inspired nothing better than *The English Rogue.* Richard Head, a professional bookmaker, published the first part of this astounding work in 1665. He boasts complacently that Rabelais, Lázaro, Guzmán, El Gran Tacaño and Francion must lower their diminished heads:

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[1] v. note, p. li.

> Henceforth, Translations, pack away, begone;
> No rogue so well writ as our English one.

Unhappily the book is one of the worst picaresque novels ever written; it is exceedingly coarse and obscene, and, though the author declares with pride that his English rogue is a copy of men not books—I skimmed not off the Cream of other men's Wits . . . from the dictation of my own Genius, I have exprest quicquid in buccam venerit, what came next, without much premeditation or study—it is exactly what its author declares it is not 'crambem bis coctam', though we can well believe that he studied its composition no more carefully than he selected his Latin tags: it is simply a jumble of stories stolen from all sorts and conditions of beggar books and rogue novels. The three continuations, the first by Francis Kirkman, who confesses that his chiefest design in writing it was to gain ready money, the two last by Head and Kirkman in collaboration, are more despicable than the original. Kirkman's *Unlucky Citizen* (1673) and Head's *Proteus Redivivus* (1675) are even less meritorious compositions than *The English Rogue.*

In 1688 another feeble attempt was made to compose an English picaresque romance. At the end of a *rifacimento* of the *Lazarillo* and Luna's sequel, was added *The Life and Death of Young Lazarillo, Heir Apparent to Lazarillo de Tormes.* But the additions were all borrowed—some even from *The English Rogue*, and the work is quite devoid of interest. John Bunyan's *Life and Death of Mr. Badman* (1680) was written with a stern moral purpose that in truth removes it from the ranks of fiction, though it must rank as a forerunner of the modern novel.

The last year of this century saw the publication of *The Adventures of Covent Garden*, an imitation of Furetière's *Roman Bourgeois*, though the author ascribes the *City Romance* he is following to Scarron, doubtless as a name better known to the English public. Formless as its original, its vignettes of London life still retain an interest.

GIL BLAS

After the *Roman Bourgeois* (1666) the novel sank into a secondary place, and not even such a masterpiece as *La Princesse de Clèves* (1678) could at once rehabilitate it. The *roman héroïque* had succumbed to the attacks of the classical school, and with it perished its rival, the *roman comique*, which existed only as a burlesque and parody. The novel had come to a standstill, and before it could resume its development a fresh inspiration was needed. There was nothing inspiring in the few picaresque novels that appeared at the beginning of the eighteenth century; they were little more than degenerate descendants of the *roman comique*, and they endeavoured to replace the burlesque of their predecessors by a satiric purpose, an exaggeration of the implied satire of mankind in general, which in the best forms of the picaresque novel added an incidental savour to the observation of reality. In this class it is sufficient to mention *L'Infortuné Napolitain* (1708) by the Abbé Olivier, which maintained the traditional form, and was honoured by a translation (several times reprinted) and two sequels in English. Of greater interest are the memoirs of gentlemen-adventurers, more or less true to life. The *Mémoires de M. d'Artagnan* (1700) by Courtilz de Sandras present Dumas' memorable hero less in the light of a champion *de capa y espada*, than in that of a *chevalier d'industrie.* The best of the memoirs of this period are the *Mémoires du Comte de Gramont* (1713) by his brother-in-law, Anthony Hamilton, which provide us with a study of rascality in high life, to which the *pícaro* did not generally aspire. But these works could not provide the impetus that the novel needed; it was necessary to turn once again to the old models and work up afresh the material they provided.

The first years of the eighteenth century are marked by the brief reappearance of Spanish influence in French literature, an influence which had important results, particularly upon the history of the novel. This revival of interest in both the Spanish drama and romance was perhaps due to some extent to the accession of Philip V, a grandson of Louis XIV, to the throne of Spain in 1700. But the principal cause is personal; the most talented dramatist and novelist of these years, Alain-René Lesage, sought his inspiration in the literature of the Peninsula, and in his best work imitated so successfully that he seized upon what was essential and best in his originals, while he avoided or minimized their failings, and transformed this material, though he retained its Spanish trappings, into something both French and universal.

Alain-René Lesage (1668–1747) was himself no *pícaro*; his life was not that of a vagabond, but the more or less commonplace existence of an industrious writer of plays and novels, who found in Paris all that he needed for his studies in human nature, and embodied the results of these studies in works inspired rather by the necessities of his purse than by the compulsion of genius and vocation. Like Gil Blas he was at heart a *bourgeois.* He possessed, however, the talents most necessary for a picaresque writer, sound commonsense and an acute observation, which, while it penetrated the superficial hypocrisy of the human heart, was inclined to stop short at the petty meanness and absurdities which too often overlay the noblest sentiments. With his work as a dramatist we are not concerned, and it was not till 1704 that he published his first translation from Spanish prose fiction. This work, a version of Avellaneda's *Don Quixote,* shows at once Lesage's method of translation, if it is not rather the natural outcome of his inclination than a formulated method. He gives himself the freest hand, and always prefers his own pleasure to the original author's intentions. Unlike the famous novelist who confessed himself unable to repeat a story without giving it a new hat and stick, Lesage preserved the hat, stick, and generally the outward clothing of his original, and provided a new body to fit the old clothes. Such a method can only be successful in those exceptional cases when the translator can surpass the original author on his own ground; with Lesage this was the case, and it may be said that to this method we owe *Gil Blas.*

In 1707 he published something more important than *Les Nouvelles Avantures de Don Quichotte*, *Le Diable Boiteux*, which, as it were, sketched in a series of life-like vignettes the great human panorama of *Gil Blas.* He borrowed from Guevara the ingenious idea of *El Diablo Cojuelo*: the 'Lame Devil', freed by a young student from the bottle in which he has been confined, conveys his rescuer to the summit of the tower of San Salvador in Madrid, and there by his magic power shows him all that is going on in the streets and beneath the roofs at his feet. Lesage was content to borrow Guevara's setting, but for the subject matter he depended on himself and on his own observation: and so he outdoes the miracle of Guevara's demon; for, having conveyed his student to the same lofty tower of Madrid, he proceeds to unfold beneath the Spaniard's astonished gaze a picture not of the capital at their feet, but of distant Paris. Guevara's work made no pretence to unity; fantastic satire, eulogies and descriptions of Spanish cities, panegyrics of famous men, are mingled with a brief description of a beggar's kitchen and a literary academy. The story, vigorous and humorous as it is, runs on haphazard in true picaresque fashion, and ends with the arrest of the 'Lame Devil' by Lucifer's catch-polls and his consequent return to hell. Guevara's Cleofas, bereft of his guide and protector, returns to Alcalá to complete his studies, while Tomasa, his faithless love, goes off to the Indies with a soldier. Lesage, on the contrary, gives his work a more or less definite ending by the marriage of Cléophas, who is *presque un héros de roman*[1], to the fair Séraphine; and the return of the docile demon to his bottle.

The first part of *Gil Blas* appeared in 1715, and more than fulfilled the promise of *Le Diable Boiteux.* Fortunately the question of its indebtedness to Spanish predecessors has been finally decided, and it is unanimously agreed after endless partisan wrangling that, while Lesage has borrowed much from the picaresque novel of Spain, he has used all that he borrowed in so original a way that the debt, which he never attempted to conceal, may be considered cancelled. The reminiscences of *Marcos de Obregón* and *Estevanillo Gonzalez* no more annul the essential originality of *Gil Blas* than the Spanish names, both of people and of places, with an occasional vague touch of local colour, make it a picture of Spanish life. It is not the stolen episodes, such as the first part of the *Histoire du garçon barbier*, book ii, chapter vii, which is conveyed direct from *Marcos de Obregón*, that raise *Gil Blas* to pre-eminence among picaresque novels; this pre-eminence it owes to the skill with which its author has developed the possibilities, and minimized the faults of the earlier picaresque fiction.

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[1] M. Morillot in *Histoire de la Langue et de la Littérature française,* Petit de Julleville, Vol. vi, chap. ix.

Lesage adopted the autobiographical form characteristic of the genre, but he set to work to obviate its chief fault, a want of artistic unity, and to some extent succeeded. In the first place he paid greater attention to his plot; he exercised a greater economy in his characters, so that the subordinate figures do not enter into his hero's life, like Lazarillo's masters, only to vanish, but they reappear again later in the story, and their lives are more or less bound up with the life of the principal character. He went some way towards performing what Vicente de Espinel had attempted in *Marcos de Obregón* at the cost of inconsistency. Alemán had introduced an occasional romantic digression into his picaresque narrative; but these digressions were quite external to the main action and introduced as stories for their own sake. Lesage did not scorn this means of varying the interest, but he endeavoured to connect these episodes with Gil Blas' life, and to give them a meaning in relation to it. This effort is seen very clearly in the brief episode of Valerio de Luna,[1] whose suicide made a place for Gil Blas among the Duke of Lerma's secretaries. Consequently the vicissitudes of Gil Blas' existence have in them a spice of adventure and romance that reminds us of the *Soldado Píndaro*; Lazarillo and Guzmán had never a fair Mencia de Mosquera to rescue from a mysterious robbers' cave. But this was not the only, nor indeed the most important, device to which Lesage resorted in order that his story might be more than a series of unconnected episodes. Indeed the structural unity of *Gil Blas* is very far from perfect and does not equal that of Sorel's *Francion*; compared with later novels it is almost non-existent, and it is only noticeable when compared with the chaos of its Spanish predecessors. The personages whose existences touch that of Gil Blas at some point or other represent almost every possible condition of humanity, and it passed the ingenuity of man to weave these numerous characters and their varied lives into the plot of a single novel.

As we have said the problem of unity was bound up with the delineation of the chief character. It is in this point that Lesage chiefly showed his superiority. Gil Blas is no longer merely a named abstraction to whom events happen; he is an exact representation of *l'homme moyen sensuel.* In fact, the reader is interested not only in what happens to Gil Blas, but to some extent in Gil Blas himself. For the first time the *pícaro* has a conscience, not a very sensitive one, it is true, and one always ready to be overruled by the shadow of necessity; yet from first to last Gil Blas is consistent; from the moment he arrives at the conclusion that the first law of existence is not to let oneself be duped, to the end, when we leave him in the bosom of his family, with two children, *dont je crois pieusement être le père,*[1] he is the same person. Naturally inclined to respectability but still more to selfishness, he becomes convinced that honesty is the best policy, and consequently he is as honest as policy permits. Throughout his life, whether he be a servant or a man of position, he is the sport of circumstance without a single conviction which can enable him to react upon his environment, beyond a conviction of the value of his own skin. Yet with it all he is witty, good humoured and frank, and has a pleasant smile for the shortcomings of himself and others, and the reader, whether he will or no, is compelled to count himself among the many friends that Gil Blas made in the course of his chequered existence. The psychology is not very profound, but it is easy to see that the efforts of the authors of the seventeenth century to know themselves have not been wasted.

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[1] Book viii., chap. i. The story was told of Ninon de l'Enclos and her son, the Chevalier de Villiers, v. Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly's note to this passage, *Gil Blas*, "World's Classics." vol. ii, p. 98.

We have said that Lesage admitted chivalresque or at least romantic incidents, but the spirit of *Gil Blas* is essentially picaresque; it is realistic in its method and observation. And this is the reason why, with all its wit and worldly wisdom, *Gil Blas* cannot take its place in the first rank of the world's books. Lesage accepted the materialist spirit of the picaresque writer, 'Every one for himself and the devil take the hindmost'; from the chivalresque romance he took a certain amount of exciting adventures, but nothing of the spirit of idealism that lay beneath them. It is in this that we find the striking difference between *Don Quixote* and *Gil Blas*; Cervantes combined the spirit of the chivalresque romance with the material of the picaresque, and, blending them together harmoniously, showed us at once the greatness and the absurdity of mankind. To Lesage life is essentially ridiculous; health, wealth and a good temper are the only necessary qualities of man, ideals are no more than lumber. And it is just because he ignores the idealistic side of man that Gil Blas misses being a great creation. It is only too clear that, as M. Morillot says, Lesage has 'put into a crucible all the virtues and vices of mankind, all their faults and qualities, their absurdities, their perversities, their desires for happiness, their enjoyment of life; he has mixed, melted and fused them together and the residuum is something quite neutral, the character of *Gil Blas*.' But what M. Morillot does not point out is that this is not such a device as a great artist uses for the creation of a living character. All this amalgam of human qualities, defects and absurdities produces something which is, in a sense, not human at all. Just as the philosopher, when he has duly eliminated every quality of matter that can move our senses, presents us with a substratum that cannot be seen, touched, tasted, heard or smelt—a substratum, in fact, lacking just those qualities which our conception of matter demands—so in *Gil Blas* Lesage presents us with the substratum of human nature. Gil Blas may almost be described as a monster of mediocrity. He marks, it is true, a great advance upon the monsters of heroism, who disported themselves in the pages of the heroic novel, but he remains purely negative, lacking both vice and virtue and all those peculiarities which characterize the most commonplace of individuals. One may search *Gil Blas* in vain for so human a touch as little Lázaro's sympathy for the penniless hidalgo.

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[1] An echo perhaps of Boileau, who threatened his page with instant dismissal for reading *Le Diable Boiteux.*

> De voir autour de soi croître dans sa maison. . .
> De petits citoyens dont on croit être père!—*Satire* x.

Lesage had not Cervantes' breadth of view; he could only regard human nature from one side, from the picaresque standpoint, and, though he was alive to its absurdity and pettiness, he was blind to its greatness and aspirations. His gallery of portraits consists for the most part of 'monomaniacs with a single and generally unpleasant *idée fixe*', and if one excepts the generosity of those shadows Alphonso and Fernando de Leyva, almost all his characters are incapable of a noble instinct or an unselfish action.

Again, if we consider the implied morality of the book, it is no more than the non-morality of opportunism, the code of commonsense, which is artistically impossible. Lest it seem that I am raising the vexed question of art for art's sake, and making morality a test of artistic greatness, compare the treatment of love in *Gil Blas* with that of the cynical author of the *Comedia de Calisto y Melibea.* In the latter work it is implied that love transcends all that commonsense holds most terrible, even death; the lovers hold death a light price to pay for a single night of love, and not a word of regret or repentance finds its way into Melibea's dying speech. So stern a moralist as Dante has treated the loves of Paolo and Francesca in the same spirit, and implies, almost against his will, that for love not only is the world but heaven itself well lost. Lesage carefully excluded the theme of love from the greater part of his work, and when it appears he treats it in far more moral fashion, and shows at least by implication how exceedingly foolish it is to be carried away by passion and to transgress the world's conventions. This is no more than to say that *Gil Blas* is a picaresque novel; it is still a revolt from that exaggerated idealism, which will not see the world as it is, and in the reaction refuses to regard anything but externals.

Yet it is the more remarkable that lacking this primary conception, *Gil Blas* has come so near to the first rank of the world's great books. Handicapped by the dread of idealism, either in fact or conception, Lesage has yet written, thanks to his powers of observation, his ironical good humour and his knowledge of man, a book that the world will not easily forget.

Of the other novels of Lesage, little need be said; compared to *Gil Blas* they are dwarfed to insignificance. His *Guzman d'Alfarache* omitted the *moralités superflues* by which Alemán set such store; his *Histoire d'Estevanille Gonzalès* has little relation to the Spanish work of that name, no more indeed than *Gil Blas* has to *Marcos de Obregón.* With *Gil Blas* we may close our study of the picaresque novel in France; its immediate successors were few and unimportant. The genre had played its part in the development of the novel, and its influence vanishes in the new direction given to fiction by *Manon Lescaut* and *La Nouvelle Héloïse.*

DEFOE, FIELDING AND SMOLLETT

During the seventeenth century the English novel made little progress, and did nothing to fulfil the promise of its youth, when Greene, Nash, and their fellows attempted to naturalize both romantic and realistic fiction. While in France there had been the perpetual movement and striving that tells of life, in England there had been stagnation. In France the *roman héroïque* had accentuated the absurdities of the chivalresque romance, while those very absurdities gave birth to the *roman comique*, which in its turn exaggerated the realism of the picaresque novel into the extravagance of burlesque; yet there was always hope that the contest between the two genres would lead to the elimination of their principal faults, and to the formation of a new school of fiction, which would reproduce the sane idealism and absolute truth of *Don Quixote.* In England, on the other hand, if the novels of Scudéri were worthily imitated in such works as Boyle's *Parthenissa* (1654) and Mackenzie's *Aretina* (1661), it is not till the following century that we find a real protest against their extravagance; for the picaresque novel of Spain and the *roman comique* could produce nothing better than an *English Rogue*, too contemptible to be regarded as literature. In 1692, it is true, Congreve's *Incognita* made a brief appeal to commonsense, but its witty author was claimed by the more lucrative drama, and left the novel still floundering in the mire of ponderous artificiality.

Yet an interest in low life and picaresque observation had been kept alive by a long series of criminal pamphlets, dating from the sixteenth century. These pamphlets grouped exploits of crime and roguery, real, borrowed or imagined, about the name of some distinguished scoundrel, who purchased notoriety at the expense of the hangman's noose, and impressed by his jaunty bearing, or affected by an abject repentance, the spectators of his execution. At the beginning of the eighteenth century these pamphlets were as popular as ever they had been, and there was no fear of their popularity waning, so long as general misrule and an ineffective and corrupt police system encouraged thieves, highwaymen, and the like in their depredations on society. They were sure to find readers in that class which lacked the polite imagination, and preferred the story of a knave, whether plain or coloured, to the heroics of the French romance. This primitive form of journalism in the hands of Defoe became an important force in picaresque literature, and indeed laid the foundations of the modern novel.

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Now it is just this semblance of material truth that Defoe excelled in producing ; his capacity for dressing up fiction to resemble fact was unlimited ; by the skilful accumulation of unessential minutiae and natural irrelevancies, and by a cunning mimicry of all the elements that vouch for an artless story, he deceived his readers so successfully, that to this day it remains a mystery, how far much of his work was founded on fact, and how far it was the product of his imagination. He waived all the literary conventions which permit a book to differ from a legal deposition, and put himself into the position of a corrupt witness whose chief preoccupation is the plausibility of his story. He confused this affected and mendacious veracity with that conviction of artistic truth, which the great artist can produce in his reader's imagination. As it happened, nothing could have been more salutary for the English novel at this period than Defoe's method, which effectually brought it down from the clouds and established it on the earth.

Defoe's first essay in this manner was *The True Relation of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal . . . which apparition recommends the Perusal of Drelincourt's Book of Consolations against the Fear of Death* (1705), a plausible and unexciting ghost-story in appearance, in reality a puff of the unsaleable book mentioned in the title. In 1715 he withdrew entirely from political controversy and occupied himself with sensational journalism and realistic fiction. His journalistic methods were surprisingly modern; he stuck at nothing to add verisimilitude to his narrative. As a representative of *Applebee's Journal* he interviewed Jonathan Wild in prison, and immediately after his execution (1725) published a history of his life and miracles. He seems to have worked up the adventures of Cartouche, the famous French criminal, and is said to have accompanied John Sheppard to his execution; he arranged, according to tradition, that the great prison-breaker when on the scaffold should hand to him or Applebee, his publisher, a pamphlet purporting to be Sheppard's autobiography in the sight of the vast concourse of spectators. The next day *A Narrative of all the Robberies, Escapes, etc., of John Sheppard* was published, and, thanks to this unpleasant advertisement, ran through eight editions in a single year.

But sensational journalism did not occupy all Defoe's time, and he was engaged on more ambitious work. In *Robinson Crusoe* (1719) he hit upon a subject exactly suited to his treatment; artistic unity was forced upon him despite his mimicry of reality, and his logical and unimaginative method, which avoided the slightest hint of exaggeration, rendered his theme doubly effective. But it is his contribution to the picaresque novel that now concerns us. It has been supposed that his interest in the outcasts of society was first aroused during his year's imprisonment, and certainly his journalistic career gave him every opportunity of studying the criminal at close quarters. Of his essays in picaresque fiction it is sufficient to mention *The King of Pirates . . . Captain Avery* (1719), *The Life . . . of the Famous Captain Singleton* (1720), *The History . . . of Colonel Jack* (1722) and *Roxana* (1724). Defoe's real contribution to picaresque literature is contained in *The Fortunes and Misfortunes of the famous Moll Flanders* (1721).

It was not to be expected that Defoe would improve the artistic structure of the picaresque novel; his mimicry of fact precluded an artistic choice of incident, and imposed a chaotic formlessness of plot, while both the details and the general scheme of his works suffered from the high pressure under which they were produced. Defoe had neither time vanishes in the new direction given to fiction by *Manon Lescaut* and *La Nouvelle Héloïse.*

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Now it is just this semblance of material truth that Defoe excelled in producing ; his capacity for dressing up fiction to resemble fact was unlimited ; by the skilful accumulation of unessential minutiae and natural irrelevancies, and by a cunning mimicry of all the elements that vouch for an artless story, he deceived his readers so successfully, that to this day it remains a mystery, how far much of his work was founded on fact, and how far it was the product of his imagination. He waived all the literary conventions which permit a book to differ from a legal deposition, and put himself into the position of a corrupt witness whose chief preoccupation is the plausibility of his story. He confused this affected and mendacious veracity with that conviction of artistic truth, which the great artist can produce in his reader's imagination. As it happened, nothing could have been more salutary for the English novel at this period than Defoe's method, which effectually brought it down from the clouds and established it on the earth.

Defoe's first essay in this manner was *The True Relation of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal . . . which apparition recommends the Perusal of Drelincourt's Book of Consolations against the Fear of Death* (1705), a plausible and unexciting ghost-story in appearance, in reality a puff of the unsaleable book mentioned in the title. In 1715 he withdrew entirely from political controversy and occupied himself with sensational journalism and realistic fiction. His journalistic methods were surprisingly modern; he stuck at nothing to add verisimilitude to his narrative. As a representative of *Applebee's Journal* he interviewed Jonathan Wild in prison, and immediately after his execution (1725) published a history of his life and miracles. He seems to have worked up the adventures of Cartouche, the famous French criminal, and is said to have accompanied John Sheppard to his execution; he arranged, according to tradition, that the great prison-breaker when on the scaffold should hand to him or Applebee, his publisher, a pamphlet purporting to be Sheppard's autobiography in the sight of the vast concourse of spectators. The next day *A Narrative of all the Robberies, Escapes, etc., of John Sheppard* was published, and, thanks to this unpleasant advertisement, ran through eight editions in a single year.

But sensational journalism did not occupy all Defoe's time, and he was engaged on more ambitious work. In *Robinson Crusoe* (1719) he hit upon a subject exactly suited to his treatment; artistic unity was forced upon him despite his mimicry of reality, and his logical and unimaginative method, which avoided the slightest hint of exaggeration, rendered his theme doubly effective. But it is his contribution to the picaresque novel that now concerns us. It has been supposed that his interest in the outcasts of society was first aroused during his year's imprisonment, and certainly his journalistic career gave him every opportunity of studying the criminal at close quarters. Of his essays in picaresque fiction it is sufficient to mention *The King of Pirates . . . Captain Avery* (1719), *The Life . . . of the Famous Captain Singleton* (1720), *The History . . . of Colonel Jack* (1722) and *Roxana* (1724). Defoe's real contribution to picaresque literature is contained in *The Fortunes and Misfortunes of the famous Moll Flanders* (1721).

It was not to be expected that Defoe would improve the artistic structure of the picaresque novel; his mimicry of fact precluded an artistic choice of incident, and imposed a chaotic formlessness of plot, while both the details and the general scheme of his works suffered from the high pressure under which they were produced. Defoe had neither time nor inclination for the 'fundamental brainwork' on which the novel should be based. His style was as artless as his plot and admirably suited to his purpose; in its carelessness it faithfully reproduced the language of a straightforward and rather stupid witness, who sticks to the facts of his story with an unimaginative persistency. Yet the appearance of *Moll Flanders*, some few years after that of the first part of *Gil Blas*, marks a real advance in picaresque fiction.

It is not, however, the veneer of seeming truth, with which Defoe has so skilfully overlaid his fiction, that distinguishes it from its predecessors. Inferior as *Moll Flanders* is to *Gil Blas* in almost every respect, in the presentment of its principal character it is more ambitious, and a comparison of the two is not without interest. In *Gil Blas* the minor characters and minor intrigues are more numerous than in the preceding novels of the kind; an almost endless variety of types and situations is presented to the reader, and the author endeavours —not very successfully—to bring them all into artistic relation with the main theme. The unity of the whole work depends on the personality of *Gil Blas*, who, while he is more lifelike than the earlier *pícaros*, is rather suggestive in his logical consistency of a mathematical equation expressing *l'homme moyen sensuel*; the emotional side of his character is left a blank, and he is altogether lacking in those illogical peculiarities which go to form *temperament*. He has scarcely more individuality than if he had stepped out of one of the witty character-books so popular in the seventeenth century, and the interest of his story lies less in his personality than in the events with which he is brought in contact. Defoe, on the other hand, ruthlessly eliminates all subordinate incidents and characters, and keeps Moll Flanders in the centre of the stage. Unity of plot is nothing to him; he is content to follow with merciless logic the downward career of a woman more sinned against than sinning. The criminal pamphlets provided him with the form of his work, but they depended on sensation for their effect. Defoe, on the other hand, cares little for the events that happen to Moll Flanders, but he is deeply interested in their effect upon her character. She is not without emotions; she has known to her cost the meaning of love, and throughout she possesses a conscience more tender and less opportunist than that of Gil

Blas. Defoe, indeed, has a sympathy for his heroine, not a little surprising in one of his hard unimaginative nature, which tells of a personal acquaintance with the vagabond and outcast; doubtless it is this sympathy that made Borrow's applewoman canonize the 'blessed woman', and see in a grim picture of reality a panegyric on the art of stealing. *Moll Flanders* is an essay in criminal psychology, and the author is continually asking himself, what would a woman like Moll Flanders feel and do under these circumstances. That he fails sometimes to answer this question correctly, and that his creation is not psychologically convincing, must be put down partly to the nature of the man, partly to the time in which he lived. He at least made the attempt and pointed out the direction that the novel was to take.

Twenty years later Richardson produced the first of modern novels; where the picaresque writer had tried to hold the mirror up to nature, Richardson used a microscope, and shutting up his characters in a 'hotbed' of sentiment he studied just those details of thought and feeling which usually escape observation. There was some faint superficial suggestion of the picaresque in *Pamela* (1740), in its attention to detail and the humble position of its heroine: but the suggestion is deceptive; for the *pícaro* lived under the open skies, and knew nothing of self-analysis, while Richardson' characters move in an artificial atmosphere of sensibility.

This artificiality promptly led to a reaction and a parody, and just as the *Astrée* produced *Le Berger Extravagant*, so *Pamela* produced *Joseph Andrews* (1742) and *Tom Jones* (1749). Henry Fielding, however, proved himself more than a Sorel; he loved *Don Quixote* and understood it as none of Cervantes' previous imitators had done; his comprehension of the divine in man, his sympathy with human failings, and his earnest love of truth, the qualities of the greatest humorists, fitted him to follow in Cervantes' footsteps. It is probable that the author's original conception of *Don Quixote* was no more than a brief burlesque of chivalresque absurdities, and finally it grew to comprehend all that was best in the chivalresque and picaresque romance, and became once and for all the definition of the highest function of prose fiction. *Joseph Andrews* started life as a burlesque of the virtuous serving-maid, and ended as the first comic prose epic in English, finding its complete fulfilment in *Tom Jones*, which, with its admirably elaborated plot, its artistic truth and living characters, is a worthy expression of Cervantes' spirit. But Fielding transcends the picaresque novelist. The latter, like a man jotting down words and phrases haphazard from a great poem, extracted, with such accuracy as he could command, a few random paragraphs from the book of human existence, and if the reader complained that these extracts had no meaning, he replied, 'It is life as it is, accurately described; if it has no meaning, it must be that life is meaningless'. Fielding, though he took his experience from the common stock of humanity, set it in artistic order, and behind all his work lies some implied philosophical conception, a conception that is present in all great works of art, though as a rule it can only be expressed in vague and general terms, such as the contrast of things as they are and things as they should be. In a word Fielding fulfils Aristotle's definition of an artist and makes good the shortcomings of nature. Even *The History of Jonathan Wild the Great* (1743), though it deals with low-life, has scarcely more relation than *Tom Jones* to *Lazarillo*; it is not a collection of amusing stories, or even a study of human life and character, but an ironical commentary on human conceptions of greatness.

While Defoe's influence on the novel was essentially English and Fielding acknowledged Cervantes as his master, Tobias Smollett (1721–1771) was engaged in naturalizing the picaresque novel as exemplified in *Gil Blas*. He realized the chief failing of *Gil Blas* and of the genre, though he accentuated it in his works. In the preface to *Roderick Random* (1748) he says: 'The disgraces of *Gil Blas* are for the most part such as rather excite mirth than compassion; he himself laughs at them; and his transitions from distress to happiness, or at least ease, are so sudden that neither the reader has time to pity him nor himself to be acquainted with affliction. . . . I have attempted to represent modest merit, struggling with every difficulty to which a friendless orphan is exposed.' Had Smollett succeeded in his attempt he would have been, what he believed himself to be, the rival of Henry Fielding, instead of a writer of amusing picaresque fictions, which as works of art can claim only a secondary place. Unfortunately Smollett's incarnation of 'modest merit' was Roderick

Random. Smollett with his exuberant animal spirits, his total lack of refinement and his insistence on externals, turned life into a gigantic farce; the reader, if his stomach be strong enough, may laugh his fill at it, and need not worry his brain to find a meaning, either moral or artistic, in its horseplay and malodorous practical jokes. His books are full of vigour and boisterous animal life, depending for interest not upon the character of the unsympathetic rogue-hero, but upon his adventures and the people with whom he comes in contact. These subordinate figures are treated with the burlesque exaggeration which characterizes the *roman comique* and can be discerned even in *Gil Blas*; but they are well conceived and not easily forgotten, more especially those nautical characters whose manners and language Smollett first introduced into fiction. *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle* (1751), and a translation of *Gil Blas* (1749) are Smollett's chief contribution to the picaresque novel, and they sufficed to establish it permanently as a recognized form of English fiction. His latest and best novel, *Humphrey Clinker* (1771), though it retains many picaresque episodes, is picaresque neither in form nor conception, and its gentler humour tells of declining years.

With Fielding and Smollett we may close this sketch of the development and influence of the picaresque novel. Smollett established the genre in England and from that time forward it played no mean part in English fiction, though artistically it could only hold a secondary place, unless it mingled something of idealism and romance with its observation of reality, and was therefore something more than picaresque. *Gil Blas* marks the highest level that the picaresque novel attained, a level that falls just short of the standard of the greatest literature. But the *pícaro* is not so important for himself as for the cause he championed. By the *pícaro* the writer of prose fiction was compelled, like the rulers of Plato's ideal state, to leave for a time the contemplation of beautiful but misty abstractions, and to observe the life about him and the world in which he lived, and, when by the power of genius he brought with him to earth a recollection of the beatific vision, he imposed upon nature the order of his art, and combined harmoniously romance and reality. Thanks to the genius of Cervantes *Don Quixote* stands alone in splendid isolation as the first complete expression of the novel's possibilities. More than a century later *Tom Jones* once more raised prose fiction to the full measure of its greatness. With Fielding the modern novel was born; the long battle of realism and idealism ended in a reconciliation of the two combatants, and though the old struggle broke out afresh, as it always will, the true solution of their antagonism has never again been quite forgotten.

H. W. A.

Note.—Though the writer has worked as far as possible from the original picaresque novels, it was inevitable that he should be deeply indebted to the labours of those whose researches in picaresque literature have made the present series possible. First and foremost he must acknowledge his deep indebtedness to *The Romances of Roguery* by F. W. Chandler, which contains an invaluable bibliography of the Spanish picaresque novels: the greater part of this Introduction was already written when the same author's *Literature of Roguery*, 2 vols., appeared; it has, however, been entirely revised in the light of the new knowledge provided by this complete encyclopaedia of picaresque literature and its admirable bibliographies. To this work the reader is advised to turn, who is anxious to fill in the many necessary omissions in the above short sketch. Other books on books besides those mentioned in the footnotes, which have been of great assistance are J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly's admirable *Littérature Espagnole*, Paris (1904), W. Raleigh's *English Novel* (1904), H. Koerting's *Geschichte des französoschen Romans im* 17*ten Jahrhundert* (1891), J. G. Underhill's *Spanish Literature in the England of the Tudors* (1899).

It has been necessary to exclude all mention of the German picaresque school in order to keep the introduction within reasonable limits. This omission is the more excusable, since Germany did little or nothing to transmit the picaresque influence received from Spain and France.

DON DIEGO PUEDE-SER

AND HIS TRANSLATION OF THE *CELESTINA*

JAMES MABBE [1], who in his literary work affected the punning pseudonym of Don Diego Puede-Ser (=James May-be), was born in 1572; he went up to Oxford, matriculated at Magdalen College 1586–7, and was elected fellow of his College in 1594. He makes his first appearance in print in 1611 with some Latin verses prefixed to Florio's *Italian Dictionary.* In 1611 he was sent to Spain as Secretary to the Embassy of Sir John Digby, who in the course of a later mission to that country (1622) was created Earl of Bristol. Presumably the Spanish capital, where Cervantes and Lope de Vega were at the height of their literary glory, made a deep impression upon him, but we search his works in vain for any personal reference to the author of *Don Quixote* or the *Fénix de los Ingenios.* At the age of sixty-five Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, who had lost his left hand at Lepanto in his country's service 'to the greater glory of the right' —the right hand that penned *Don Quixote*—was reduced to such poverty that he could only afford the cheapest spectacles to aid his failing sight. It is hard to forgive Mabbe for not adding something to this portrait of genius in distress, which we owe to a letter of Lope de Vega, dated March 2, 1612.

We may gather from the marginal notes to his translation of *Guzmán de Alfarache* that the young fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, was interested in Spanish food, the *olla podrida*, 'in Spaine the common'st meate of all other, and in most esteeme. They eate the meate first, and suppe up their *Caldo* or broth afterwards'; the *buñuelo*, 'a certaine round Fritter compos'd of Meale, Oyle and Hony'; the *mondongo*,

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[1] For the facts and dates of Mabbe's life I am indebted to Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly's introduction to the Tudor translation reprint of the *Celestina*.

‘a hodgepodge made of the entrales and trotters of a sheepe, or other beast, boyled, and sold at every corner of the streets in Spaine to poore folkes’. He noted that ‘their ordinary feeding for Horse is chopt Straw, and Barlie’, since they have little hay and no oats. Of ‘the principall victualling places’ in Madrid, he remarks, ‘What poore kinde of things they be’, and he is surprised that the *taberneros* ‘are not of that credit as your Vintners with us, being for the most part poore base rogues.’ He observes that the country was too hot for feather-beds, and admires the Spanish *colchones*, ‘a kinde of Matresse, quilted with thread, that the wooll may not slide and grow into Knots,’ while his note on the *mosquito* (lat. *Culex*, a Gnat) tells of sad experience: ‘They humme more, and sting and bite worse in that country, then here with us, leaving knobs and bunches in the face’. Perhaps he had occasion for a physician, since he finds their fees reasonable, ‘ordinarily two shillings; the better sort give foure shillings, and the best seldom above a Crowne’. He was duly shocked at the young men, who gathered about the church door to watch the women coming from their devotions, ‘an ill custome, that is too much used in many great Cities. . . . Especially in Madrid, where to prevent this Church-courting, the men are to goe in and out at one doore, and the women at another.’ No doubt he went to the theatre, and when the comedian acted his part exceeding well gave him the applaudite of crying, ‘*Vitor*, *Vitor*, *Vitor*, such a one, Pinedo or Fernandez’, while in the intervals he watched the Spaniards entertain the women they brought thither ‘with good wines cooled with snow and sweetmeats’.

From the triviality of this information we may conclude that Mabbe was not at the time deeply interested in Spanish literature, and that it was not till after his visit that his enthusiasm was aroused, partly perhaps by his friend Leonard Digges of University College, the translator of *Gerardo*.

After about two years in Spain he returned to England and became Lay Prebendary of Wells. It is supposed that the verses in the First Folio of Shakespeare (1623) signed I. M. are from his pen. In the same year he published his first translation from the Spanish, *The Rogue or The Life of Guzman de Alfarache*. He was apparently already acquainted with the *Celestina*; a marginal note to 'I tooke *Villa diego* his Breeches' (tomar las calzas de Villa-diego, Part i, book iii, chap. i ad fin.) tells us, 'This Proverbe is in *Celestine*, but it's originall unknowne: But it should seeme *Villa Diego* was driven to his shifts, and not having time to put on his breeches was forced to fly away with them in his hand.' This explanation Mabbe has incorporated in the text of his *Celestina*, Act. XII, p. 176, 'like the men of Villa-Diego, who being besieged ran away by night with their breeches in their hand'. In 1626 Mabbe translated from the Spanish *Observations Touching some of the more solemne Tymes and Festivall Dayes of the Yeare*, preserved in MS. in the British Museum. This he followed by a version of Cristóbal de Fonseca, *Devout Contemplations Expressed in Two and Fortie Sermons upon all ye Quadragesimall Gospels* (1629). Then we may suppose he wearied of theology and sermons, and turned for relief to the *Celestina*, the ancestress of Guzmán; his version was published in 1631 with the title *The Spanish Bawd represented in Celestina or the Tragicke-comedy of Calisto and Melibea.* The year before he had been Bursar of Magdalen for the sixth time, but about the year 1633 he seems to have left Oxford and settled with Sir John Strangwayes, to whom he dedicated *The Rogue*, at Abbotsbury in Dorsetshire, where he died about the year 1642. His last work was the famous translation of Cervantes' *Exemplarie Novels* (1640); it is not a little remarkable that a man of Mabbe's literary tastes should have selected just those six *novelas* which are least interesting and least picaresque.

Mabbe's translation of the *Celestina* is unquestionably a remarkable achievement, and that it should have waited two and a half centuries for a second edition is a testimony to the arbitrary injustice of popular fame: published in an evil hour, it was almost forgotten. Mabbe's success as a translator is the more remarkable as he differed *in toto* from his original author: what resemblance could there be between the 'facetious conceited wit' of an Oxford don and translator of sermons, and the grim humour and romantic realism of the Spanish author, who was as sparing of unnecessary adornment as a miser of his money? Again and again Mabbe gives way to his 'quaint self-pleasing fancy' and decorates the concise directness of the Spanish with the conceit and antithesis that the Elizabethan loved ; yet though he uses three words for one of his original, he has a curious faculty of reproducing the effect of a Spanish phrase by a series of phrases, none of them exactly equivalent, which taken together adequately represent the intention of the original. His self-control never permits him to smother his author's meaning with garlands and decorations, however exuberant his fancy may be.

Mabbe's translation of the *Celestina* has that rarest of qualities—it reads as if it were no translation, but an original English composition. It is written in the rich poetical prose of Greene, Nash, and Shakespeare, and, if it shows the influence of the *Euphues* and the *Arcadia*, its grand simplicity and noble rhythm make it a worthy monument of the Elizabethan style. Where the Spanish has simply, 'Increyble cosa prometes', Mabbe writes boldly and admirably, 'Thou speakest of matters beyond the moon. It is impossible.' (Act. I, p. 13) ; so Greene had written in his *Philomela* (ed. Grosart, p. 117), 'he built castles in the air, and reached beyond the moon'. Again, with one of those homely touches that Lyly loved, Celestina describes herself (Act. VI, p. 98) as standing still in a corner, 'like a cloth that is shrunk in the wetting', while Melibea storms at her, a happy turn that develops the full meaning of the Spanish *encogida*. His ear, so sensitive to the cadence of his sentence, enables him to echo back such words as 'las alteraciones de my ayrada lengua' with their exact equivalent in sound and sense, 'the distemperature of my enraged tongue' (Act. IV, p. 81). It would be easy to multiply such felicities from almost every page.

Mabbe had already displayed in *The Rogue* his acquaintance with the beggar-books and rogue-pamphlets ; thus we find him using in book iii, chapter. iv, the cant terms *upright-man* and *cross-biter*, explained by Awdeley in his *Fraternity of Vagabonds*.[1] There are not many reminiscences of these early picaresque studies in Mabbe's *Celestina*, though we have 'copes-mates', 'foists,' and on the title-page 'cunny-catching';

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[1] Cf. also his definition of *germanía*, Part II, Book II, chap. vi. p. 141, 'Termes of Art amongst theeves and rouges. . . . A canting kind of language. Also taken for a fraternitie, or brotherhood amongst theeves.'

it is interesting, too, to compare the use of 'chop-logic' in Act. IV, p. 82, with Awdeley's definition of the cant term: 'Chop-logic is he that when his master rebuked him of his fault, he will give him 20 words for one, else bid the devil's Paternoster in silence. This proud prating knave will maintain his naughtiness, when he is rebuked for them'. For an explanation of the word 'implume', which occurs in Act. III, p. 59, and elsewhere, we can turn to Nash, *Have with you to Saffron Walden* (1596); Celestina would, it appears, suffer the same penalty, 'as men condemned for stealing by Richard de corde Lion's law had hot boiling pitch poured on their heads and feathers strewed upon'.

A true Elizabethan, Mabbe dearly loved a merry quip or play on words. Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly quotes Parmeno's remark, 'Why, what were all the joy I now enjoy, did I not enjoy her?' (Act. VIII., p. 132). To this we may add the rather hackneyed pun in Act. IV, p. 67: 'And amongst other my many crosses and miseries in this life, my crosses in my purse grow daily less and less.' Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly also remarks the occasional intrusion of 'a droll social distinction', as when the oath, which is translated with literal crudeness when uttered by Elicia and Celestina, is refined into 'beshrew thy fingers', in the mouth of Melibea's mother. Similar is Calisto's apology for calling Sempronio his friend (Act. II, p. 47): Mabbe inserts the apologetic parenthesis, 'for so thy love makes me style thee'. One wonders if a misplaced sense of propriety accounts for the passage in Act. III, p. 57: 'She (i.e. Claudina, Parmeno's mother) would go bare-faced from one end of the city to the other with her fan in her hand': the Spanish Claudina carried in her hand something less polite but more appropriate, a wine jar. Very characteristic is the insouciance with which sometimes he converts biblical personages and the like into heathen gods and their mythology, and sometimes forgets the need of change; so that we have a friar side by side with a *flamen* and a vestal, while in Act. VIII, p. 135, Calisto announces his intention of going to Cupid's myrtle-grove, in the next Act., p. 144, Cupid's myrtle-grove is transformed into St. Mary Magdalen's; in the argument of Act. XI it remains St. Mary Magdalen's, only to become a myrtle-grove again on the same page, and later on p. 181.

As a rule his mistranslations are no more than verbal slips, though why he should translate in the Argument of Act. I ‘ empos de un falcon suyo ’ as ‘ after his usual manner ’ is a mystery, particularly as in Act. II, p. 49, Parmeno refers to the loss of Calisto’s falcon. When in Act. I, p. 12, he translates ‘ aguijones ’ as ‘ needles ’ and ‘ injurias ’ by ‘ injuries ’, he falls into two natural mistakes, which the author of the *Interlude of Calisto and Melibea* had made before him : a few pages later (p. 20) he translates ‘ aguijones ’ correctly as ‘ spurs ’, and on p. 47, ‘ tirar cozes al aguijon ’ is exactly rendered by ‘ to kick against the prick ’. Other similar errors are—

Act. IV, p. 72. ‘ she was fair when she met with him (saving your reverence) that scotched her over the nose ’ for the Spanish ‘ hermosa era con aquel su Dios os salve que traviessa la media cara ? ’ (Was she fair with that God-bless-you (i.e. the scotch) that crosses her face ?)

Act. IV, p. 76. ‘ This poor gentleman, this your brother, is at the point of death, and ready to die ’ for the Spanish ‘ ce, hermano, que se va todo á perder ’ (‘ Hist ! brother, all is going to ruin,’ addressed to the devil she has invoked).

Act. V, p. 88. ‘ I will keep my word with her ’ for ‘ no negara la promessa ’ (she shall keep her word with me).

Act. VI, p. 94. ‘ to oppose myself to all accidents ’ for ‘ sofrir su acidente ’ (to suffer her fit of passion).

Act. XIV, p. 204. ‘ I had quite forgot that ’ for ‘ ya los tiene olvidados ’ (he has quite forgotten them).

Such mistakes are of small importance, and only serve to accentuate the brilliancy with which Mabbe has overcome most of his difficulties.

As to the Spanish edition on which the translation is based, it is impossible to speak with certainty. It seems probable that it was an expurgated edition, and Mabbe may very well have brought it back with him from Spain. There is a copy of the edition of Madrid (1619) preserved in the *Biblioteca Nacional* that Mabbe may conceivably have consulted. This copy has in it the autograph of R. Vaughan, who may reasonably be identified with Richard Vaughan, the eldest son of Sir John Vaughan, afterwards Earl of Carbery. From James

Howell's *Familiar Letters*, book i, section iii, xix, we learn, 'Mr. *Vaughan* of the *Golden-grove* and I (Howell) were Camerades and Bedfellows here many months together, his father Sir *John Vaughan* the Prince his Controuler, is lately come to attend his Master': this letter was written from Madrid, August 13, 1623. It is easy to find a connection between Richard Vaughan and Mabbe; Vaughan's friend Howell wrote regularly to the Principal of his College, Jesus, and Sir John Vaughan, his father, matriculated at the same College, February, 1591–2, while Mabbe was still a demy of Magdalen. The above-mentioned copy was, according to the Krapf Bibliography of the *Celestina*, bound in England, and passed through the hands of D. Pascual de Gayangos: it is at least possible that Mabbe consulted one of the Vaughans on their return from Spain, and was shown this copy of the latest edition. The suggestion, however, is perhaps rather fanciful; if it persuades some one, to whom the *Biblioteca Nacional* is accessible, to examine this copy, it will have served its purpose.

For *Guzmán de Alfarache* Mabbe had used a French and an Italian version as well as the Spanish text: for the *Celestina* it is probable that he consulted the French version of Jacques de Lavardin published 1578, reprinted 1599, and it is certain that he had an edition of Ordoñez's Italian translation before him. For the sonnet at the end is translated from Ordonez's Italian, and this version throws light on several obscure passages.

Act. II, p. 49. Mabbe translates 'Desentido eres' (you are a fool) as 'Thou hast thy wits about thee', following Ordoñez, who writes 'huomo sei de cervello'. Fr. 1578, 1599, Tu es bien à ton aise.

Act. VII, p. 113. v. Critical Note.

Act. VII, p. 119. Mabbe includes 'smoke of the soles of old shoes' among the remedies for hysteria. This quaint cure was added by Ordoñez, and appears in all versions derived from the Italian. Ordoñez, Fumo de sole de scarpe vecchie. Wirsung, Gebrannt Schuch-solen. French 1578, 1599, Fumée de semelles de vieux souliers. It seems to have been a recognised remedy (v. Zedler, Universal Lexicon, 1735, s.v. Hysterica Passio for a list of similar remedies), but it does not appear in any Spanish text.

Act. VIII, p. 136. Mabbe incorporates in the text an explanation of the Spanish phrase 'como el moço del escudero gallego'. The explanation is to be found in the Italian version, but Mabbe has turned gallego (=galician) into a proper name: he seems to have been misled by the French 'l'escuier Gallegue.'

Act. X, p. 159. 'The cure of a lancing surgeon leaves behind it the greater scar.' This gives a meaning exactly opposite to that which the sense demands, and is a literal translation of the Italian 'la cura del crudel medico fa magiore signale'. Both Mabbe and Ordoñez have mistaken the meaning of lastimero—in Spanish the phrase is 'la cura del lastimero medico dexa mayor señal'—the word does not mean cruel but pitiful. Here Mabbe might have found in the French version a rendering, which, though inaccurate, gives a good sense: 'le traictement rude du medecin mal piteux a meilleur effet'.

THE

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SIR THOMAS RICHARDSON

KNIGHT

SIR, I now send you your long since promised *Celestina*, put into English clothes; I shall entreat you to give her a friendly welcome, because she is a stranger, and come purposely out of Spain into these parts, to see you and kiss your hands. I would not accompany her with my letters of recommendation, whereby she might find the better reception. For I must ingeniously confess, that this your *Celestina* is not *sine scelere*: yet must I tell you withal, that she cannot be harboured with you *sine utilitate*. Her life is foul, but her precepts fair; her example naught, but her doctrine good; her coat ragged, but her mind enriched with many a golden sentence: and therefore take her not as she seems, but as she is; and the rather, because black sheep have as good carcasses as white. You shall find this book to be like a court-jack, which though it be black, yet holds as good liquor as your fairest flagon of silver, or like the rod that Brutus offered to Apollo, which was rough and knotty without, but within all of furbished gold. The bark is bad, but the tree good.

Vouchsafe then, gentle sir, to take a little of this coarse and sour bread; it may be, your stomach, being glutted with more delicate cates, may take some pleasure to restore your appetite with this homely, though not altogether unsavoury, food. It is good plain household-bread, honest messeline; there is a great deal of rye in it, but the most part of it is pure wheat.

Our author is but short, yet pithy, not so full of words as sense, each other line being a sentence, unlike to many of your other writers, who either with the luxury of their phrases, or superfluity of figures, or superabundancy of ornaments, or other affected gildings of rhetoric, like undiscreet cooks, make their meats either too sweet or too tart, too salt or too full of pepper; whence it happeneth that, like greedy husbandmen, by enlarging their hand in sowing, they make the harvest thin and barren. It is not as many of your pamphlets be, like a tree without sap, a bough without fruit, a nut without a kernel, flesh without bones, bones without marrow, prickles without a rose, wax without honey, straw without wheat, sulphur without gold, or shells without pearl. But you shall find sentences worthy to be written, not in fragile paper, but in cedar or lasting cypress, not with the quill of a goose but the feather of a phœnix, not with ink, but balsamum, not with letters of a black tincture, but with characters of gold and azure; and deserving to be read, not only of a lascivious Clodius or effeminate Sardanapalus, but of the gravest Cato or severest Stoic.

All which though I know to be true, yet doubt I not, but it will meet with some detractors who, like dogs that bark by custom, will exclaim against the whole work, because some part of it seemeth somewhat more obscene than may suit with a civil style: which as I [do] not deny, so sithence it is written reprehensively, and not instructively, I see no reason why they should more abstain from reading a great deal of good, because they must pick it out of that which is bad, than they should refuse pearl, because it is fished for in a frothy sea, or contemn gold, because it is drawn from a dirty mine, or hate honey, because it is hived in straw, or loath silk, because it is lapped in soultage. Which kind of men I can liken to none better than those of whom Plutarch complaineth, who are of so nice a delicacy, that they will not drink a wholesome potion, unless it be given them in a golden cup, nor wear a winter garment unless it be woven of Athenian wool.

The Lacedæmonians, who were as strict livers, and as great lovers of virtue, as any nation whatsoever, would make benefit even out of vices. But these critical companions, being of a depraved disposition, and apt in themselves to be evil, I can compare to nothing better than the scarabee who, over-flying the most fragrant flowers, chooseth rather to settle in a cow-shard than to light upon a rose; or Noah's crow, which fled forth of the ark, and preying upon carrion, returned no more. Howsoever therefore these rigid reprehenders will not stick to say of *Celestina*, that she is like a crow amongst so many swans, like a grasshopper amongst so many nightingales, or like a paper-blurrer amongst so many famous writers ; yet they that are learned in her language, have esteemed it, in comparison of others, as gold amongst metals, as the carbuncle amongst stones, as the rose amongst flowers, as the palm amongst trees, as the eagle amongst birds, and as the sun amongst inferior lights—in a word, as the choicest and chiefest. But as the light of that great planet doth hurt sore eyes, and comfort those that are sound of sight ; so the reading of *Celestina*, to those that are profane, is as poison to their hearts, but to the chaste and honest mind, a preservative against such inconveniences as occur in the world.

And for mine own part, I am of opinion that writers may as well be borne withal as painters, who now and then paint those actions that are absurd. As Timomachus painted Medea killing her children; Orestes murdering his mother, Theo ; and Parrhasius, Ulysses' counterfeited madness ; and Cherephanes, the immodest embracements of women with men. Which the spectators beholding, do not *laudare rem, sed artem*, not commend the matter which is expressed in the imitation, but the art and skill of the workman, which hath so lively represented what is proposed. In like sort, when we read the filthy actions of whores, their wicked conditions, and beastly behaviour, we are neither to approve them as good, nor to embrace them as honest, but to commend the author's judgment in expressing his argument so fit and pat to their dispositions.

Nor do I see any more reason, why a man should prove a villain by reading of other men's villanies, than a man should grow hard-favoured, by looking Thersites in the face, or a fool for viewing Will Summer's picture : but might rather grow as the Lacedæmonians did by their slaves' drunkenness to a detestation of so foul a sin. When therefore thou shalt read of Celestina, as of a notorious bawd, of Sempronio and Parmeno, as of false servants, of Elicia and Areusa, as of cunning queans and professed whores, of Centurio, as of a swaggering ruffian and common whoremaster, of Calisto and Melibea, as of undiscreet and foolish lovers—and so in the rest, learn thereby to distinguish between good and bad, and praise the author, though not the practice ; for these things are written more for reprehension than imitation.

And the mind that comes so instructed, can never take harm; for it will take the best, and leave the worst: but he that reads all things alike, and equally entertains them in his thought, that reader shall easily show himself obnoxious to many vices: and it shall happen unto him, as it did unto those who imitated Plato's crookedness, or Demosthenes' stammering. But when a reader shall light upon unworthy lines, I would have him cry out as a philosopher adviseth on the like occasion; *Male hoc, et inconvenienter.* But when he meets with good; *Recte hoc et decore.* As the bee feeds upon flowers, and the goat on the tops of herbs, so would I have him that reads *Celestina*, graze like a horse on that which is sweet and wholesome grass, and not like a hungry dog, which snatches and bites at everything that comes in his way. Socrates, when he saw a dishonest woman, would either turn his head aside or cover his eyes with his cloak, taking whores to be like coals, which either black or burn. Indeed it was the wisest way for Socrates; for though he were a philosopher, yet withal he was a wanton: and therefore, for such as cannot look, but must offend in viewing of the looser lines, I would have them imitate the lightning, which vanisheth, before it scarce appears, or your abortives, which die, before they be born. But, for as those that are truly honest, and of that perfect temper of goodness, that nothing can make them decline from the rule of virtue, I would wish them to do with some pieces in this book—yet to read all, and where they find anything unseemly—as the priests of old were wont to do, who in their sacrifices unto Juno, took forth the garbage of their beasts, and threw it behind the altar. If any phrase savour of immodesty, blame not me, but Celestina. If any sentence deserve commendation, praise not the translator, but the author; for I am no more to be reprehended or commended, than the poor parrot, who accents but other folk's words, and not his own.

If there be any, that is either a Parmeno or a Sempronio, an Elicia or an Areusa, a Celestina or a Centurio, I would have them to behold themselves in this glass; not doubting but that, as Narcissus, viewing himself in that pure clear fountain, wherein he saw his own most beautiful image, died overcome with a *φιλαυτία* or self-love, so these men will either die, or their vices in them, through an *αὐτομισία* or hate of themselves; at least make other men's miserable ends serve as so many sea-marks, that they may not run themselves upon the like rocks in the sea of this life; wherein all they are miserably drowned, who strike against them.

But to leave *Celestina* to a favourable censure, I must now come to entreat some favour for myself, who am so far from pleading my excuse, that I must wholly submit myself to your favourable interpretation; for I must ingeniously confess, that I have in the undergoing of this translation shown more boldness than judgment. For though I do speak like Celestina, yet come I short of her; for she is so concisely significant, and indeed so differing is the idiom of the Spanish from the English, that I may imitate it, but not come near it. Yet have I made it as natural, as our language will give leave, and have more beaten my brains about it in some places than a man would beat a flint to get fire; and with much ado have forced those sparks, which, increasing to a greater flame, gave light to my dark understanding; wherein if I have been wanting to give it its true life, I wish my industry herein may awake some better wit and judgment to perfect my imperfections, which as I shall always be willing to acknowledge, so I desire to have them mended by some better hand; nor am I any whit ashamed that any work of mine should not be absolutely perfect. For it is the statute and decree of Heaven, that every composition here beneath, as well framed by the hand of art, as fashioned by the help of Nature, should sustain some imperfection: for glass hath its lead, gold its dross, corn its chaff, Helen her mole, the moon her spots, and the sun its shade. My expression is but like a picture drawn with a coal, wanting those lively colours, which others more skilful might give it; and might better it as much, if they would undergo the pains, as bad faces are bettered by painting, and unsavoury meats mended by their sauces. But I am too saucy in my desire; howsoever, I will notwithstanding show myself a good christian, that, though my works do not merit any reward, yet my faith and assurance is such in you, that I make no question, but my works shall be well accepted by you. In requital whereof, I will ever love you, and rest

Your friend and servant,
DON DIEGO PUEDE-SER.

THE PROLOGUE

IT is the saying of that great and wise philosopher Heraclitus that all things are created in manner of a contention or battle. His words are these: Omnia secundum litem fiunt. *A sentence in my opinion worthy perpetual memory; and, for that most certain it is that every word of a wise man is pregnant and full, of this it may be said that through too much fullness it is ready to burst, shooting forth such spreading and well-grown boughs and leaves that, out of the smallest sucker or least sprig thereof, fruit enough may be gathered by men of discretion and judgment. But, because my poor understanding is not able to do any more than to nibble on the dry bark and rugged rind of the wise sayings of those, who for the clearness and excellency of their wits deserved to be approved, with that little which I shall pluck from thence I will satisfy the intent and purpose of this short prologue. This sentence did I find to be strengthened by that great orator and poet laureate, Francisco Petrarca, who tells us:* Sine lite atque offensione nihil genuit natura parens: ‘*That Nature, who is the mother of all things, engendered nothing without strife and contention.*’ *Furthermore saying:* Sic est enim, et sic propemodum universa testantur; rapido stellæ obviant firmamento; contraria invicem elementa confligunt; terræ tremunt; maria fluctuant; aer quatitur; crepant flammæ; bellum immortale venti gerunt; tempora temporibus concertant; secum singula, nobiscum omnia. *Which is as much to say: ‘Indeed so it is, and so all things almost in the world do witness as much. The stars encounter one another in the whirling firmament of heaven; your contrary elements wage war each with other; the earth, that trembles and quakes as if it were at odds with itself; the sea, that swells and rages, breaking its billows one against another; the air, that darteth arrows of lightning and is moved this way and that way; the flames, they crack, and sparkle forth their fury; the winds are at perpetual enmity with them-*

selves; times with times do contend; one thing against another, and all against us.' We see that the summer makes us complain of too much heat, and the winter of cold and sharpness of weather. So that this which seemeth unto us a temporal revolution, this by which we are bred up and nourished and live, if it once begin to pass above its proportion and to grow to a greater height than usual, it is no better than open war. And how much it ought to be feared is manifested by those great earthquakes and whirlwinds, by those shipwrecks and fires, as well in the air as the earth; by the source of watercourses and violence of inundations, by those courses and recourses, those rackings to and fro of the clouds, of whose open motions, to know the secret cause from whence they proceed, no less is the dissension of the philosophers in the schools than of the waves of the sea. Besides, among your brute beasts there is not any one of them that wants his war, be they fishes, birds, beasts, or serpents, whereof every kind persecuteth and pursueth one another: the lion, he pursues the wolf; the wolf the kid; the dog the hare. And, if it might not be thought a fable or old wife's tale, sitting by the fireside, I should more fully enlarge this theme. The elephant, that is so powerful and strong a beast, is afraid, and flies from the sight of a poor silly mouse; and no sooner hears him coming but he quakes and trembles for fear. Amongst serpents, nature created the basilisk, so venomous and poisonful, and gave him such a predominant power over all the rest, that only with his hissing he doth affright them, with his coming put them to flight, and disperseth some one way, some another, and with his sight kills and murders them. The viper, a crawling creature and venomous serpent, at the time of engendering, the male puts his head into the mouth of the female, and she, through the great delight and sweetness of her pleasure, strains him so hard that she kills him. And, conceiving her young, the eldest or first of her brood breaks the bars of his mother's belly, eats out his way through her bowels, at which place all the rest issue forth; whereof she dies, he doing this as a revenger of his father's death. What greater conflict, what greater contention or war can there be, than to conceive that in her body which shall eat out her entrails? Again, no less natural dissension can we suppose to be amongst fishes; for most certain it is that the sea doth contain as many several sorts of fishes as the earth and air do nourish birds and beasts, and much more. Aristotle *and Pliny do recount wonders of a little fish called* echeneis ; *how apt his nature is and how prone his property for divers kinds of contentions, especially this one, that, if he cling to a ship or carrack, he will detain and stop her in her course, though she have the wind in the poop of her, and cut the seas with never so stiff a gale. Whereof Lucan maketh mention, saying :*

Non puppim retinens, Euro tendente rudentes,
In mediis echeneis aquis.
Nor echeneis, *whose strength, though Eurus rise,*
Can stay the course of ships.

O natural contention, worthy of admiration, that a little fish should be able to do more than a great ship, with all the force and strength of the winds ! Moreover, if we will discourse of birds, and of their frequent enmities, we may truly affirm that all things are created in a kind of contention. Your greater live of rapine, as eagles and hawks ; and your craven kites press upon our pullen, insulting over them even in our own houses, and offering to take them even from under the hen's wings. Of a bird called roc, which is bred in the East Indian Sea, it is said to be of an incredible greatness, that the like hath never been heard of ; and that with her beak she will hoist up into the air, not only one man or ten, but a whole ship laden with men and merchandise ; and how that these miserable passengers, hanging thus in suspense in the air, till her wings wax weary, she lets them fall, and so they receive their deaths. But what shall we say of men, to whom all the foresaid creatures are subject ? Who can express their wars, their jars, their enmities, their envies, their heats, their broils, their brawls, and their discontentments ?—that change and alteration of fashions in their apparel ?—that pulling down and building up of houses ?—and many other sundry effects and varieties ; all of them proceeding from the feeble and weak condition of man's variable nature ? And, because it is an old and ancient complaint and used heretofore time out of mind, I will not much marvel if this present work shall prove an instrument of war to its readers, putting strifes and differences amongst them, every one giving his verdict and opinion thereupon according to the humour of his own will. Some perhaps may say that it is too long, some too short ; others to be sweet and pleasant, and other some to be dark and obscure : so that to cut it out to the measure of so *many and such different dispositions is only appropriate to God; especially since that it, together with all other things whatsoever are in this world, march under the standard of this noble sentence; for even the very life of men, if we consider them from their first and tender age till they grow grey-headed, is nothing else but a battle. Children with their sports, boys with their books, young men with their pleasures, old men with a thousand sorts of infirmities, skirmish and war continually; and these papers with all ages. The first blots and tears them; the second knows not well how to read them; the third (which is the cheerful livelihood of youth, and set all upon jollity) doth utterly dislike of them. Some gnaw only the bones, but do not pick out the marrow, saying there is no goodness in it—that it is a history, huddled, I know not how, together, a kind of hodgepodge or gallimaufrey; not profiting themselves out of the particularities, accounting it a fable or old wife's tale, fitting for nothing save only for to pass away the time upon the way. Others call out the witty conceits and common proverbs, highly commending them, but slighting and neglecting that which makes more to the purpose and their profit. But they for whose true pleasure it is wholly framed reject the story itself, as a vain and idle subject, and gather out the pith and marrow of the matter for their own good and benefit, and laugh at those things that savour only of wit and pleasant conceit, storing up in their memory the sentences and sayings of philosophers, that they may transpose them into such fit places as may make, upon occasion, for their own use and purpose. So that when ten men shall meet together to hear this comedy, in whom perhaps shall happen this difference of dispositions, as it usually falleth out, who will deny but that there is a contention in that thing which is so diversely understood? The printers, they likewise have bestowed their puncture, putting titles, and adding Arguments to the beginning of every act, delivering in brief what is more largely contained therein—a thing very excusable, in former times being much used, and in great request with your ancient writers; others have contended about the name, saying that it ought not to be called a comedy, because it ends in sorrow and mourning, but rather termed a tragedy. The author himself would have it take its denomination from its beginning, which treats of pleasure, and therefore called it a comedy. So that I, seeing these differences, between their extremes have parted this quarrel by* *dividing it in the midst, and call it a tragi-comedy. So that, observing these contentions, these disagreements, these dissonant and various judgments, I had an eye to mark whither the major part inclined, and found that they were all desirous that I should enlarge myself in the pursuit of the delight of these lovers ; whereunto I have been earnestly importuned, in so much that I have consented (though against my will) to put now the second time my pen to this so strange a task and so far estranged from my faculty, stealing some hours from my principal studies, together with others allotted to my recreation, though I know I shall not want new detractors for my new edition.*

THE ACTORS

IN THIS TRAGI-COMEDY

Calisto, a young enamoured gentleman.
Melibea, daughter to Pleberio.
Pleberio, father to Melibea.
Alisa, mother of Melibea.
Celestina, an old bawd.
Parmeno,
Sempronio,
Tristan,
Sosia, } servants to Calisto.
Crito, a whoremaster.
Lucrecia, maid to Pleberio.
Elicia,
Areusa, } whores.
Centurio, a pander or ruffian.

A COMEDY
OR TRAGI-COMEDY
OF CALISTO AND
MELIBEA

THE ARGUMENT

CALISTO, *who was of lineage noble, of wit singular, of disposition gentle, of behaviour sweet, with many graceful qualities richly endowed, and of a competent estate, fell in love with* Melibea, *of years young, of blood noble, of estate great, and only daughter and heir to her father* Pleberio *and to her mother* Alisa, *of both exceedingly beloved. Whose chaste purpose conquered by the hot pursuit of amorous* Calisto, Celestina *interposing herself in the business, a wicked and crafty woman, and together with her two deluded servants of subdued* Calisto, *and by her wrought to be disloyal, their fidelity being taken with the hook of covetousness and pleasure,—those lovers came, and those that served them, to a wretched and unfortunate end. For entrance whereunto, adverse fortune afforded a fit and opportune place, where, to the presence of* Calisto, *the desired* Melibea *presented herself.*

ACTUS I

THE ARGUMENT

CALISTO *entering into a garden after his usual manner met there with* Melibea, *with whose love being caught, he began to court her : by whom being sharply checked and dismissed, he gets him home, being much troubled and grieved : he consults his servant* Sempronio, *who, after much intercourse of talk and debating of the business, advised him to entertain an old woman named* Celestina, *in whose house his said servant kept a wench, to whom he made love, called* Elicia ; *who,* Sempronio *coming to* Celestina's *house about his master's business, had at that time another sweetheart in her company, called* Crito, *whom they hid out of sight. In the interim that* Sempronio *was negotiating with* Celestina, Calisto *falls in talk with another of his servants named* Parmeno, *which discourse continueth till* Sempronio *and* Celestina *arrive at* Calisto's *house.* Parmeno *was known by* Celestina, *who tells him of the good acquaintance which she had of his mother, and many matters that had passed between them, inducing him in the end to love and concord with* Sempronio.

INTERLOCUTORS

Calisto, Melibea, Parmeno, Sempronio, Celestina, Elicia, Crito.

CALISTO. In this, Melibea, I see heaven's greatness and goodness.

MELIB. In what, Calisto ?

CALISTO. Greatness, in giving such power to nature as to endow thee with so perfect a beauty ; goodness, in affording me so great a favour as thy fair presence, and a place so convenient to unsheathe my secret grief,—a grace undoubtedly so incomparable, and by many degrees far greater than any service I have performed can merit from above. What inhabitant here below ever saw a more glorious creature than

I behold? Certainly, if sublunary bodies can give a celestial reflection or resemblance, I contemplate and find it in thy divine beauty: had it perpetuity, what happiness beyond it? Yet wretch that I am, I must live like another Tantalus; see what I may not enjoy, not touch; and my comfort must be the thinking of thy disdainfulness, thy pleasing coyness, and the torment which thy absence will inflict upon me.

MELIB. Holdest thou this, Calisto, so great a reward?

CALIST. So great, that if you should give me the greatest good upon earth, I should not hold it so great a happiness.

MELIB. I shall give thee a reward answerable to thy deserts, if thou persevere and go on in this manner.

CAL. O fortunate ears! which are, though unworthily, admitted to hear so gracious a word, such great and comfortable tidings.

MELIBEA. But unfortunate, by that time thou hast heard thy doom. For thy payment shall be as foul as thy presumption was foolish, and thy entertainment as small as thy intrusion was great. How durst such a one as thou hazard thyself on the virtue of such a one as I? Go, wretch, begone out of my sight, for my patience cannot endure that so much as a thought should enter into any man's heart, to communicate his mind unto me in illicit love.

CALISTO. I go; but as one, who am the only unhappy mark, against whom adverse fortune aimeth the extremity of her hate. (*Cal. returns home.*) Sempronio, Sempronio, why Sempronio, I say, where is this accursed varlet?

SEMPRONIO. I am here, sir, about your horses.

CALISTO. My horses, you knave, how haps it then that thou comest out of the hall?

SEMPRONIO. The gerfalcon bated, and I came in to set him on the perch.

CALISTO. Is 't e'en so? Now the devil take thee! misfortune wait on thy heels to thy destruction! mischief light upon thee! let some perpetual intolerable torment seize upon thee in so high a degree that it may be beyond all comparison, till it bring thee (which shortly I hope to see) to a most painful, miserable and disastrous death! Go, thou unlucky rogue, go, I say, and open the chamber door, and make ready my bed.

SEMPRONIO. Presently, sir, the bed is ready for you.

CALISTO. Shut the windows, and leave darkness to accompany him, whose sad thoughts deserve no light. Oh death! how welcome art thou to those who out-live their happiness! how welcome, wouldst thou but come when thou art called! O that Hippocrates and Galen, those learned physicians, were now living, and both here, and felt my pain! O heavens, if ye have any pity in you, inspire that Pleberian heart therewith, lest that my soul, helpless of hope, should fall into the like misfortune with Pyramus and Thisbe.

SEMP. What a thing is this? What's the matter with you?

CALISTO. Away, get thee gone, do not speak to me, unless thou wilt that these my hands, before thy time be come, cut off thy days by speedy death.

SEMPRONIO. Since you will lament all alone and have none to share with you in your sorrows, I will be gone, sir.

CALISTO. Now the devil go with thee.

S. With me, sir? there is no reason that he should go with me, who stays with you. (*S. goes out.*) O unfortunate, O sudden and unexpected ill! what contrarious accident, what squint-eyed star is it that hath robbed this gentleman of his wonted mirth? and not of that alone, but of it (which is worse), his wits. Shall I leave him all alone, or shall I go in to him? If I leave him alone, he will kill himself. If I go in, he will kill me. Let him bide alone and bite upon the bit, come what will come, I care not. Better it is that he die whose life is hateful unto him, than that I die, when life is pleasing unto me, and say that I should not desire to live save only to see my Elicia, that alone is motive enough to make me look to myself and guard my person from dangers. But admit he should kill himself without any other witness, then must I be bound to give account of his life: well, I will in for that. But put case when I come in, he will take neither comfort nor counsel: marry his case is desperate, for it is a shrewd sign of death not to be willing to be cured. Well, I will let him alone awhile and give his humour leave to work out itself; I will forbear, till his angry fit be overpassed, and that his hat be come again to his colour. For I have heard say, that it is dangerous to lance or crush an impostume before it be ripe, for then it will fester the more: let him alone awhile, let us suffer him to weep who suffers sorrow, for tears and sighs do ease the heart that is surcharged with grief; but then again, if he see me in sight, I shall see him more incensed against me: for there the sun scorcheth most, where he reflecteth most: the sight which hath no object set before it waxeth weary and dull, and having its object is as quick. And therefore I think it my best play, to play least in sight and to stay a little longer; but if in the meanwhile he should kill himself, then farewell he. Perhaps I may get more by it than every man is aware of, and cast my skin, changing rags for robes, and penury for plenty: but it is an old saying, 'He that looks after dead men's shoes, may chance to go barefoot.' Perhaps also the devil hath deceived me, and so his death may be my death, and then all the fat is in the fire: the rope will go after the bucket, and one loss follow another; on the other side your wise men say that it is a great ease to a grieved soul or one that is afflicted, to have a companion to whom he may communicate his sorrow. Besides, it is generally received that the wound which bleeds inward is ever the more dangerous. Why then in these two extremes hang I in suspense what I were best to do? Sure, the safest is to enter: and better it is that I should endure his anger than for fear of his displeasure to forbear to comfort him. For, if it be possible to cure without art and without things ready at hand, far easier is it to cure by art and wanting nothing that is necessary.

CALISTO. Sempronio?

SEMPR. Sir.

CALISTO. Reach me that lute.

SEMPR. Sir, here it is.

CALISTO. Tell me what grief so great can be
As to equal my misery.

SEMPR. This lute, sir, is out of tune.

CALISTO. How shall he tune it, who himself is out of tune? Or how canst thou hear harmony from him who is at such discord with himself? Or how can he do anything well, whose will is not obedient to reason? Who harbours in his breast needles, peace, war, truce, love, hate, injuries and suspicions; and all these at once and from one and the same cause. Do thou therefore take this lute unto thee, and sing me the most doleful ditty thou canst devise.

SEMPRONIO.
Nero from Tarpey doth behold
How Rome doth burn all on a flame;
He hears the cries of young and old,
Yet is not grieved at the same.

CALISTO. My fire is far greater and less her pity, whom now I speak of.

SEMPR. I was not deceived when I said my master had lost his wits.

CALISTO. What's that, Sempronio, thou mutterest to thyself?

SEMPR. Nothing, sir, not I.

CALISTO. Tell me what thou saidst: be not afraid.

SEMPR. Marry I said, how can that fire be greater which but tormenteth one living man than that which burnt such a city as that was and such a multitude of men?

CALISTO. How? I shall tell thee. Greater is that flame which lasteth fourscore years than that which endureth but one day, and greater that fire which burneth one soul than that which burneth an hundred thousand bodies. See what difference there is betwixt apparencies and existencies, betwixt painted shadows and lively substances, betwixt that which is counterfeit and that which is real; so great a difference is there betwixt that fire which thou speakest of and that which burneth me.

SEMPR. I see, I did not mistake my bias, which, for aught I perceive, runs worse and worse. Is it not enough to shew thyself a fool, but thou must also speak profanely?

CALISTO. Did not I tell thee, when thou speakest, that thou shouldest speak aloud? Tell me what's that thou mumblest to thyself.

SEMPR. Only I doubted of what religion your lovers are.

CALISTO. I am a Melibean, I adore Melibea, I believe in Melibea, and I love Melibea.

SEMPR. My master is all Melibea: who now but Melibea? whose heart not able to contain her, like a boiling vessel venting its heat, goes bubbling her name in his mouth. Well, I have now as much as I desire: I know on which foot you halt, I shall now heal you.

CALISTO. Thou speakest of matters beyond the moon. It is impossible.

SEMPR. O, sir, exceeding easy; for the first recovery of sickness is the discovery of the disease.

CALISTO. What counsel can order that which in itself hath neither counsel nor order?

SEMPR. Ha, ha, ha, Calisto's fire! these, his intolerable pains! as if love had bent his bow, shot all his arrows only against him. Oh Cupid, how high and unsearchable are thy mysteries! What reward hast thou ordained for love, since that so necessary a tribulation attends on lovers? Thou hast set his bounds as marks for men to wonder at: lovers ever deeming, that they only are cast behind, and that others still out-strip them, that all men break through but themselves, like your light-footed bulls, which being let loose in the place, and galled with darts, take over the bars as soon as they feel themselves pricked.

CALISTO. Sempronio.

SEMPR. Sir.

CALISTO. Do not you go away.

SEMPR. This pipe sounds in another tune.

CALISTO. What dost thou think of my malady?

SEMPR. That you love Melibea.

CALISTO. And nothing else?

SEMPR. It is misery enough to have a man's will captivated and chained to one place only.

CALISTO. Thou wot'st not what constancy is.

SEMPR. Perseverance in ill is not constancy, but obstinacy or pertinacy, so they call it in my country; however it please you philosophers of Cupid to phrase it.

CALISTO. It is a foul fault for a man to belie that which he teacheth to others: for thou thyself takest pleasure in praising thy Elicia.

SEMPR. Do you that good which I say, but not that ill which I do.

CALISTO. Why dost thou reprove me?

SEMPR. Because thou dost subject the dignity and worthiness of a man to the imperfection and weakness of a frail woman.

CALISTO. A woman? O thou blockhead, she's a goddess.

SEMPR. Are you in earnest, or do you but jest?

CALISTO. Jest? I verily believe she is a goddess.

SEMPR. As goddesses were of old, that is to fall below mortality, and then you would hope to have a share in her deity.

CALISTO. A pox on thee for a fool, thou makest me laugh, which I thought not to do to-day.

SEMPR. What, would you weep all the days of your life ?

CALISTO. Yes.

SEMPR. And why ?

CALISTO. Because I love her, before whom I find myself so unworthy, that I have no hope to obtain her.

SEMPR. O coward, baser than the son of a whore : why, Alexander the Great did not only think himself worthy the dominion of one only, but of many worlds.

CALISTO. I did not well hear what thou saidst : say it again ; repeat it again before thou proceed any further.

SEMPR. I said, sir, should you, whose heart is greater than Alexander's, despair of obtaining a woman ? wherefore many, having been seated in highest estate, have basely prostituted themselves to the embracements of muleteers and stablegrooms, suffering them to breathe in their faces with their unsavoury breaths, and to embosom them between their breasts : and other some not ashamed to have companied with brute beasts. Have you not heard of Pasiphae, who played the wanton with a bull ? and of Minerva, how she dallied with a dog ?

CALISTO. Tush, I believe it not, they are but fables.

SEMPR. And that of your grandmother and her ape, that's a fable, too ? witness your grandfather's knife, that killed the villain that did cuckold him.

CALISTO. A pox of this cox-comb, what girds he gives !

SEMPR. Have I nettled you, sir ? Read your histories, study your philosophers, examine your poets ; and you shall find how full their books are of their vile and wicked examples, and of the ruins and destructions whereinto they have run, who held them in that high esteem as you do. Consult with Seneca, and you shall see how vilely he reckons of them. Hearken unto Aristotle, and you shall find that all of them to this agree : but whatsoever I have or shall hereafter speak in them, mistake me not, I pray you, but consider them as words, commonly and generally spoken: for many of them have been and are holy, virtuous and noble, whose glorious and resplendent crowns blot out this general reproach. But touching the other, who can recount unto you their falsehoods, their tricks, their tradings, their truckings, their exchanging commodities, their lightness, their tears, their mutabilities, and their boldness and impudencies? For, whatsoever they conceit, they dare to execute without any deliberation or advisement in the world; their dissemblings, their talkativeness, their deceits, their forgetfulness, their unkindness, their ingratitude, their inconstancy, their fickleness, their saying and gainsaying, and all in a breath; their windings and turnings, their presumption, their vainglory, their baseness, their foolishness, their disdainfulness, their coyness, their pride, their haughtiness, their base submissions, their prattlings, their gluttony, their luxury, their sluttishness, their timorousness, their witcheries, their cheatings, their gibings, their slanderings and their bawdry. Now consider with yourself, what idle giddy-headed brains are under those large and fine cobweb veils; what wicked thoughts under those gay gorgets; what pride and arrogancy under those their long, rich and stately robes; what mad toys under their painted temples.

CALISTO. Tell me, I pray, this Alexander, this Seneca, this Aristotle, this Virgil, these whom thou tell'st me of, did not they subject themselves unto them? Am I greater than these?

SEMPR. I would you should follow those that did subdue them, not those that were subdued by them. Fly from their deceits. Know you, sir, what they do? They do things that are too hard for any man to understand; they observe no mean; they have no reason; nor do they take any heed in what they do. They are the first themselves that cause a man to love; and themselves are the first that begin to loathe. They will privately pleasure him, whom afterwards they will openly wrong, and draw him secretly in at their windows, whom in the streets they will publicly rail at. They will give you roast-meat, and beat you with the spit. They will invite you unto them, and presently send you packing with a flea in your ear; call you, and yet exclude you; seal you her love, and yet proclaim hate; quickly be won, and quickly be lost; soon pleased, and as soon displeased; and (which is the true humour of a woman) whatsoever her will divines, that must be effected. Her apprehensions admit no delays; and be they impossible to be attained to, yet not effecting them, she straightway censures it want of wit or affection, if not both. O what a plague! what a hell! nay, what a loathsome thing is it for a man to have to do with them any longer than in that short prick of time that he holds them in his arms, when they are prepared for pleasure!

CALISTO. Thou seest, the more thou tell'st me and the more inconveniences thou settest before me, the more I love her. I know not how nor what it is, but sure I am that so it is.

SEMPR. This is no fit counsel I see for young men, who know not how to submit themselves to reason, nor to be governed by discretion; it is a miserable thing to think that he should be a master, who was never any scholar.

CALISTO. And you, sir, that are so wise, who I pray taught you all this?

SEMP. Who? why, they themselves, who no sooner discover their shame, but they lose it. For all this and much more than I have told you, they themselves will manifest unto men. Balance thyself then aright in the true scale of thine honour, give thy reputation its due proportion, its just measure, and think yourself to be more worthy than in your own esteem you repute yourself. For, believe me, worse is that extreme, whereby a man suffers himself to fall from his own worth, than that which makes a man overvalue himself, and seat himself in higher place than beseem him.

CALISTO. Now, what of all this? what am I the better for it?

SEMP. What? why this: first of all, you are a man; then, of an excellent and singular wit; to this, endued with those better sort of blessings, wherewith Nature hath endowed you, to wit, wisdom, favour, feature, largeness of limbs, force, agility, and abilities of body. And to these, fortune hath in so good a measure shared what is hers with thee, that these thy inward graces are by thy outward the more beautified. For, without these outward goods, whereof fortune is chief mistress, no man in this life comes to be happy. Lastly, the stars were so propitious at thy birth and thyself born under so good a planet, that thou art beloved of all.

CALISTO. But not of Melibea. And in all that, wherein thou dost so glorify my gifts, I tell thee, Sempronio, compared with Melibea's, they are but as stars to the sun, or dross compared to gold. Do but consider the nobleness of her blood, the ancientness of her house, the great estate she is born unto, the excellency of her wit, the splendour of her virtues, her stately, yet comely carriage, her ineffable gracefulness in all that she doth; and lastly, her divine beauty, whereof, I pray thee, give me leave to discourse a little for the refreshing of my soul. And that which I shall tell thee, shall be only of what I have discovered and lies open to the eye: for if I could discourse of that which is concealed, this contestation would be needless, neither should we argue thereupon so earnestly as now we do.

SEMPR. What lies and fooleries will my captived master now tell me?

CALISTO. What's that?

SEMPR. I said, I would have you tell me; for I shall take great pleasure in hearing it; so fortune befriend you, sir, as this speech of yours shall be pleasing unto me.

CALISTO. What sayest thou?

SEMPR. That fortune would so befriend me, as I shall take pleasure to hear you.

CALISTO. Since then that it is so pleasing unto thee, I will figure forth unto thee every part in her, even in the fullest manner that I can devise.

SEMPR. Here's a deal of do indeed: this is that I looked for, though more than I desired; it will be a tedious piece of business, but I must give him the hearing.

CALISTO. I will begin first with her hairs; hast thou seen those skeins of fine twisted gold which are spun in Arabia? Her hairs are more fine, and shine no less than they; the length of them is to the lowest pitch of her heel; besides, they are daintily combed and dressed and knit up in knots with curious fine ribboning, as she herself pleaseth to adorn and set them forth, being of power themselves, without any other help, to transform men into stones.

SEMPR. Into asses rather.

CALISTO. What sayest thou ?

SEMPR. I say that these could not be asses' hairs.

CALISTO. See what a beastly and base comparison this fool makes !

SEMPR. It is well, sir, that you are so wise.

CALISTO. Her eyes are quick, clear and full ; the hairs to those lids rather long than short ; her eyebrows thinnish, not thick of hair, and so prettily arched, that by their bent they are much the more beautiful ; her nose of such a middling size, as may not be mended ; her mouth little ; her teeth small and white ; her lips red and plump ; the form of her face rather long than round ; her breasts placed in a fitting height ; but their rising roundness, and the pretty pleasing fashion of her little tender nipples, who is able to figure forth unto thee ? So distracted is the eye of man when he does behold them ; her skin as smooth, soft and sleek as satin, and her whole body so white, that the snow seems darkness unto it ; her colour so mingled, and of so singular a temper, as if she had chosen it herself.

SEMPR. This fool is fallen into his thirteens. O how he overreaches !

CALISTO. Her hands little, and in a measurable manner and fit proportion accompanied with her sweet flesh ; her fingers long ; her nails large and well coloured, seeming rubies intermixed with pearls. The proportion of those other parts which I could not eye, undoubtedly (judging things unseen by the seen) must of force be incomparably far better than that which Paris gave his judgment of, in the difference between the three goddesses.

SEMPR. Have you done, sir ?

CALISTO. As briefly as I could.

SEMPR. Suppose all this you say were true, yet in that you are a man, I still say you are more worthy than she.

CALISTO. In what ?

SEMPR. In that she is imperfect : out of which defect, she lusts and longs after yourself, or some one less worthy. Did you never read that of the philosopher, where he tells you that, as the matter desires the form, so woman desires man ?

CALISTO. O wretch that I am, when shall I see this between me and Melibea?

SEMPR. It is possible that you may: and as possible that you may one day hate her as much as now you love her, when you shall come to the full enjoying of her, and to looking on her with other eyes, free from that error which now blindeth your judgment.

CALISTO. With what eyes?

SEMPR. With clear eyes.

CALISTO. And with what, I pray, do I see now?

SEMPR. With false eyes, like some kind of spectacles, which make little things seem great, and great little. Do not you despair; myself will take this business in hand, not doubting but to accomplish your desire.

CALISTO. Jove grant thou mayest: howsoever, I am proud to hear thee, though hopeless of ever obtaining it.

SEMPR. Nay, I will assure it you.

CALISTO. Heav'n be thy good speed; my cloth of gold doublet, which I wore yesterday, it is thine, Sempronio. Take it to thee.

SEMPR. I thank you for this, and for many more which you shall give me. My jesting hath turn'd to my good. I hitherto have the better of it. And if my master clap such spurs to my sides, and give me such good encouragements, I doubt not but I shall bring her to his bed. This which my master hath given me is a good wheel to bring the business about: for without reward it is impossible to go well through with anything.

CALISTO. See you be not negligent now.

SEMPR. Nay, be not you negligent; for it is impossible that a careless master should make a diligent servant.

CALISTO. But tell me, how dost thou think to purchase her pity?

SEMPR. I shall tell you. It is now a good while ago, since at the lower end of this street I fell acquainted with an old bearded woman called Celestina, a witch, subtle as the devil, and well practised in all the rogueries and villainies that the world can afford, one who in my conscience hath marred and made up again a hundred thousand maidenheads in this city: such a power and such authority she hath, what by her persuasions and other her cunning devices, that none can escape her: she will move hard rocks, if she list, and at her pleasure provoke them to luxury.

CALISTO. O that I might but speak with her!

SEMPR. I will bring her hither unto you; and therefore prepare yourself for it, and when she comes, in any case use her kindly, be frank and liberal with her; and whilst I go my ways, do you study and devise with yourself, to express your pains as well as, I know, she is able to give you remedy.

CALISTO. O but thou stayest too long.

SEMPR. I am gone, sir.

CALISTO. A good luck with thee! You happy powers that predominate human actions, assist and be propitious to my desires, second my intentions, prosper Sempronio's proceedings and his success, in bringing me such an advocatrix as shall, according to his promise, not only negotiate, but absolutely compass and bring to a wished period the preconceived hopes of an incomparable pleasure.

(*Celestina's house.*) CELESTINA. Elicia, what will you give me for my good news?

SEMPR. (*outside*) Sempronio is come.

ELICIA. O hush! peace, peace!

CELEST. Why? What's the matter?

ELICIA. Peace, I say, for here is Crito.

CELEST. Put him in the little chamber where the besoms be. Quickly, quickly, I say, and tell him a cousin of yours and a friend of mine is come to see you.

ELICIA. Crito, come hither, come hither quickly. Oh! my cousin is come, my cousin is beneath. What shall I do? Come quickly, I am undone else.

CRITO. With all my heart: do not vex yourself.

SEMP. (*entering*) O my dear mother, what a longing have I had to come unto you! I thank my fate, that hath given me leave to see you.

CELEST. My son, my king, thou hast ravished me with thy presence, I am so over-joyed, that I cannot speak to thee; turn thee about unto me, and embrace me once more in thine arms. What? three whole days? so long away together, and never see us? Elicia, Elicia, wot you who is here?

ELICIA. Who, mother?

CELEST. Sempronio, daughter.

ELICIA. Out alas; O how my heart rises! How it leaps and beats in my body! How it throbs within me! And what of him?

CELEST. Look here, do you see him? I will embrace him, you shall not.

ELICIA. Out, thou accursed traitor! impostumes, pox, plagues and botches consume and kill thee! Die thou by the hands of thine enemies, and that, for some notorious crime worthy cruel death, thou mayest see thyself fall into the rigorous hands of justice. Ay, ay me!

SEMPR. Hy, hy, hy! Why, how now, my Elicia? What is it that troubles you?

ELICIA. What? Three days? Three whole days away? And in all that time not so much as once come and see me? Not once look upon me? Fortune never look on thee, never comfort thee, nor visit thee! Woe to that woman wretched as she is, who in thee places her hope and the end of all her happiness!

SEMPR. No more, dear love. Thinkst thou, sweetheart, that distance of place can divorce my inward and embowelled affection from thee? Or dead but the least spark of that true fire which I bear in my bosom? Where-e'er I go, thou goest with me; where I am, there art thou. Thou hast not felt more affliction and torment for me, than I have suffered and endured for thee. But soft; methinks I hear somebody's feet move above. Who is it?

ELICIA. Who is it? One of my sweethearts.

SEMPR. Nay, like enough, I easily believe it.

ELICIA. Nay, it is true: go up and see else.

SEMPR. I go.

CELEST. Come hither, my son, come along with me, let this fool alone, for she is idle-headed, and almost out of her little wits; such thought hath she taken for thy absence. Regard not what she says, for she will tell you a thousand flim-flam tales; come, come with me, and let us talk. Let us not spend the time thus in idlements.

SEMPR. But, I pray, who is that above?

CELEST. Would you know who?

SEMPR. I would.

CELEST. A wench recommended unto me by a friar.

SEMPR. What friar ?

CELEST. Oh, by no means.

SEMPR. Now, as you love me, good mother, tell me what friar is it ?

CELEST. Lord, how earnest you be ? You would die now, if you should not know him. Well, to save your longing, it is that fat friar's wench : I need say no more.

SEMPR. Alack, poor wench, what a heavy load is she to bear !

CELEST. You see, we women must bear all, and it were greater, we must endure it : you have seen but few murders committed upon a woman in private.

SEMPR. Murders ? No, but many great swellings, besides bunches, blains, boils, kernels, and a pox, what not ?

CELEST. Now fie upon you, how you talk ; you do but jest I am sure.

SEMPR. If I do but jest, then let me see her.

ELICIA. O wicked wretch, dost thou long to see her ? Let thy eyes start out of thy head and drop down at thy feet : for I see that it is not one wench that can serve your turn ; I pray go your ways, go up and see her, but see you come at me no more.

SEMPR. Be patient, my dear, thou that art the only idol of my devotion ; is this the gall that wrings you ? This your grief ? Nay, if this make you so angry, I will neither see her nor any other woman in the world. I will only speak a word or two with my mother, and so bid you adieu.

ELICIA. Go, go, begone, ungrateful, unthankful as thou art, and stay away three years more if thou wilt, ere ever thou see me.

SEMPR. Mother, you may rely upon what I have told you, and assure yourself that, of all the women in the world, I would not jest or dissemble with you : put on your mantle then, and let us go ; and by the way I will tell you all. For, if I should stay here dilating upon the business and protract the time in delivering my mind, it would turn much to both our hurts and hinder thy profit and mine.

CELEST. Let us go then ; Elicia, farewell ; make fast the door ; farewell, walls. (*Cel. and Semp. go out.*)

SEMPR. So law. Now, mother, laying all other things apart, listen unto me, be attentive to that which I shall tell you; let not your ears go a-wool-gathering, nor scatter your thoughts, nor divide them into many parts: for he that is everywhere is nowhere, and cannot, unless it be by chance, certainly determine anything. I will that you know that of me, which as yet you never heard. Besides, I could never since the time that I first entered into league with thee and had plighted my faith unto thee, desire that good, wherein thou mightest not share with me.

CELEST. And Jove, my good son, share his good blessings with thee, which (if so it please him) he shall not do without cause; because thou takest pity of this poor wicked old woman. Say on therefore, make no longer delay; for that friendship, which betwixt thee and me hath taken such deep rooting, needeth no preambles, no circumlocutions, no preparations or insinuation to win affection. Be brief therefore and come to the point; for it is idle to utter that in many words, that may be understood in a few.

SEMP. It is true: and therefore thus—Calisto is hot in love with Melibea, he stands in need of thine and my help, and because he needs our joint furtherance, let us join together to make some purchase of him. For to know a man's time, to make use of opportunity, and to take occasion by the foretop, and to work upon a man whilst his humour serves him, why it is the only round by which many have climbed up to prosperity.

CELEST. Well hast thou said: I perceive thy drift. The winking or beckoning of the eye is enough for me; for, as old as I am, I can see day at a little hole. I tell thee, Sempronio, I am as glad of this thy news, as surgeons of broken heads. And as they at the first go festering the wounds, the more to endear the cure, so do I mean to deal with Calisto: for I will still go prolonging the certainty of his recovering of Melibea, and delay still the remedy. For, as it is in the proverb, delayed hope afflicteth the heart. And the farther he is off from obtaining, the fairer will he promise to have it effected. Understand you me?

SEMPR. Hush. No more. We are now at the gate, and walls, they say, have ears. (*They come to Cal.'s house.*)

CELEST. Knock.

SEMPR. Tha, tha, tha.

CALISTO. (*within*) Parmeno!

PARME. Sir.

CALISTO. What a pox, art thou deaf? Canst thou not hear?

PARM. What would you, sir?

CALISTO. Somebody knocks at the gate. Run.

PARME. Who's there?

SEMPR. Open the door for this matronly dame and me.

PARME. Sir, wot you who they are that knock so loud? It is Sempronio and an old bawd he hath brought along with him. O how she is bedaub'd with painting!

CALISTO. Peace, peace, you villain; she is my aunt. Run, run, you rascal, and open the door. Well, it is an old saying, and, I perceive, as true, 'The fish leaps out of the pan and falls into the fire,' and a man, thinking to shun one danger, runs into another worse than the former. For I, thinking to keep close this matter from Parmeno, on whose neck, either out of love, faithfulness, or fear, reason hath laid her reins, I have fallen into the displeasure of this woman, who hath no less power over my life than Jove himself.

PAR. Sir, why do you vex yourself? why grieve you? Do you think that in the ears of this woman the name by which I now call her doth any way sound reproachfully? Believe it not. Assure yourself, she glories as much in this name, as oft as she hears it, as you do when you hear some voice Calisto to be a gallant gentleman. Besides, by this is she commonly called and by this title is she of all men generally known. If she pass along the streets among a hundred women, and some one perhaps blurts out, 'See, where's the old bawd'; without any impatiency or any the least distemper, she presently turns herself about, nods the head and answers them with a smiling countenance and cheerful look. At your solemn banquets, your great feasts, your weddings, your gossippings, your merry meetings, your funerals and all other assemblies whatsoever, where there is any resort of people, thither doth she repair, and there they make pastime with her. And if she pass by where there be any dogs, they straightway bark out this name; if she come amongst birds, they have no other note but this; if she light upon a flock of sheep, their bleatings proclaim no less; if she meet with beasts, they bellow forth the same; the frogs that lie in ditches, croak no other tune: come she amongst your smiths, your carpenters, your armourers, your farriers, your brasiers, your joiners, why, their hammers beat all upon this word. In a word, all sorts of tools and instruments return no other echo in the air; your shoemakers sing this song, your comb-makers join with them; your gardeners, your ploughmen, your reapers, your vinekeepers pass away the painfulness of their labours, in making her the subject of their discourse; your table-players and all other gamesters never lose, but they peal forth her praises—to be short, be she wheresoever she be, all things whatsoever are in this world repeat no other name but this. O what a devourer of roasted eggs was her husband! What would you more? Not one stone that strikes against another, but presently noiseth out, 'Old whore'.

CALISTO. How canst thou tell? Dost thou know her?

PARM. I shall tell you, sir, how I know her. It is a great while ago since my mother dwelt in her parish, who, being entreated by this Celestina, gave me unto her to wait upon her, though now she know me not, grown out perhaps of her remembrance, as well by reason of the short time I abode with her, as also through the alteration which age hath wrought upon me.

CALISTO. What service didst thou do her?

PARME. I went into the market place, and fetched her victuals; I waited on her in the streets, and supplied her wants in other the like services as far as my poor sufficiency and slender strength was able to perform. So that, though I continued but a little while with her, yet I remember everything as fresh as if it were but yesterday, insomuch that old age hath not been able to wear it out. This good honest whore, this grave matron forsooth, had at the very end of the city, there where your tanners dwell, close by the waterside, a lone house, somewhat far from neighbours, half of it fallen down, ill contrived and worse furnished. Now, for to get her living, ye must understand, she had six several trades: she was a laundress, a perfumeress, a former of faces, a mender of cracked maidenheads, a bawd, and had some smatch of a witch; her first trade was a cloak to all the rest, under colour whereof, being withal a piece of a sempstress, many young wenches that were of your ordinary sorts of servants, came to her house to work, some on smocks, some on gorgets and many other things. But not one of them that came thither but brought with her either bacon, wheat, flour, or a jar of wine, or some other the like provision, which they could conveniently steal from their mistresses, and some other thefts of greater quality, making her house (for she was the receiver, and kept all things close) the rendezvous of all their roguery. She was a great friend to your students, noblemen's caterers, and pages: to these she sold that innocent blood of these poor miserable souls who did easily adventure their virginities, drawn on by fair promises and the restitution and reparation which she would make them of their lost maidenheads. Nay, she proceeded so far, that by cunning means she had access and communication with your very Vestals, and never left them, till she had brought her purpose to pass. And what time do you think she chose when she would deal with any of these? At the time of their chiefest ceremonies; as when they kept their most mysterious celebration of the feasts of their Vesta, nay, and that most strictly solemnized day of Bona Dea, where it is death to admit men, even then by unheard of disguises she had her plots and projects effectually working upon them, to the utter abolition of their vows and virginity. Now, what think you, were the trades and merchandise wherein she dealt? She professed herself a kind of physician, and feigned that she had good skill in curing of little children; she would go and fetch flax from one house, and put it forth to spinning to another, that she might thereby have pretence for the freer access unto all: one would cry, 'Here mother;' and another, 'There mother:' 'Look', says the third, 'where the old woman comes; yonder comes that beldam so well known to all.' Yet notwithstanding all these her cares, troubles and trottings to and fro, being never out of action, she would never miss any great meeting, any religious processions, any nuptials, love-ties, balls, masks or games whatsoever; they were the only markets, where she made all her bargains. And at home in her own house she made perfumes, false and counterfeit storax, benjamin, gum-animé, amber, civet, powders, musk and mosqueta: she had a chamber full of limbecks, little vials, pots, some of earth, some of glass, some brass, and some tin, formed in a thousand fashions. She made sublimated mercury, boiled confections for to clarify the skin, waters to make the face glister, paintings, some white, some vermilion, lip-salves, scarlet dyed cloths fitted purposely for women to rub their faces therewith, ointments for to make the face smooth, lustrifications, clarifications, pargetings, fardings, waters for the morphews, and a thousand other slibber-slabbers: some made of the lees of wine, some of daffodils, some of the barks and rinds of trees, some of scar-wolf, otherwise called cittibush or trifolium, some of taragon, some of centaury, some of sour grapes, some of must or new wine taken from the press, first distilled and afterwards sweetened with sugar. She had a trick to supple and refine the skin with the juice of lemons, with turpentine, with the marrow of deer, and of heronshaws, and a thousand the like confections: she distilled sweet-waters, of roses, of flowers of oranges, of jasmine, of three-leafed grass, of woodbine, of gilly-flowers, incorporated with musk and civet, and sprinkled with wine: she made likewise lyes, for to make the hair turn yellow or of the colour of gold; and this she composed of the sprigs of the vine, of holm, of rye, of horehound intermixed with saltpetre, with alum, milfoil, which some call yarrow or nose-bleed, together with divers other things. The oils, the butters, and the greases which she used, it is loathsome to tell you and would turn your stomach; as of kine, bears, horses, camels, snakes, conies, whales, herons, bitterns, bucks, cats of the mountains, badgers, squirrels, hedgehogs and others. For her preparatives for bathings, it is a wonderful thing to acquaint you with all the herbs and roots which were ready gathered and hung up a-high in the roof of her house: as camomile, rosemary, marsh-mallows, maidenhair, bluebottle, flowers of elder and of mustard, spike and white laurel, buds of roses, rosecakes, gramonilla, wild-savory, green figs, picodoræ, and folia-tinct. The oils which she extracted for the face it is incredible to recount, of storax and of jasmine, of lemons, of apple-kernels, of violets, of benivy, of fisticnuts, of pineapple kernels, of grape-stones, of jujube, of axenuz or melanthion, of lupines, of pease, of carilla, and paxarera; and a small quantity of balsamum she had in a little vial, wherewith she cured that scotch given her overthwart her nose. For the mending of lost maidenheads, some she holp with little bladders, and other some she stitched up with the needle. She had in a little cabinet or painted work-box certain fine small needles, such as your glovers sow withal, and threads of the slenderest and smallest silk, rubbed over with wax: she had also roots hanging there of folia-plasm, fuste-sanguinio, squill or sea-onion, and ground thistle. With these she did work wonders; and when the French ambassador came thither, she made sale of one of her wenches three several times for a virgin.

CALISTO. So she might a hundred as well.

PARME. Believe me, sir, it is true as I tell you. Besides, out of charity forsooth, she relieved many orphans and many straggling wenches, which recommended themselves unto her. In another partition she had her knacks for to help those that were love-sick, and to make them to be beloved again and obtain their desires. And for this purpose she had the bones that are bred in a stag's heart, the tongue of a viper, the heads of quails, the brains of an ass, the cauls of young colts when they are new foaled the bearing cloth of a new-born babe, barbary beans, a sea-compass, a horn-fish, the halter of a man that hath been hanged, ivy-berries, the prickles of a hedge-hog, the foot of a badger, fern-seed, the stone of an eagle's nest, and a thousand other things. Many both men and women came unto her: of some she would demand a piece of that bread where they had bit it; of others, some part of their apparel; of some she would crave to have of their hair; others, she would draw characters in the palms of their hands with saffron; with other some she would do the same with a kind of colour which you call vermilion; to others she would give hearts made of wax and stuck full of broken needles; and many other the like things, made in clay and some in lead, very fearful and ghastly to behold: she would draw circles, portrait forth figures and mumble many strange words to herself, having her eyes still fixed on the ground. But who is able to deliver unto you those things that she hath done? And all these were mere mockeries and lies.

CALISTO. Parmeno, hold thy hand; thou hast said enough; what remaineth, leave it till some fitter opportunity. I am sufficiently instructed by thee, and I thank thee for it; let us now delay them no longer, for necessity cuts off slackness. Know thou that she comes hither requested, and we make her stay longer than stands with good manners. Come, let us go, lest she be offended and take it ill. I fear, and fear makes me more and more think upon her, quickens my memory, and awakens in me a more provident carefulness how I communicate myself unto her. Well, let us go, and arm ourselves as well as we can against all inconveniences. But I pray thee, Parmeno, let me entreat thee that the envy thou bearest unto Sempronio who is to serve and pleasure me in this business, be not an impediment to that remedy, whereon no less than the safety of my life relieth. And, if I had a doublet for him, thou shalt not want a mandillion. Neither think thou, but that I esteem as much of thy counsel and advice as of his labour and pains; and as brute beasts, we see, do labour more bodily than men, for which they are well respected of us and carefully looked unto, but yet for all this we hold them not in the nature of friends nor affect them with the like love: the like difference do I make between thee and Sempronio, and laying aside all power and dominion in myself, under the privy-seal of my secret love sign myself unto thee for such a friend.

PARME. Sir, it grieves me not a little that you should seem doubtful of my fidelity and faithful service, which these your fair promises and demonstrations of your good affection cannot but call into question and jealousy. When, sir, did you ever see my envy prove hurtful unto you? Or when for any interest of mine own or dislike did I ever show myself cross, to cross your good or to hinder what might make for your profit?

CALISTO. Take it not offensively nor misconstrue my meaning: for assure thyself thy good behaviour towards me and thy fair carriage and gentle disposition makes thee more gracious in mine eyes than any, nay, than all the rest of my servants. But because in a case so difficult and hard as this, not only all my good, but even my life also wholly dependeth, it is needful that I should, in all that I am able, provide for myself, and therefore seek to arm myself in this sort as thou see'st against all such casualties, as may endanger my desire; howsoever, persuade thyself that thy good qualities, as far excel every natural good as every natural good excelleth the artificial from whom it hath its beginning. But of this, for this time no more; but let us now go and see her who must work our welfare.

CEL. (*without*) Soft: methinks I hear somebody on the stairs; they are now coming down. Sempronio, make as though you did not hear them: stand close and listen what they say, and let me alone to speak for us both. And thou shalt see how handsomely I will handle the matter, both for thee and me.

SEMPR. Do so then. Speak thou.

CELEST. Trouble me no more, I say, leave importuning me; for to overcharge one, who is heavy enough already laden with pain and anguish, were to spur a sick beast. Alas, poor soul, methinks thou art so possessed with thy master's pain and so affected with his affliction, that Sempronio seems to be Calisto, and Calisto to be Sempronio, and that both your torments are both but in one and the same subject. Besides I would have you think that I came not hither to leave this controversy undecided, but will die rather in the demand and pursuit of this my purpose than not see his desire accomplished.

CAL. (*within*) Parmeno, stay, stay awhile, make no noise; stand still, I pray thee and listen a little what they say. So hush, that we may see in what state we live, what we are like to trust to, and how the world is like to go with us. O notable woman! O worldly goods, unworthy to be possessed by so high a spirit! O faithful and trusty Sempronio! Hast thou well observ'd him, my Parmeno? Hast thou heard him? Hast thou noted his earnestness? Tell me, have I not reason to respect him? What sayest thou, man? Thou that art the closet of my secrets, the cabinet of my counsel, and counsel of my soul!

PARME. Protesting first my innocency for your former suspicion, and complying with my fidelity, since you have given me such free liberty of speech, I will truly deliver unto you what I think. Hear me therefore and let not your affection make you deaf nor hope of your pleasure blind you; have a little patience and be not too hasty; for many through too much eagerness to hit the pin, have shot far beside the white. And, albeit I am but young, yet have I seen somewhat in my days: besides, the observation and sight of many things do teach a man much experience. Wherefore assure yourself, and thereon I durst pawn my life, that they overheard what we said, as also our coming down the stairs, and have of set purpose fallen into this false and feigned expression of their great love and care, wherein you now place the end of your desire.

SEMPR. (*without*) Believe me, Celestina, Parmeno aims unhappily.

CELEST. Be silent: for I swear by my halidom that whither comes the ass, thither also shall come the saddle. Let me alone to deal with Parmeno, and you shall see, I will so temper him ere I have done with him, that I will make him wholly ours. And see, what we gain, he shall share with us: for goods that are not common are not goods; it is communication that makes combination in love, and therefore let us all gain, let us all divide the spoil and let us laugh and be merry all alike. I will make the slave so tame and so gentle, that I will bring him like a bird to pick bread from my fist. And so we will be two to two, and all three join to cozen the fourth. Thou and I will join together, Parmeno shall make a third, and all of us cheat Calisto.

CALISTO. (*within*) Sempronio. (*Sempronio enters.*)

SEMPR. Sir.

CAL. What art thou doing, thou that art the key of my life? Open the door. O Parmeno! now that I see her, I feel myself well, methinks I am now alive again. See what a reverend matron it is: what a presence she bears, worthy respect! A man may now see, how for the most part the face is the index of the mind. O virtuous old age! O imaged virtue! O glorious hope of my desired end! O head, the allayer of my passion! O reliever of my torment and vivification of my life, resurrection from my death! I desire to draw near unto thee, my lips long to kiss those hands wherein consists the fullness of my recovery; but the unworthiness of my person debars me of so great a favour. Wherefore I here adore the ground whereon thou treadest, and in reverence of thee bow down my body to kiss it.

CELEST. Sempronio, can fair words make me the fatter? Can I live by this? Those bones which I have already gnawn, does this fool thy master think to feed me therewith? Sure the man dreams; when he comes to fry his eggs, he will then find what is wanting. Bid him shut his mouth and open his purse: I misdoubt his works, much more his words. Holla, I say; are you so ticklish? I will curry you for this gear, you lame ass: you must rise a little more early, if you mean to go beyond me.

PARME. Woe to these ears of mine, that ever they should hear such words as these! I now see that he is a lost man who goes after one that is lost. O unhappy Calisto, deject wretch, blind in thy folly, and kneeling on the ground to adore the oldest and the rottennest piece of whorish earth, that ever rubbed her shoulders in the stews! He is undone, he is overthrown horse and foot, he is fallen into a trap, whence he will never get out; he is not capable of any redemption, counsel, or courage.

CALISTO. What said my mother? It seemeth unto me, that she thinks I offer words for to excuse my reward.

SEMPR. You have hit the nail on the head, sir.

CALISTO. Come then with me, bring the keys with you, and thou shalt see, I will quickly put her out of that doubt.

SEMPR. In so doing, you shall do well, sir. Let us go presently: for it is not good to suffer weeds to grow amongst corn nor suspicion in the hearts of our friends, but to root it out straight with the weed-hook of good works.

CALISTO. Wittily spoken; come, let us go, let us slack no time. (*Cal. and Semp. go out.*)

CELEST. Believe me, Parmeno, I am very glad that we have lighted on so fit an opportunity, wherein I may manifest and make known unto thee the singular love wherewithal I affect thee, and what great interest (though undeservedly) thou hast in me; I say *undeservedly* in regard of that which I have heard thee speak against me, whereof I make no more reckoning, but am content to let it pass. For virtue teacheth us to suffer temptations and not to render evil for evil, and especially when we are tempted by young men, such as want experience and are not acquainted with the courses of the world, who out of an ignorant and foolish kind of loyalty undo both themselves and their masters, as thou thyself dost Calisto. I heard you well enough, not a word you said that escaped mine ear. Nor do you think that, with these my other outward senses, old age hath made me lose my hearing; for not only that which I see, hear and know, but even the very inward secrets of thy heart and thoughts I search into and pierce to the full with these my intellectual eyes, these eyes of my understanding. I would have thee to know, Parmeno, that Calisto is love-sick, sick even to the death. Nor art thou for this to censure him to be a weak and foolish man: for unresistable love subdueth all things. Besides, I would have thee to know, if thou knowest it not already, that there are these two conclusions that are evermore infallibly true. The first is, that every man must of force love a woman, and every woman love a man. The second is, that he who truly loves, must of necessity be much troubled and moved with the sweetness of that superexcellent delight which was ordained by Him that made all things, for the perpetuating of mankind, without which it must needs perish: and not only in human kind, but also in fishes, birds, beasts and all creatures that creep and crawl upon the earth; likewise in your souls vegetative, some plants have the same inclination and disposition, that without the interposition of any other thing they be planted in some little distance one of another, and it is determined and agreed upon by the general consent of your gardeners and husbandmen, to be male and female. How can you answer this, Parmeno? Now my pretty little fool, you mad wag, my soul's sweet genius, my pearl, my jewel, my honest poor silly lad, my pretty little monkey-face, come hither, you little whoreson; alack, how I pity thy simplicity! thou knowest nothing of the world nor of its delights. Let me run mad and die in that fit, if I suffer thee to come near me, as old as I am. Thou hast a harsh and ill-favoured hoarse voice; by thy brizzled beard, it is easily guessed what manner of man you are. Tell me, is all quiet beneath? No motions at all to make in Venus' court?

PARME. Oh! As quiet as the tail of a scorpion.

CELEST. It were well and it were no worse.

PARME. Ha, ha, he.

CELEST. Laugh'st thou, thou pocky rogue?

PARME. Nay, mother, be quiet: hold your peace, I pray. Do not blame me; and do not hold me, though I am but young, for a fool. I love Calisto, tied thereunto out of that true and honest fidelity which every servant owes unto his master, for the breeding that he hath given me, for the benefit which I receive from him, as also because I am well respected and kindly entreated by him, which is the strongest chain that links the love of the servant to the service of his master, as the contrary is the breaking of it. I see he is out of the right way and hath wholly lost himself; and nothing can befall a man worse in this world than to hunt after his desire, without hope of a good and happy end; especially, he thinking to recover his game (which himself holdeth so hard and difficult a pursuit) by the vain advice and foolish reasons of that beast Sempronio, which is all one, as if he should go about with the broad end of a spade, to dig little worms out of a man's hand. I hate it. I abhor it. It is abominable, and with grief I speak it; I do much lament it.

CELESTINA. Knowst thou not, Parmeno, that it is an absolute folly or mere simplicity to bewail that which by wailing cannot be holpen?

PARME. And therefore do I wail, because it cannot be holpen: for if by wailing and weeping it were possible to work some remedy for my master, so great would the contentment of that hope be, that for very joy I should not have the power to weep. But because I see all hope thereof to be utterly lost, with it have I lost all my joy, and for this cause do I weep.

CELEST. Thou weepest in vain for that which cannot by weeping be avoided; thou canst not turn the stream of his violent passion, and therefore mayest truly presume that he is past all cure. Tell me, Parmeno, hath not the like happened to others as well as to him?

PARME. Yes. But I would not have my master through mourning and grieving languish and grow sick.

CELESTINA. Thy master is well enough. He is not sick: and, were he never so sick, never so much pained and grieved, I myself am able to cure him. I have the power to do it.

PARME. I regard not what thou sayest. For in good things, better is the act than the power; and in bad things, better the power than the act. So that it is better to be well than in the way to be well; and better is the possibility of being sick than to be sick indeed: and therefore power in ill is better than the act.

CELEST. O thou wicked villain! How idly dost thou talk, as if thou didst not understand thyself! It seems thou dost not know his disease; what hast thou hitherto said? What wouldst thou have? What is't that grieves you, sir? Why lamentest thou? Be you disposed to jest and make yourself merry? or are you in good earnest, and would'st fain face out truth with falsehood? Believe you what you list; I am sure he is sick, and that in act, and that the power to make him whole lies wholly in the hands of this weak old woman.

PARME. Nay rather, of this weak old whore.

CELEST. Now the hangman be thy ghostly father, my little rascal, my pretty villain; how dar'st thou be so bold with me?

PARM. How? as though I did not know thee!

CELEST. And who art thou?

PARM. Who? marry, I am Parmeno, son to Alberto, thy gossip, who lived some little while with thee; for my mother recommended me unto thee, when thou dwelt'st close by the river side in Tanners' Row.

CELEST. Good Lord, and art thou Parmeno, Claudina's son?

PARME. The very same.

CELEST. Now the fire of the pox consume thy bones! for thy mother was an old whore as myself. Why dost thou persecute me, Parmeno? It is he in good truth, it is he. Come hither unto me; come, I say; many a good jerk and many a cuff on the ear have I given thee in my days, and as many kisses too. Ah! you little rogue, dost thou remember, sirrah, when thou lay'st at my bed's feet?

PARM. Passing well: and sometimes also, though I was then but a little apish boy, how you would take me up to your pillow, and there lie hugging of me in your arms; and because you savoured somewhat of old age, I remember how I would fling and fly from you.

CELEST. A pox on you for a rogue! Out, impudent! art thou not ashamed to talk thus? But to leave off all jesting, and to come to plain earnest; hear me now, my child, and hearken what I shall say unto thee. For, though I am called hither for one end, I am come for another. And albeit I have made myself a stranger unto thee and as though I knew thee not, yet thou wast the only cause that drew me hither. My son, I am sure thou art not ignorant, how that your mother gave you unto me, your father being then alive; who, after thou wentest from me, died of no other grief, save only what she suffered for the uncertainty of thy life and person; for whose absence, in those latter years of her elder age, she led a most painful, pensive and careful life. And when the time came that she was to leave this world, she sent for me, and in secret recommended thee unto me, and told me, no other witness being by, but heaven the witness to all our works, our thoughts, our hearts, whom she alone interposed between her and me, that of all loves I should do so much for her, as to make inquiry after thee, and when I had found thee, to bring thee up and foster thee as mine own: and that as soon as thou shouldst come to man's estate, and wert able to know how to govern thyself, and to live in some good manner and fashion, that then I should discover unto thee a certain place, where, under many a lock and key, she hath left thee more store of gold and silver than all the revenues come to, that thy master Calisto hath in his possession. And because I solemnly vowed and bound myself by promise unto her that I would see her desire, as farforth as lay in me, to be well and truly performed, she peacefully departed this mortal life: and though a man's faith ought to be inviolably observed both to the living and the dead, yet more especially to the dead; for they are not able to do anything of themselves, they cannot come to me, and prosecute their right here upon earth. I have spent much time and money in inquiring and searching after thee, and could never till now hear what was become of thee: and it is not above three days since, that I first heard of your being, and where you abode. Verily, it hath much grieved me, that thou hast gone travelling and wandering throughout the world, as thou hast done, from place to place, losing thy time without either gain of profit or of friends. For, as Seneca saith, 'Travellers have many ends and few friends.' For in so short a time they can never fasten friendship with any: and he that is everywhere is said to be nowhere. Again, that meat cannot benefit the body, which is no sooner eaten than ejected. Neither doth anything more hinder its health than your diversities and changes of meats. Nor doth that wound come to be healed, which hath daily change of tents and new plasters. Nor doth that tree never prove, which is often transplanted and removed from one ground to another. Nor is there anything so profitable, which at the first sight bringeth profit with it. Therefore, my good son, leave off these violencies of youth, and following the doctrine and rule of thy ancestors, return unto reason, settle thyself in some one place or other. And where better than where I shall advise thee, taking me and my counsel along with thee, to whom thou art recommended both by thy father and mother? And I, as if I were thine own true mother, say unto thee, upon those curses and maledictions which thy parents have laid upon thee, if thou should'st be disobedient unto me, that yet a while thou continue here and serve this thy master which thou hast gotten thee, till thou hearest further from me, but not with that foolish loyalty and ignorant honesty, as hitherto thou hast done, thinking to find firmness upon a false foundation, as most of these masters nowadays are. But do thou gain friends, which is a durable and lasting commodity; stick closely and constantly unto them; do not thou live upon hopes, relying on the vain promises of masters, who suck away the substance of their servants with hollow-hearted and idle promises, as the horse-leeches suck blood; and in the end fall off from them, wrong them, grow forgetful of their good services, and deny them any recompense or reward at all. Woe be unto him that grows old in court! The masters of these times love more themselves than their servants; neither in so doing do they do amiss. The like love ought servants to bear unto themselves. Liberality was lost long ago; rewards are grown out of date; magnificence is fled the country, and with her all nobleness. Every one of them is wholly now for himself, and makes the best he can of his servant's service, serving his turn as he finds it may stand with his private interest and profit. And therefore they ought to do no less, sithence that they are less than they in substance, but to live after their law and to do as they do. My son Parmeno, I the rather tell thee this, because thy master, as I am informed, is—as it seemeth likewise unto me—

a *rompenecios*, one that befools his servants and wears them out to the very stumps, looks for much service at their hands, and makes them small or no recompense: he will look to be served of all, but will part with nothing at all. Weigh well my words, and persuade thyself that what I have said is true; get thee some friends in his house, which is the greatest and preciousest jewel in the world. For with him thou must not think to fasten friendship, a thing seldom seen, where there is such difference of estate and condition as is between you two. Opportunity, thou seest, now offers herself unto us, on whose foretop if we will but take hold, we shall all of us be great gainers, and thou shalt presently have something, wherewithal to help thyself. As for that which I told you of, it shall be well and safely kept, when time shall serve; in the meanwhile it shall be much for thy profit that thou make Sempronio thy friend.

PARME. Celestina, my hair stands on end to hear thee, I tremble at thy words; I know not what I should do, I am in a great perplexity. One while I hold thee for my mother, another while Calisto for my master: I desire riches, but would not get them wrongfully; for he that rises by unlawful means, falls with greater speed than he got up. I would not for all the world thrive by ill-gotten gain.

CELEST. Marry, sir, but so would I: right or wrong, so as my house may be raised high enough, I care not.

PARME. Well, we two are of contrary minds. For I should never live contented with ill-gotten goods; for I hold cheerful poverty to be an honest thing. Besides, I must tell you that they are not poor that have little, but they that desire much; and therefore say all you can, though never so much, you shall never persuade me in this to be of your belief. I would fain pass over this life of mine without envy; I would pass through solitary woods and wildernesses without fear; I would take my sleep without startings; I would avoid injuries with gentle answers, endure violence without reviling, and brook oppression by a resolute resistance.

CELEST. O my son! it is a true saying that wisdom cannot be but only in aged persons. And thou art but young.

PARM. True, but contented poverty is safe and secure.

CELEST. But tell me, I pray thee, whom doth fortune more advance than those that be bold and venturous?

Besides, who is he, that comes to anything in a commonwealth, who hath resolved with himself to live without friends ? But, heaven be thanked, thou hast wealth enough of thine own, yet thou knowest not what need thou mayest have of friends for the better keeping of them. Nor do thou think that this thy inwardness with thy master can any way secure thee. For the greater a man's fortune is, the less secure it is ; and then most ticklish, when most prosperous. And therefore, to be armed against misfortunes, we must arm ourselves with friends. And where canst thou get a fitter, nearer, and better companion in this kind, than where those three kind of friendships do concur in one ? To wit, goodness, profit, and pleasure. For goodness, behold the goodwill of Sempronio, how agreeable and conformable it is to thine ; and with it, the great similiancy and suitableness which both of you have in virtue : for profit, that lies in this hand of mine, if you two can but agree together : for pleasure, that likewise is very likely. For now you are both in the prime of your years, young and lusty, and fit for all kind of sports and pleasures whatsoever ; wherein young men more than old folks do join and link together, as in gaming, in wearing good clothes, in jesting, in eating, in drinking and wenching together. O Parmeno ! if thou thyself wouldst, what a life might we lead ! Even as merry as the day is long. Sempronio, he loves Elicia, kinswoman to Areusa.

PARM. To Areusa ?

CELEST. Ay, to Areusa.

PARM. To Areusa, the daughter of Eliso ?

CELEST. To Areusa, the daughter of Eliso.

PARM. Is this certain ?

CELEST. Most certain.

PARM. It is marvellous strange.

CELEST. But tell me, man ; dost thou like her ?

PARM. Nothing in the world more.

CELEST. Well, now I know thy mind, let me alone. Here's my hand ; I will give her thee. Thou shalt have her ; man, she is thine own, as sure as a club.

PARMENO. Nay soft, mother, you shall give me leave not to believe you ; I trust nobody with my faith.

CELEST. He is unwise that will believe all men ; and he is in an error that will believe no man.

PARME. I said that I believe thee, but I dare not be so bold. And therefore let me alone.

CELEST. Alas, poor silly wretch! faint-hearted is he that dares not venture for his good. Jove gives nuts to them that have no teeth to crack them, and beans to those that have no jaws to chew them. Simple as thou art, thou mayest truly say, 'Fools have fortune'; for it is commonly seen, that they who have least wisdom, have most wealth, and that they who have the most discretion, have the least means.

PARM. O Celestina, I have heard old men say that one example of luxury or covetousness does much hurt, and that a man should converse with those that may make him better; and to forsake the fellowship of those whom he thinks to make better. As for Sempronio, neither by his example shall I be won to be virtuous, nor he by my company be withdrawn from being vicious. And suppose that I should incline to that which thou sayest, I would fain know this one thing of thee, how by example faults may be concealed. And though a man overcome by pleasure may go against virtue, yet notwithstanding, let him take heed how he spot his honesty.

CELEST. There is no wisdom in thy words; for without company there is no pleasure in the possession of anything. Do not thou then draw back, do not thou torment and vex thyself. For Nature shuns whatsoever savours of sadness, and desires that which is pleasant and delightsome. And delight is with friends, in things that are sensual; but especially in recounting matters of love, and communicating them, the one to the other. 'This did I do myself; this such a one told me; such a jest did we break; in this sort did I win her; thus often did I kiss her: thus often did she bite me; thus I embraced her; thus came we nearer and nearer. O what speech, what grace, what sport, what kisses! Let us go thither! Let us return hither! Let us have music! Let us paint mottoes! Let us sing songs! Let us invent some pretty devices! Let us tilt it! What shall be the impress? What the letter to it? To-morrow she will walk abroad; let us round her street; read this her letter; let us go by night; hold thou the ladder; guard well the gate; how did she escape thee? Look, where the cuckold her husband goes;

he left her all alone ; let us give another turn ; let us go back again thither.' And is there any delight, Parmeno, in all this, without company ? By my fay, by my fay, they that have trial can tell you, that this is the delight, this is the only pleasure ; as for that other thing you wot of, your asses have a better, and can do better than you or the best of you all.

PARMENO. I would not, mother, that you should draw me on by your pleasing persuasions to follow your advice, as those have done, who, wanting a good foundation to build their opinion on, have invited and drawn men to drink of their heresies, sugaring their cup with some sweet kind of poison, for to catch and captivate the wills of weak-minded men, and to blind the eyes of their reason with the powder of some sweet-pleasing affection.

CELEST. What is reason, you fool ? What is affection, you ass ? Discretion (which thou hast not) must determine that ; and discretion gives the upper hand to prudence ; and prudence cannot be had without experience ; and experience cannot be found but in old folks and such as are well stricken in years. And therefore we are called fathers and mothers ; and good parents do always give their children good counsel, as I more especially now do thee, whose life and credit I prefer before mine own. And when or how canst thou be able to requite this my kindness ? For parents and tutors can never receive any recompense that may equal their desert.

PARME. I am very jealous and suspicious of receiving this doubtful counsel. I am afraid to venture upon it.

CELEST. Wilt thou not entertain it ? Well, I will then tell thee, he that wilfully refuseth counsel, shall suddenly come to destruction. And so, Parmeno, I rid myself of thee, as also of this business.

PARM. My mother, I see, is angry ; and what I were best to do, I know not. I am doubtful of following her counsel : it is as great an error to believe nothing, as it is to believe everything. The more humane and civil course is to have affiance and confidence in her. Especially in that, where besides the present benefit both profit and pleasure is proposed. I have heard tell that a man should believe his betters and those whose years carry authority with them. Now what is it she adviseth me unto ? To be at peace with

Sempronio ; and to peace no man ought to be opposite : for blessed are the peaceful. Love and charity towards our brethren, that is not to be shunned and avoided by us ; and few are they that will forgo their profit. I will therefore seek to please her, and hearken unto her. Mother, a master ought not be offended with his scholar's ignorance, at least very seldom, in matters of depth and knowledge. For though knowledge in its own nature be communicable unto all, yet is it infused but into few. And therefore I pray pardon me, and speak anew unto me ; for I will not only hear and believe thee, but receive thy counsel as a singular kindness, and a token of thy great favour and especial love towards me. Nor yet would I that you should thank me for this ; because the praise and thanks of every action ought rather to be attributed to the giver than to the receiver. Command me therefore ; for to your commandments shall I ever be willing that my consent submit itself.

CELEST. It is proper to a man to err ; but to a beast, to persevere in an error. It doth much glad me, Parmeno, that thou hast cleared those thick clouds which darkened thy eyesight, and hast answered me according to the wisdom, discretion, and sharp wit of thy father, whose person, now representing itself fresh to my remembrance, doth make my tender eyes to melt into tears, which thou seest in such abundance to trickle down my cheeks. He sometimes would maintain hard and strange propositions, but would presently (such was the goodness of his nature) see his error and embrace the truth. I swear unto thee, that in thus seeing thee to thwart the truth, and then suddenly upon it laying down all contradiction, and to be conformable to that which was reason, methinks I do as lively now behold thy father, as if he now were living and present here before me. O what a man he was, how proper in his person, how able in his actions, what a port did he bear, and what a venerable and reverend countenance did he carry ! But hush, I hear Calisto coming, and thy new friend, Sempronio, whose reconcilement with him I refer to some fitter opportunity. For two living in one heart are more powerful both for action and understanding. (*Cal. and Semp. return.*)

CALISTO. Dear mother, I did much doubt, considering my misfortunes, to find you alive : but marvel more, considering my desire, that myself come alive unto you. Receive this poor gift of him, who with it offers thee his life.

CELEST. As in your finest gold that is wrought by the hand of your cunningest and curiousest artificer, the workmanship oftentimes doth far surpass the matter: so the fashion of your fair liberality doth much exceed the greatness of your gift. And questionless, a kindness that is quickly conferred, redoubles its effect; for he that slacketh that which he promiseth, seemeth in a manner to deny it, and to repent himself of his promised favour.

PARME. Sempronio, what hath he given her?

SEMPR. A hundred crowns in good gold.

PARME. Ha, ha, ha!

SEMPR. Hath my mother talked with thee?

PARME. Peace, she hath.

SEMPR. How is it then with us?

PARME. As thou wilt thyself. Yet for all this methinks I am still afraid.

SEMPR. No more. Be silent. I fear me, I shall make thee twice as much afraid, ere I have done with thee.

PARM. Now fie upon it! I perceive there can be no greater plague, nor no greater enemy to a man, than those of his own house.

CALISTO. Now, mother, go your ways, get you home and cheer up your own house; and when you have done that, I pray hasten hither, and cheer up ours.

CELESTINA. Good chance attend you.

CALISTO. And you too: and so farewell.

ACTUS II

THE ARGUMENT

CELESTINA *being departed from* Calisto, *and gone home to her own house,* Calisto *continues talking with* Sempronio, *his servant ; who, like one that is put in some good hope, thinking all speed too slow, sends away* Sempronio *to* Celestina, *to solicit her for the quicker dispatch of his conceived business ;* Calisto *and* Parmeno *in the meanwhile reasoning together.*

INTERLOCUTORS

Calisto, Sempronio, Parmeno.

CALISTO. Tell me, my masters, the hundred crowns which I gave yonder old beldam, are they well bestowed or no ?

SEMPR. Yes, sir, exceeding well. For besides the saving of your life, you have gained much honour by it. And for what end is fortune favourable and prosperous, but to be a handmaid to our honour and to wait thereon, which of all worldly goods is the greatest ? For honour is the reward and recompense of virtue ; and for this cause we give it unto the Divine Essence, because we have not anything greater to give him. The best part whereof consisteth in liberality and bounty : and this, close-fistedness and uncommunicated treasure doth eclipse and darken, whereas magnificence and liberality doth gain and highly extol it. What good is it for a man to keep that to himself, which, in the keeping of it, does himself no good ? I tell you, sir, and what I speak is truth, better is the use of riches than the possessing of them. Oh ! how glorious a thing is it to give ! and how miserable to receive ! See, how much better action is than passion : so much more noble is the giver than the receiver. Amongst the elements, the fire, because it is more active, is the more noble, and therefore placed in the spheres, in the noblest place. And some say that nobleness is a praise proceeding from the merit and antiquity of our ancestors. But I am of opinion that another man's light can never make you shine, unless you have some of your own. And therefore do not glory in the nobleness of your father who was so magnificent a gentleman, but in your own. Shine not out of his, but your own light; and so shall you get yourself honour, which is man's greatest outward good. Wherefore not the bad, but the good (such as yourself) are worthy to partake of so perfect a virtue. And besides, I must tell you that perfect virtue doth not suppose that honour hath its fellow: and therefore rejoice with yourself that you have been so magnificent and so bountiful. And thus, sir, having told you my mind, let me now advise you that you would be pleased to return back to your chamber, and there take some rest, sithence that your business is deposited in such hands, assuring yourself that the beginning being so good, the end will be much better: and so let us go presently to your chamber, where I shall treat more at large with you concerning this business.

CALISTO. Methinks, Sempronio, it is no good counsel, that I should rest here accompanied, and that she should go all alone, who seeks to cure my ill: it were better that thou shouldst go along with her, and hasten her on, since thou knowest that on her diligence dependeth my welfare, on her slowness my painfulness, on her neglect my despair. Thou art wise, I know thee to be faithful, I hold thee a good servant. And therefore so handle the matter, that she shall no sooner see thee, but that she may judge of that pain which I feel, and of that fire which tormenteth me, whose extreme heat will not give me leave to lay open unto her the third part of my secret sickness—so did it tie my tongue, and took such hold on my senses, that they were not only busied, but in a manner wasted and consumed—which thou, as one that is free from the like passion, mayest more largely deliver, letting thy words run with a looser rein.

SEMPR. Sir, I would fain go to fulfil your command, and I would fain stay to ease you of your care; your fear puts spurs to my sides, and your solitariness, like a bridle, pulls me back. But I will obey and follow your counsel, which is, to go and labour the old woman. But how shall I go? For, if I leave you thus all alone, you will talk idly, like one that is distracted, do nothing but sigh, weep and take on, shutting yourself up in darkness, desiring solitude, and seeking new means of thoughtful torment; wherein if you still persevere, you cannot escape either death or madness. For the avoiding whereof, get some good company about you, that may minister unto you occasion of mirth, by recounting of witty conceits, by entertaining you with music and singing merry songs, by relating stories, by devising mottoes, by telling tales, by playing at cards, jesting, sporting—in a word, by inventing any other kind of sweet and delightful recreation for to pass away the time, that you may not suffer your thoughts to run still wandering on in that cruel error, whereinto they were put by that your lady and mistress upon the first trance and encounter of your love.

CALISTO. How like a silly fool thou talkest! Know'st thou not, that it easeth the pain to bewail its cause? O how sweet is it to the sorrowful, to unsheathe their griefs! What ease do broken sighs bring with them! O what a diminishing and refreshing to tearful complaints is the unfolding of a man's woes and bitter passions! As many as ever writ of comfort and consolation, do all of them jump in this.

SEMPR. Read a little farther, and but turn over the leaf, and you shall find they say thus, that to trust in things temporal and to seek after matter of sorrow is a kind of foolishness, if not madness. And that Macias, the idol of lovers, forgetful of himself, because his mistress did forget him, and careless of his welfare, because she cared not for him, complains himself thus, that the punishment of love consists in the contemplation thereof, and that the best remedy against love is not to think on thy love. The ease lies in the forgetting it. Kick not therefore against the prick; feign thyself to be merry, pluck up your spirits and be of good cheer, and all, you shall see, shall be well: for oftentimes opinion brings things whither it listeth: not that it should cause us to swerve from the truth; but for to teach us to moderate our sense, and to govern our judgment.

CALISTO. Sempronio, my friend (for so thy love makes me style thee), since it so grieves thee that I should be alone, call Parmeno hither, and he shall stay with me: and henceforth, be thou (as thou hast ever been) faithful and loyal unto me. For in the service of the servant consisteth the master's remuneration. O Parmeno!

PARME. Here, sir.

CAL. Oh! I think not, for I cannot see thee. Leave her not, Sempronio: ply her hard, follow her at an inch. Forget me not, I pray thee. (*Semp. goes.*) Now, Parmeno, what thinkest thou of that which hath past to-day? My pain is great, Melibea stately, Celestina wise; she is her craft's master, and we cannot do amiss. Thou hast mainly opposed thyself against her, and to draw me to a detestation of her, thou hast painted her forth to the purpose and set her out in her colours: and I believe thee. For such and so great is the force of truth, that it commands even the tongues of our enemies. But be she such as thou hast described her to be, yet had I rather give her an hundred crowns than give another five.

PARME. Is the wind in that door? Do you begin to complain already? Have you now better bethought yourself? We shall shortly complain too at home; for I fear me, we shall fast for this frankness.

CALISTO. It is thy opinion, Parmeno, that I ask; gratify me therein: hold, dost thou look? Why hang'st thou down thy head, when thou shouldest answer me? But I perceive that, as envy is sad, and sadness without a tongue, thine own will can do more with thee than fear of my displeasure. What is that thou grumblest at? What didst thou mutter to thyself, as though thou wert angry?

PARM. I say, sir, that it had been better you had employed your liberality on some present or the like services upon Melibea herself than to cast away your money upon this old bawd—I know well enough what she is—and which is worse, on such an one, as minds to make you her slave.

CALISTO. How, you fool, her slave?

PARME. Ay, her slave. For to whom thou tellest thy secret, to him dost thou give thy liberty.

CALISTO. It is something that the fool hath said: but I would fain know this of thee; whether or no, whenas there is a great distance betwixt the entreater and the entreated, the suitor and the party sued unto, either out of authority of obedience or greatness of estate and dignity or nobleness of descent of blood, as there is betwixt my mistress and myself; whether or no, I pray, it be not necessary to have an intercessor or mediator for me, who may every foot go to and fro with my messages, until they arrive at her ears, of whom, to have a second audience, I hold it impossible. And if it be thus with me, tell me whether thou approvest of what I have done or no?

PARM. The devil approve it for me.

CALISTO. What sayest thou?

PARME. Marry, I say, sir, that never any error came yet unaccompanied, and that one inconvenience is the cause of another, and the door that opens unto many.

CALISTO. Thy saying I approve, but understand not thy purpose.

PARME. Then thus, sir, your losing of your hawk the other day was the cause of your entering into the garden where Melibea was, to look if she were there; your entering, the cause that you both saw her and talked with her; your talk engendered love; your love brought forth your pain; and your pain will be the cause of your growing careless and retchless both of your body, soul and goods. And that which grieves me most is that you must fall into the hands of that same trot-up-and-down, that maidenhead-monger, that same gadding-to-and-fro bawd, who for her villanies and rogueries in that kind hath been three several times implumed.

CALISTO. Is't e'en so, Parmeno? Is this all the comfort thou canst give me? Tell me rather something that may please me, and give me better content than this can. And know withal that the more thou dost dispraise, the better do I like her. Let her comply with me and effect my business, and let them implume her the fourth time too, if they will, I care not. Thou hast thy wits about thee; thou speak'st not having any sense of pain; thou art not heart-sick as I am, Parmeno, nor is thy mind touched with that sense of sorrow as mine is.

PARME. I had rather, sir, that you should be angry with me, and reprehend me out of your choler for crossing your opinion, than out of your after-repentance to condemn me for not counselling you to the contrary. For I should but dissemble with you, if I should not tell you that then you lost your liberty, when you did first captivate and imprison your will.

CALISTO. This villain would be well cudgelled; tell me, thou unmannerly rascal, why dost thou blaspheme that which

I adore ? And you, sir, who would seem to be so wise, what wottest thou of honour ? Tell me, what is love ? Shew me wherein civility consisteth, or what belongs to good manners. Thou wouldst fain be accounted discreet, and wouldst that I should think so, and yet dost not consider with thyself, that the first round in folly's ladder is for a man to think himself wise. If thou didst but feel the pain that I do, with other water wouldst thou bathe that burning, and wash that raging wound, which the cruel shaft of Cupid hath made in my heart. See what remedy Sempronio brings unto me with his feet, the same dost thou put away with thy tongue, with thy vain and uncomfortable words. And feigning thyself, forsooth, to be faithful, thou art in reality of truth nothing else but a mere clot and lump of earth ; a box filled with nothing but the very dregs and ground of malice ; the very inn and house, that gives open entertainment to envy ; not caring, so as thou mayest defame and discredit this old woman, be it by right or by wrong, how thou puttest a disaffiance in my affection, thou knowing that this my pain and overflowing grief is not ruled by reason nor will admit advice, but is incapable of counsel—which is as if one should tell me, that that which is bred in the bone may be fetched out of the flesh, or that which is glued to the very heart and entrails of a man, may be unloosed without rending the soul from the body. Sempronio did fear his going and thy staying : it was mine own seeking ; I would needs have it so ; and therefore worthily suffer the trouble of his absence and thy presence : and better is it for a man to be alone, than ill accompanied.

PARME. Sir, it is a weak fidelity, which fear of punishment can turn to flattery ; more especially, with such a master, whom sorrow and affliction deprive of reason, and make him a stranger to his natural judgment. Take but away this same veil of blindness, and these momentary fires will quickly vanish ; and then shall you know that these my sharp words are better to kill this strong canker and to stifle these violent flames, than the soft smoothings of soothing Sempronio, which feed your humour, quicken up your love, kindle afresh your flames, and join brands to brands, which shall never leave burning, till they have quite consumed you and brought you to your grave.

CALISTO. Peace, peace, you varlet ; I am in pain and anguish, and thou readest philosophy unto me. But I expect no better at thy hands; I have not the patience to hear thee any longer. Go, begone; get forth my horse; see he be well and clean dressed; girt him well. For I must pass by the house of my Melibea, or rather of my goddess.

PARM. (*goes out*) Holla, boys! where be you? Not a boy about the house? I must be fain to do it myself; and I am glad it is no worse: for I fear me ere it be long, we shall come to a worse office than to be boys of the spur, and to lackey it at the stirrup. Well, let the world slide, and things be as they may be, when they cannot be as they should be. My gossips, I see, as it is in the proverb, are angry with me for speaking the truth. Why, how now, you jade? Are you neighing too? Is not one jealous lover enough in a house? Or dost thou wind Melibea?

CAL. (*coming out*) When comes this horse? Why, Parmeno, what dost thou mean? Why bringest thou him not away?

PARM. Here he is: Sosia was not within.

CALISTO. Hold the stirrup. Open the gate a little wider. If Sempronio chance to come in the meanwhile and the old woman with him, will them to stay; for I will return presently. (*Cal. rides away.*)

PARME. Go, never to return, and the devil go with thee. Let a man tell these fools all that he can for their own good, they will never see it; and I for my part believe that if I should now at this instant give him a blow on the heel, I should beat more brain out of his heel than his head. Go whither thou wilt for me: for I dare pawn my life, that Celestina and Sempronio will fleece you ere they have done with you, and not leave you so much as one master-feather to maintain your flight. O unfortunate that I am, that I should suffer hatred for my truth, and receive harm for my faithful service! Others thrive by their knavery, and I lose by my honesty. The world is now grown to that pass, that it is good to be bad, and bad to be good; and therefore I will follow the fashion of the times and do as other men do, since that traitors are accounted wise and discreet, and faithful men are deemed silly honest fools. Had I credited Celestina with her six dozen of years about her, and followed her counsel, I had not been thus ill entreated by Calisto. But this shall be a warning unto me ever hereafter to say as he says. If he shall say, 'Come, let us eat and be merry,' I will say so too. If, 'Let us throw down the house,' I also will approve it. If he will burn all his goods, I will help to fetch the fire. Let him destroy, hang, drown, burn himself, and give all that he hath, if he will, to bawds; I for my part will hold my peace and help to divide the spoil. Besides, it is an ancient and true received rule, that it is best fishing in troubled waters. Wherefore I will never any more be a dog in a mill to be beaten for my barking.

ACTUS III

THE ARGUMENT

SEMPRONIO *goes to* Celestina's *house. He reprehends her for her slackness. They consult what course they shall take in* Calisto's *business concerning* Melibea. *At last comes* Elicia ; Celestina, *she hies her to the house of* Pleberio. *In the meanwhile* Sempronio *remains in the house with* Elicia.

INTERLOCUTORS

Sempronio, Celestina, Elicia.

SEMPRONIO. Look what leisure the old bearded bawd takes ! How softly she goes ! How one leg comes drawling after another ! Now she has her money, her arms are broken. Well overtaken, mother, I perceive you will not hurt yourself by too much haste.

CELEST. How now, son ? What news with you ?

SEMPR. Why this, our sick patient knows not well himself what he would have. Nothing will content him ; he will have his cake baked before it be dough, and his meat roasted before it be spitted. He fears thy negligence, and curseth his own covetousness ; he is angry with his close-fistedness and offended that he gave thee no more.

CELEST. There is nothing more proper to lovers than impatience. Every small tarriance is to them a great torment ; the least delay breeds dislike ; in a moment what they imagine must be fully effected ; nay, concluded before begun ; especially these new lovers, who against any luring whatsoever, fly out to check, they care not whither, without any advisement in the world, or once thinking on the harm which the meat of their desire may by over-gorging occasion unto them, intermingled amidst the affairs and businesses concerning their own persons and their servants.

SEMPR. What sayest thou of servants ? Thinkest thou that any danger is like to come unto us, by labouring in this business? Or that we shall be burned with those sparkles which scatteringly fly forth of Calisto's fire? I had rather see him and all his love go to the devil; upon the first discovery therefore of any danger, if things chance to go cross, I will eat no more of his bread, I will not stay with him; no, not an hour. For it is better to lose his service than my life in serving him. But time will tell me what I shall do. For before his final downfall he will, like a house that is ready to fall, give some token himself of his own ruin. And therefore, mother, let us in any case keep our persons from peril; let us do what may be done: if it be possible, let us work her for him this year; if not this, the next; if not the next, when we may; if never, the worse luck his: though there is not anything so hard to suffer in its beginning, which time doth not soften and reduce to a gentle sufferance. And there is no wound so painful, which in time doth not slacken much of its torment. Nor was there ever any pleasure so delightful, which hath not by long continuance been much diminished and lessened. Ill and good, prosperity and adversity, glory and grief, all these with time lose the force and strength of their rash and hasty beginning; whereas matters of admiration and things earnestly desired, once obtained, have no sooner been come than forgotten, no sooner purchased but relinquished. Every day we see new and strange accidents, we hear as many and we pass them over; leave those, and hearken after others; them also doth time lessen and make contingible as things of common course. And I pray, what wonder would you think it, if some should come and tell you, 'There was such an earthquake in such a place,' or some such other things; tell me, would you not straight forget it? As also, if one should say unto you, 'Such a river is frozen; such a blind man hath recovered his sight; thy father is dead; such a thunderbolt fell in such a place; Granada is taken; the King enters it this day; the Turk hath received an overthrow; to-morrow you shall have a great eclipse; such a bridge is carried away with the flood; such a one is now made a nobleman; Peter is robbed; Ines hath hanged herself.' Now in such cases, what wilt thou say, save only this? That some three days past or upon a second view thereof, there will be no wonder made of it. All things are thus; they all pass after this manner; all is forgotten and thrown behind us, as if they had never been. Just so will it be with this my master's love; the farther it goes on, the more it will slacken: for long custom doth allay sorrow, weakeneth and subdueth our delights, and lesseneth wonders. Let us make our profit of him, whilst this plea is depending: and if we may with a dry foot do him good, the easier the better; if not by little and little we will solder up this flaw and make all whole, by Melibea's holding him in scorn and contempt. And if this will do no good upon him, better it is that the master be pained than his man perilled.

CELESTINA. Well hast thou said; I hold with thee and jump in thy opinion; thy words have well pleased me, we cannot err. Yet notwithstanding, my son, it is necessary that a good proctor should follow his client's cause diligently and painfully; that he colour his plea with some feigned show of reason; that he press some quillet or quirk of law; to go and come into open court, though he be checked and receive some harsh words from the Judge's mouth, to the end that they who are present may both see and say that though he did not prevail, yet he both spake and laboured hard for his fee. So shall not he want clients, nor Celestina suitors in cases of love.

SEMPR. Do as thou thinkest good. Frame it to thine own liking; this is not the first business thou hast taken in hand.

CELEST. The first, my son? Few virgins (I thank fortune for it) hast thou seen in this city, which have opened their shops and traded for themselves, to whom I have not been a broker to their first spun thread, and holp them to vend their wares; there was not that wench born in the world, but I writ her down in my register, and kept a catalogue of all their names, to the intent that I might know how many escaped my net. Why, what didst thou think of me, Sempronio? Can I live by the air? Can I feed myself with wind? Do I inherit any other land? Have I any other house or vineyard? Knowest thou of any other substance of mine, besides this office? By what do I eat and drink? By what do I find clothes to my back, and shoes to my feet? In this city was I born; in it was

I bred; living (though I say it) in good credit and estimation, as all the world knows. And dost thou think then, that I can go unknown? He that knows not both my name and my house, thou mayest hold him a mere stranger.

SEMPR. Tell me, mother, what passed betwixt you and my fellow Parmeno, when I went up with Calisto for the crowns?

CELEST. I told him his dream and the interpretation thereof; and how that he should gain more by our company and joining in friendship with us, than with all his gay glozings and embroidered words, which he uttereth to his master; how he would always live poor and in want, and be made a scoff and laughing-stock, unless he would turn over a new leaf, and alter his opinion; that he should not make himself a saint and play the hypocrite before such an old beaten bitch as myself. I did put him in mind of his own mother, relating unto him what a one she was, to the end that he might not set my office at nought, herself having been of the same trade: for should he but offer to speak ill of me, he must needs stumble first on her.

SEMPR. Is it long, mother, since you first knew her?

CELEST. This Celestina, which is here now with thee, was the woman that saw her born, and holp to breed her up: why, I tell thee, man, his mother and I were nail and flesh, buckle and thong; of her I learned the better part of my trade. We did both eat, both sleep, both enjoy our pleasures, our counsels, and our bargains, intermutably one with another; we lived together like two sisters both at home and abroad: there was not a farthing which either of us gained, but was faithfully and truly divided between us. Had she lived, I should never have lived to be deceived. But it was not my fortune to be so happy, she died too soon for me. O death, death, how many dost thou deprive of their sweet and pleasing society! How many dost thou discomfort with thy unwelcome and troublesome visitation? For one that thou eatest being ripe, thou croppest a thousand that are green; for were she alive, these my steps should not have been unaccompanied, nor driven (as now I am) to walk the streets alone. I have good cause to remember her; for to me she was a faithful friend and a good companion. And whilst she was with me, she would never suffer me to trouble my body or my brains about anything: if I brought bread, she would bring meat; if I did spread the cloth, she would lay the napkins: she was not foolish, nor fantastical, nor proud, as most of your women nowadays are. And by my fay I swear unto thee, she would go barefaced from one end of the city to the other with her fan in her hand, and not one, all the way that she went, would give her any worse word than mistress Claudina. And I dare be bold to say it, that there was not a woman of a better palate for wine in the world, nor better skilled in any kind of merchandise whatsoever. And when you have thought that she had been scarce out of doors, with a whip-Sir-John, ere you could scarce say this, she was here again. Everyone would invite and feast her, so great was the affection which they bare unto her; and she never came home, till she had taken a taste of some eight or ten sorts of wine, bearing one pottle in her jar and the other in her belly: and her credit was so good, that they would have trusted her for a rundlet or two upon her bare word, as if she had pawned unto them a piece of plate. Why, her word was as current as gold in all the inns and taverns in the town. If we walked the streets, whensoever we found ourselves thirsty, we entered straight the next tavern that was at hand, and called presently for a quart of wine for to moisten our mouths withal, though we had not a penny to pay for it. Nor would they, as from others, take our veils and our coifs from off our heads, till we had discharged the reckoning, but score it up and so let us go on our way. O Sempronio! Were it but cat after kind, and that such were the son as was the mother, assure thyself that thy master should remain without a feather, and we without any farther care. But if I live, I will bring this iron to my fashion; I will work him like wax, and reckon him in the number of mine own.

SEMPR. How dost thou think to make him thine? He is a crafty subtle fox; he will hardly be drawn in; he is a shrewd fellow to deal withal.

CELEST. For such a crafty knave, we must have a knave and a half, and entertain two traitors for the taking of one. I will bring him to have Areusa, so and make him cocksure ours; and he shall give us leave without any let to pitch our nets for the catching of Calisto's coin.

SEMPR. But dost thou think thou canst do any good upon Melibea? Hast thou any good bough to hang by?

CELEST. There is not that surgeon, that can at the first dressing give a true judgment of his patient's wound: but what I see and think for the present, I will plainly deliver unto thee. Melibea is fair; Calisto fond and frank; he cares not to spare his purse, nor I my pains; he is willing to spend, and I to speed him in his business; let his money be stirring, and let the suit hang as long as it will. Money can do anything; it splitteth hard rocks; it passeth over rivers dry-foot; there is not any place so high, whereunto an ass laden with gold will not get up; his unadvisedness and ferventness of affection is sufficient to mar him, and to make us. This I have thought upon; this I have searched into; this is all I know concerning him and her: and this is that which must make most for our profit. Well, now must I go to Pleberio's house. Sempronio, farewell. For though Melibea brave it, and stands so high upon her pantofles, yet is not she the first that I have made to stoop and leave her cackling; they are all of them ticklish and skittish; the whole generation of them is given to wincing and flinging: but after they are well weighed, they prove good highway jades, and travel quietly; you may kill them, but never tire them. If they journey by night, they wish it may never be morning. They curse the cocks, because they proclaim it is day; the clocks, because they go too fast: they lie prostrate, as if they looked after the Pleiades and the North star, making themselves astronomers and star-gazers; but when they see the morning star arise, they sigh for sorrow, and are ready to forsake their bodies; and the clearing of the day is the clouding of their joy. And above all, it is worth the while to note how quickly they change copy, and turn the cat in the pan; they entreat him, of whom they were entreated; they endure torment for him, whom before they had tormented; they are servants to those, whose mistresses they were; they break through stone walls, they open windows, feign sickness; if the hinges of their doors chance to creak, they anoint and supple them with oil, that they may perform their office without any noise. I am not able to express unto thee the great impression of that sweetness, which the primary and first kisses of him they love, leaveth imprinted in their hearts. They are enemies of the mean and wholly set upon extremes.

SEMPR. Mother, I understand not these terms.

CELEST. Marry, I say that a woman either loveth or hateth him much, of whom she is beloved, so that, if she entertain not his love, she cannot dissemble her hate; there are no reins strong enough to bridle their dislike. And because I know this to be true, it makes me go more merrily and cheerfully to Melibea's house than if I had her fast in my fist already. For I know that, though at the first I must be forced to woo her, yet in the end she will be glad to sue to me. And though at present perhaps she threaten me and flatly fall out with me, yet at last will she be well pleased and fall as much a-flattering, as she did a-reviling me. Here in this pocket of mine I carry a little parcel of yarn and other such like trinkets, which I always bear about me; that I may have some pretence at first to make my easier entrance and free access, where I am not thoroughly known, as gorgets, coifs, fringes, rolls, fillets, hair-laces, nippers, antimony, ceruse, and sublimated mercury, needles and pins; they shall not ask that thing, which I shall not have for them. To the end that look whatsoever they shall call for, I may be ready provided for them. And this bait upon the first sight thereof shall work my acceptance, and hold fast the fish which I mind to take.

SEMPR. Mother, look well about you. Take heed what you do. For a bad beginning can never make a good ending. Think on her father, who is noble, and of great power and courage; her mother jealous and furious, and thou suspicion itself, no sooner seen but mistrusted: Melibea is the only child to them both, and she miscarrying miscarrieth with her all their happiness; the very thought whereof makes me quake and tremble. Go not to fetch wool and come home shorn yourself; seek not to pluck her wings, and [come back] yourself without your plumes.

CELESTINA. Without my plumes, my son?

SEMPRO. Or rather implumed, mother, which is worse.

CELESTINA. Now by my fay, in an ill hour had I need of thee to be my companion. As though thou couldst instruct Celestina in her own trade? As if I knew not better what to do than thou canst teach me? Before ever thou wast born, I did eat bread with crust. Oh! you are a proper man to make a commander, and to marshal other men's affairs, when thyself art so dejected with sinister divinations and fear of ensuing harms.

SEMPR. Marvel not, mother, at my fear, since it is the common condition of all men, that what they most desire, they think shall never come to pass. And the rather, for that in this case now in hand, I dread both thine and my punishment; I desire profit; I would that this business might have a good end, not because my master thereby might be rid of his pain, but I of my penury. And therefore I cast more inconveniences with my small experience than you with all your aged art and cunning. (*Cel's house.*)

ELICIA. I will bless myself! Sempronio, come! I will make a streak in the water, I will score it up! This is news indeed: I had thought to have strewed green rushes against your coming. What! Come hither twice! Twice in one day!

CELEST. Peace, you fool. Let him alone. We have other thoughts, I wis, to trouble our heads withal; matters of more importance than to listen to your trumperies. Tell me, is the house clear? Is the young wench gone, that expected the young novice?

ELICIA. Gone? yes; and another come, since she went, and gone too.

CELEST. Sayest thou me so, girl? I hope then it was not in vain.

ELICIA. How? in vain? No, by my fay was it not; it was not in vain; for though he came late, yet better late than never, and little need he to rise early, whom his stars have a purpose to help.

CELEST. Go, hie you up quickly to the top of all the house, as high as you can go, and bring me down hither the bottle of that oil of serpents, which you shall find fastened to that piece of rope, which I brought out of the fields with me that other night, when it rained so fast and was so dark: then open my chest where the paintings be, and on your right hand you shall find a paper written with the blood of a bat or flitter-mouse; bring it down also with you together with that wing of the dragon, whereof yesterday we did cut off the claws. And take heed you do not shed the may-dew, which was brought me for to make my confection.

ELICIA. It is not here, mother; you never remember where you lay your things.

CELEST. Do not reprove me, I pray thee, in mine old age; misuse me not, Elicia. Do not you feign untruths; though Sempronio be here, be not you proud of it. For he had rather have me for his counsellor, than you for his playfellow; for all you love him so well. Enter into the chamber where my ointments be, and there in the skin of a black cat, where I willed you to put the eyes of the she-wolf, you shall not fail to find it: and bring down the blood of the he-goat and that little piece of his beard which you yourself did cut off.

ELICIA. Take it to you, mother. Lo, here it is; while you stay here, I will go up and take my Sempronio with me.

CEL. (*alone*) I conjure thee, thou sad god Pluto, Lord of the infernal deep, Emperor of the damned court, Captain General and proud Commander of the wicked spirits, Grand Signor of those sulphureous fires, which the flaming hills of Etna flash forth in most fearful and most hideous manner; Governor and Supervisor both of the torments and tormentors of those sinful souls, that lie howling in Phlegethon; Prince and chief Ruler of those three hellish Furies, Tisiphone, Megæra, and Alecto; Administrator of all the black things belonging to the kingdoms of Styx and Dis, with all their pitchy lakes, infernal shades, and litigious chaos; Maintainer of the flying Harpies, with all the whole rabblement of frightful Hydras; I, Celestine, thy best known and most noted client, conjure thee, by the virtue and force of these red letters, by the blood of this bird of the night, wherewith they are charactered, by the power and weight of these names and signs, which are contained in this paper, by the fell and bitter poison of those vipers, whence this oil was extracted, wherewith I anoint this clew of yarn, thou come presently without delay to obey my will, to envelop and wrap thyself therein, and there to abide and never depart thence, no, not the least moment of time, until that Melibea, with that prepared opportunity which shall be offered unto her, shall buy it of me, and with it in such sort be entangled and taken, that the more she shall behold it, the more may her heart be mollified and the sooner wrought to yield to my request: that thou wilt open her heart to my desire and wound her very soul with the love of Calisto; and in that extreme and violent manner, that despising all honesty and casting off all shame, she may discover herself unto me, and reward both my message and my pains; do this, and I am at thy command, to do what thou wilt have me. But if thou do not do it, thou shalt forthwith have me thy capital foe and professed enemy; I shall strike with light thy sad and darksome dungeons; I shall cruelly accuse thy continual lyings and daily falsehoods. And lastly, with my charming words and enchanting terms, I will chain and constringe thy most horrible name. Wherefore, again and again, once, twice, and thrice, I conjure thee to fulfil my command. And so presuming on my great power, I depart hence, that I may go to her with my clew of yarn, wherein I verily believe, I carry thyself enwrapped.

ACTUS IV

THE ARGUMENT

CELESTINA, *going on her way, talks to herself, till she comes to* Pleberio's *gate, where she meets with* Lucrecia, *one of* Pleberio's *maidservants ; she boards her, and enters into discourse with her, who, being overheard by* Alisa, Melibea's *mother, and understanding it was* Celestina, *causes her to come near the house. A messenger comes to call away* Alisa, *she goes her ways ;* Celestina *in the meanwhile being left alone with* Melibea, *discovers unto her the cause of her coming.*

INTERLOCUTORS

Celestina, Lucrecia, Alisa, Melibea.

CELESTINA. Now that I am all alone, I will, as I walk by myself, weigh and consider that which Sempronio feared concerning my travail in this business. For those things which are not well weighed and considered, though sometimes they take good effect, yet commonly fall out ill, so that much speculation brings forth much good fruit. For, although I dissembled with him and did set a good face on the matter, it may be that, if my drift and intent should chance to be found out by Melibea's father, it would cost me little less than my life : or at least, if they should not kill me, I should rest much impaired in my credit, either by their tossing me in a blanket, or by causing me to be cruelly whipped, so that my sweet meats shall have sour sauce, and my hundred crowns in gold be purchased at too dear a rate. Ay, wretched me ! into what a labyrinth have I put myself ? What a trap am I like to fall into through mine own folly ? For that I might shew myself solicitous and resolute, I have put myself upon the hazard of the dice. Woe is me ! what shall I do ? To go back is not for my profit, and to go on stands not with my safety. Shall I persist ;

Or shall I desist ? In what a strait am I ? In what a doubtful and strange perplexity ? I know not which I were best to choose. On my daringness dependeth manifest danger, on my cowardice shameful damage. Which way shall the ox go, but he must needs plough ? Every way, go which way I will, discovers to my eyes deep and dangerous furrows, desperate downfalls ; if I be taken in the mainour, if the theft be found about me, I shall be either killed, or carted with a paper crown set upon my head, having my fault written in great text-letters. But in case I should not go, what will Sempronio then say ? 'Is this all thou canst do ? Thy power, thy wisdom, thy stoutness, thy courage, thy large promises, thy fair offers, thy tricks, thy subtleties, and the great care forsooth thou wouldest take ; what ? are they all come to this ?' And his master Calisto, what will he say ? What will he do ? Or what will he think ? Save only this, that there is much deceit in my steps, and that I have discovered this plot to Pleberio, like a prevaricating sophistress or cunning ambidexter, playing the traitor on both sides, that I might gain by both ? And if he do not entertain so hateful a thought, he will rail upon me like a madman ; he will upbraid me to my face with most reproachful terms ; he will propose a thousand inconveniences, which my hasty deliberation was the cause of, saying, 'Out, you old whore ; why didst thou increase my passions with thy promises ? False bawd as thou art, for all the world besides thy feet can walk, for me only thy tongue ; others can have works, I only words. Others can have remedy at thy hands ; I only the man that must endure torment. To all others thy force can extend itself ; and to me is it only wanting. To all others thou art light, to me darkness. Out, thou old treacherous, disloyal wretch ; why didst thou offer thyself and service unto me ? For it was thy offer that did put me in hope : and that hope did delay my death, prolonged my life, and did put upon me the title of a glad man. Now, for that thy promises have not proved effectual, neither shalt thou want punishment, nor I woeful despair.' So that, look I on which side I will (miserable woman that I am), it is ill here, and it is ill there ; pain and grief on either hand : but when extremes shall want their mean, and no means to avoid either the one or the other, of two evils it is the wiser course to incline to the lesser. And therefore I had rather offend Pleberio than displease Calisto. Well then, I will go. For greater will my shame be, to be condemned for a coward, than my punishment, in daring to accomplish what I promised. Besides Fortune still friendeth those that are bold and valiant. Lo, yonder's the gate; I have seen myself in greater danger than this in my days. Coraggio, coraggio, Celestina; be of good cheer; be not dismayed: for there are never suitors wanting for the mitigating and allaying of punishment. All divinations are in my favour and shew themselves prospicious in my proceedings; or else I am nobody in this my art, a mere bungler, an idiot, an ass. Of four men that I meet by the way three of them were Johns; whereof two were cuckolds. The first word that I heard passing along the street, was a love complaint. I have not stumbled since I came forth, as at other times I used to do. Methinks the very stones of the street did sunder themselves one from another to give me way as I passed. Nor did the skirts of my clothes rumple up in troublesome folds to hinder my feet. Nor do I feel any faintness or weariness in my legs. Every one saluteth me. Not a dog that hath once barked at me; I have neither seen any bird of a black feather, neither thrush nor crow, nor any other of the like unlucky nature; and, which is a better sign of good luck than all these, yonder do I see Lucrecia standing at Melibea's gate, which is kinswoman to Elicia: it cannot but go well with us; it is impossible we should miss of our purpose; all is cock-sure.

LUCRECIA. What old witch is this that comes thus trailing her tail on the ground? Look how she sweeps the streets with her gown! Fie, what a dust she makes!

CELESTINA. By your leave, sweet beauty.

LUCRECIA. Mother Celestina, you be welcome. What wind, I trow, drives you this way? I do not remember that I have seen you in these parts this many a day. What accident hath brought you hither?

CELEST. My love, daughter, my love, and the desire I have to see all my good friends, and to bring you commendations from your cousin Elicia; as also to see my old and young mistress, whom I have not seen since I went from this end of the town.

LUCRECIA. Is this your only errand from home? Is it possible you should come so far for this? I promise you, you make me much to marvel; for I am sure you were not wont to stir your stumps, but you knew wherefore, nor to go a foot forth of doors, unless it were for your profit.

CELEST. What greater profit, you fool, would you have, than a man to comply with his desires? Besides such old women as we never want business, especially myself, who, having the breeding of so many men's daughters as I have, I go to see if I can sell a little yarn.

LUCRECIA. Did not I tell you so before? I wot well what I said; you never put in a penny, but you take out a pound; be your pains never so little, you will be sure you will be well paid for it. But to let that pass, my old mistress hath begun a web; she hath need to buy it, and thou hast need to sell it. Come in and stay here awhile, you and I will not fall out. (*Lucr. goes up to her mistress.*)

ALISA. Lucrecia, who is that you talk withal?

LUCRECIA. With that old woman forsooth with the scotch on her nose, who sometimes dwelt hard by here in Tanners' Row, close upon the riverside.

ALISA. Now I am further to seek than I was before; if thou wilt give me to understand an unknown thing by a thing that is less known, [it] is to take up water in a sieve.

LUCRECIA. Madame! Why, this old woman is better known than the herb rue. Do not you remember her that stood on the pillory for a witch? That sold young wenches by the great and by wholesale? And that hath marred many thousands of marriages by sundering man and wife and setting them at odds?

ALISA. What trade is she of? What is her profession? It may be by that I shall know her better.

LUCRECIA. Forsooth, she perfumes cauls, veils, and the like; she makes your sublimate mercury, and hath some thirty several trades besides; she is very skilful in herbs; she can cure little children: and some call her the old woman the lapidary, for her great dealing in stones.

ALISA. All this makes me never a whit the wiser. Tell me her name, if thou knowest it.

LUCRECIA. If I knew it? Why, there is neither young nor old in all this city but knows it. And should not I then know it?

ALISA. If you know it so well, why then do not you tell it me?

LUCRECIA. I am ashamed, forsooth.

ALISA. Go too, you fool; tell me her name; do not anger me by this your delay.

LUCRECIA. Her name (saving your reverence) is Celestina.

ALISA. Hi, hi, hi! Now beshrew your fingers! O my heart! O my sides! I am not able to stand for laughing to see that the loathing which thou hast of this poor old woman should make thee ashamed to name her unto me. Now I call her to mind; go to; you are a wag; no more of this. She, poor soul, is come to beg somewhat of me. Bid her come up.

LUCRECIA. Aunt, it is my mistress's pleasure, you come up. (*Celestina comes up.*)

CEL. My good lady, all blessings abide with you, and your noble daughter. My many griefs and infirmities have hindered my visiting of this your house, as in duty I was bound to do; but heaven knows how fair are the entrails of my inward affection, how free from any spot of foulness. It knows the sincerity of my heart and trueness of my love. For distance of place displaceth not that love which is lodged in the heart: so that what heretofore in myself I did much desire, now my necessity hath made me to perform. And amongst other my many crosses and miseries in this life, my crosses in my purse grow daily less and less; so that I have no better remedy to help myself withal and to relieve this my poor estate, than to sell this little parcel of yarn of mine own spinning to make coifs and kerchiefs; and understanding by your maid that you had need thereof, (howbeit I am poor in everything, I praise my fate, save the richness of this grace) it is wholly at your command, if either it or I may do you any service.

ALISA. Honest neighbour, thy discourse and kind offer move me to compassion: and so move me, that I had rather light upon some fit occasion, whereby I might supply thy wants, than diminish thy web, still thanking thee for thy kind offer: and, if it be such as will serve my turn, I shall pay you well for it.

CELEST. Madame, by my life, as I am true old woman, or by any other oath you shall put me to, it is such as all the whole town is not able to match it. Look well upon it; it is as fine as the hair of your head, even and equal, as nothing more strong, as the strings of a viol, white as a flake of snow, spun all with mine own fingers, reeled and wound up with mine own hands. Look you, lady, on some of the same in skeins; did you ever see better? Three royals, as I am true woman, I received no longer ago than yesterday for an ounce.

ALISA. Daughter Melibea, I will leave this honest woman with you; for methinks it is now high time, if I have not stayed too long, to go visit my sister, wife unto Chremes: for I have not seen her since yesterday; and besides, her page is now come to call me, and tells me that her old fit hath already been on her this pretty while.

CELEST. Now does the devil go preparing opportunity for my stratagem, by reinforcing this sickness upon the other. Go on, my good friend, stand stiffly to your tackling; be strong and shrink not. For now is the time or never; see you leave her not: and remove away this woman from me. But soft; I fear she hears me.

ALISA. Say, friend, what is that thou sayest?

CELEST. I say, madame, cursed be the devil and my evil fortune, that your sister's sickness is grown now upon her in such an unlucky hour that we shall have no fit time to dispatch our business: but, I pray, what is her sickness?

ALISA. A pain in her side, which takes her in such grievous manner, that, if it be true which her page tells me, I fear me it will cost her her life. Good neighbour, let me entreat you for my sake to recommend her recovery unto your best devotions and prayers.

CELEST. Here, lady, I give you my faithful promise, that as soon as I go hence, I will hie me to my vestals, where I have many devout virgins, my friends, upon whom I will lay the same charge as you have laid upon me.

ALISA. Do you hear, Melibea? Content our neighbour, and give her that which is reason for her yarn. And you, mother, I pray hold me excused, for I doubt not but you and I shall have another day, when we shall have more leisure to enjoy one another.

CELEST. Madame, there is no need of pardon, where there is no fault committed. Jove pardon you, and I do. For I thank you, you have left me here with very good company. Jove grant she may long enjoy her noble youth and this her flourishing prime, a time wherein more pleasures and delights are found than in this old decayed carcass of mine, which is nothing else but a very spittle-house of diseases, an inn full of infirmities, a storehouse or magazine of sad and melancholy thoughts, a friend to brangling and brawling, a continual grief and incurable plague; pitying that which is past, punished in that which is present, and full of wretched care in that which is to come: a near neighbour unto death; a poor cabin without one bough of shelter, whereinto it rains on all sides; a stick of willow, a staff of weak osiers, which is doubled with any the least stress you put it to. (*Alisa departs.*)

MELIB. Tell me, mother, why do you speak so ill of that which the whole world so earnestly desireth to enjoy and see?

CELEST. They desire so much their more hurt; they desire so much their more grief; they desire to live to be old, because by living to be old, they live. And life (you know) is sweet; and living, they come to be old. Hence is it, that your children desire to be men, and your men to be old men; and your old men to be more and more old; and though they live in never so much pain, yet do they still desire to live. For, as it is in the proverb, fain would the hen live for all her pip; she would not be put out of her life, to be put out of her pain. But who is he, lady, that can recount unto you the inconveniences of old age? The discommodities it brings with it? Its torments, its cares, its troubles, its infirmities, its colds, its heats, its discontentments, its brawls, its janglings, its griefs, which like so many weights lie heavy upon it? Those deep furrows and deep wrinkles in the face? That change and alteration in the hair? That fading of fresh and lively colour? That want of hearing? That weakness of sight? That hollowness in the eyes, seeing, as if they were shut up in a shade? That sinking and falling of the jaws? That toothlessness of the gums? That failingness of force and of strength? That feebleness of legs? That slowness in feeding? Besides, madame, which makes me sigh to think upon it, when all these miseries I have told you of come accompanied with poverty, all sorrows to this must stoop and strike sail, when the appetite shall be great and the provision small, the stomach good and the diet naught; for I never knew any worse habit than that of hunger.

MELIBEA. I perceive, so goes the market as it goes with you. And as you find your pennyworths, so you speak of the fair. And though you perhaps complain, the rich will sing another song.

CELEST. Daughter and mistress, there is no way so fair, but hath some foul; if you have one mile of good, you have three of bad. At the foot of every hill, you have three leagues of ill follows. And of a thousand that live contentedly, you have ten thousand do the contrary: true contentedness, rest, renown, glory and quietness, run from the rich by other by-conduits and gutters of subtlety and deceit; which pipes, whereby they are conveyed, are never perceived, because they are paved and bricked over with smooth and well wrought flatteries. He is rich that hath God's blessing. Ay, marry, that is wealth indeed. And shall I tell you, lady? Safer it is with him that is despised than with him that is feared, and a far better sleep doth the poor man take than he who is bound to keep that with care, which he hath gotten with labour and must leave with sorrow. My friend will not dissemble with me, but the rich man's will with him; I am loved for mine own sake, the rich man for his wealth's sake. A rich man shall never hear the truth; everyone will flatter him, and seek to please his humour in whatsoever he shall say. Besides, he lies open to every man's envy; and you shall scarce find one rich man amongst a thousand, but will ingeniously confess that it had been better for him to have been in a middling estate, or in good honest poverty. For riches make not a man rich, but busied; not a master, but a steward. More are they that are possessed by their riches, than they that possess their riches. To many they have been a means of their death; and most men they have robbed of their pleasure and their good and commendable qualities; and to say the truth, they are enemies to all goodness. Have you not heard say, men have lain down and dreamed of their riches, and behold, they have waked and found nothing in their hands? Every rich man hath a dozen of sons or nephews, which repeat no other prayer, nor tender any other orison to God, but that He would be pleased to take him out of this world; and desire nothing more than to see the hour that they may come to enjoy his estate, to see him underground, and what was his, in their hands, and with a small charge, to lay him up in his last and everlasting mansion here on earth.

MELIBEA. Methinks, mother, it should be a great grief unto you, to think upon those good days of yours, which are past and gone. Would you not be willing to run them over again?

CELEST. That traveller, lady, were a fool, who, having tired out himself with a hard day's travel, would, to begin his journey again, desire to return to the same place from whence he came. For all those things, whose possession is no whit pleasing, it is better to enjoy them as they are than to desire their longer stay. For then are they so much the nearer to their end, by how much the farther they are from their beginning. Nor is there anything in the world more sweet or more pleasing to him that is truly weary, than his inn, wherein he may rest himself. So that though youth be a thing very jocund, yet he that is truly old doth not desire it. But he indeed that wants reason and true understanding, that man in a manner loves nothing else but the days that are past and gone.

MELIBEA. Were it but only to live, it is good to desire that which I say.

CELEST. As soon, lady, dies the young lamb as the old sheep; they go both to the shambles together: there is no man so old but he may live one year more, nor no man so young but he may die to-day, so that in this you have little or no advantage of us.

MELIBEA. Thou hast scared me with thy words; thy reasons put me in remembrance that I have seen thee heretofore. Tell me, mother, art not thou Celestina, that dwelt in Tanners' Row near the river?

CELEST. Even the very same.

MELIBEA. By my fay, you are an old woman. Well, I see it is a true saying that days go not away in vain. Now (never trust me) I did not know you; neither should I, had it not been for that slash over your face; then were you fair, now wonderfully altered.

LUCRECIA. She changed? Hi, hi, hi! the devil she is: she was fair when she met with him (saving your reverence) that scotched her over the nose.

MELIBEA. What sayest thou, fool? Speak, what is't thou sayest? What laughest thou at?

LUCRECIA. As though I did not know Mother Celestina!

CELEST. Madame, take you hold on time, that it slip not from you. As for my complexion, that will never change: have you not read what they say, the day will come, when thou shalt not know thyself in a glass? Though I am now grown gray before my time, and seem double the years I am of, of four daughters which my mother had, myself was the youngest. And therefore, I am sure, I am not so old as you take me to be.

MELIBEA. Friend Celestina, I am very glad both to see and know thee; and I have taken great pleasure in thy discourse. Here, take your money and farewell; for thou lookest, poor soul, as if thou hadst eaten nothing all this day.

CELEST. O more than mortal image! O precious pearl! How truly have you guessed! Oh! with what a grace do thy words come from thee! I am ravished hearing thee speak. But yet it is not only eating, that maintaineth a man or woman, especially me, who use to be fasting a whole, nay, two days together, in soliciting other folk's businesses. For I intend no other thing, my whole life is nothing else, but to do good offices for the good, and, if occasion serve, to die for them. And it was evermore my fashion rather to seek trouble to myself by serving of others, than to please and content myself. Wherefore, if you will give me leave, I will tell you the necessitated cause of my coming, which is another manner of matter than any you have yet heard; and such as we were all undone, if I should return in vain, and you not know it.

MELIBEA. Acquaint me, mother, with all your necessities and wants, and if I can help you in them or do you any good, I shall willingly do it, as well out of our old acquaintance as out of neighbourhood, which in good and honest minds is a sufficient bond to tie them thereunto.

CELESTINA. My wants, madame? My necessities do you mean? Nay, others', as I told you, not mine. For mine own, I pass at home with myself in mine own house without letting the whole country to know them; eating when I may, and drinking when I can get it. For, for all my poverty, I never wanted a penny to buy me bread, nor a *quart*, that is the eighth part of sixpence, to send for wine, no, not in all this time of my widowhood. For before, I never took thought for any, but had always a good vessel still in my house. And when one was empty another was full. I never went to bed, but I did first eat a toast well steeped in wine, and two dozen of draughts, sipping still the wine after every sop, for fear of the mother, wherewith I was then wont to be troubled. But now that I husband all things myself and am at mine own finding, I am fain to fetch my wine in a little poor jar, which will scarce hold a pottle. And sometimes in punishment of my sins (which cross I am willing to bear) I am forced to go six times a day with these my silver hairs about my shoulders, to fill and fetch my wine myself at the tavern. Nor would I by my goodwill die, till I see myself have a good rundlet or tierce of mine own within mine own doors. For, on my life, there is no provision in the world like unto it. For, as the saying is, it is bread and wine, not the young man that is spruce and fine, that makes us rid the way, and travel with mettle; yet let me tell you that, where the good man is missing, all other good is wanting. For ill does the spindle move, when the beard does not wag above. And this I thought good to tell you by the way upon those speeches, which I used concerning others', and not mine own necessities.

MELIBEA. Ask what thou wilt, be it either for thyself or anybody else, whom it pleaseth thee.

CELEST. My most gracious and courteous lady, descended of high and noble parentage, your sweet words and cheerful gesture, accompanied with that kind and free proffer, which you are pleased to make to this poor old woman, gives boldness to my tongue, to speak what my heart even longeth to utter. I come lately from one, whom I left sick to the death, who only with one word, which should come from your noble mouth, and entrusted in this my bosom to carry it hence with me—I verily assure myself it will save his life, so great is the devotion which he bears to your gentle disposition, and the comfort he would receive by this so great a kindness.

MELIBEA. Good woman, I understand thee not, unless thou deliver thy mind unto me in plain terms. On the one side thou dost anger me and provoke me to displeasure; on the other thou dost move and stir me to compassion. Neither know I how to return thee a convenient answer, because I have not fully comprehended thy meaning; I should think myself happy, if my words might carry that force, as to save the life of any man, though never so mean. For to do good is to be like unto the Deity. Besides he that doth a benefit, receives it, when it is done to a person that desires it. And he that can cure one that is sick, not doing it, is guilty of his death; and therefore give not over thy petition, but proceed and fear nothing.

CELEST. All fear fled, fair lady, in beholding your beauty. For I cannot be persuaded that Nature did paint in vain one face fairer than another, more enriched with grace and favour, more fashionable and more beautiful than another, were it not to make them magazines of virtue, mansions of mercy, houses of compassion and pity, ministers of her blessings, and dispensers of those good gifts and graces, which in her bounty she hath bestowed upon them, and upon yourself in a more plentiful manner. Besides, sithence we are all mortal and born to die, as also, that it is most certain that he cannot be said truly to be born, who is only born for himself—for then should men be like unto brute beasts, if not worse, amongst which there are some, that are very pitiful: as your unicorn, of whom it is reported that he will humble and prostrate himself at the feet of a virgin; and your dog, for all his fierceness and cruelness of nature, when he comes to bite another, if he throw himself down at his feet, he will let him alone and do him no harm; and this is all out of pity. Again, to come to your birds and fowls of the air, your cock eateth not anything, but he first calleth his hens about him, and gives them part of his feeding. The pelican with her beak breaketh up her own breast, that she may give her very bowels and entrails to her young ones to eat. The storks maintain their aged parents as long in the nest, as they did give them food, when they were young and unable to help themselves. Now, if God and Nature gave such knowledge unto beasts and birds, why should we that are men, be more cruel one to another? Why give we not part of our graces and of our persons to our neighbours? Especially when they are involved and afflicted with secret infirmities, and those such that, where the medicine is, thence was the cause of the malady?

MELIBEA. For God's love, without any more dilating tell me who is this sick man, who feeling such great perplexity, hath both his sickness and his cure, flowing from one and the selfsame fountain.

CELEST. You cannot choose, lady, but know a young gentleman in this city, nobly descended, whose name is Calisto.

MELIBEA. Enough, enough! no more, good old woman! not a word, not a word more, I would advise you! Is this the sick patient, for whom thou hast made so many prefaces to come to thy purpose? For what or whom camest thou hither? Camest thou to seek thy death? Knowest thou for whom, thou bearded impudent, thou hast trodden these dangerous steps? What ails this wicked one, that thou pleadest for him with such passion? He is fool-sick, is he not? Is he in his wits, I trow? What wouldst thou have thought, if thou shouldst have found me without some suspicion and jealousy of this fool? What a windlass hast thou fetched, with what words hast thou come upon me? I see it is not said in vain that the most hurtful member in a man or woman is the tongue. I will have thee burned, thou false witch, thou enemy to honesty, thou causeress of secret errors; fie upon thee, filth! Lucrecia, out of my sight with her, send her packing; away with her, I pray, she makes me ready to swoon; ay me, I faint, I die; she hath not left me one drop of blood in my body! But I well deserve this and more, for giving ear to such a paltry houswife as she is. Believe me, were it not that I regarded mine honour, and that I am unwilling to publish to the world his presumptuous audaciousness and boldness, I would so handle thee, thou accursed hag, that thy discourse and thy life should have ended both together.

CELEST. In an ill hour came I hither, if my spells and conjuration fail me. Go to, go to; I wot well enough to whom I speak. This poor gentleman, this your brother is at the point of death and ready to die.

MELIBEA. Darest thou yet speak before me and mutter words between thy teeth, for to augment my anger and double thy punishment? Wouldst thou have me soil mine honour, for to give life to a fool, to a madman? Shall I make myself sad to make him merry? Wouldst thou thrive by my loss? And reap profit by my perdition? And receive remuneration by my error? Wouldst thou have me overthrow and ruin my father's house and honour, for to raise that of such an old rotten bawd as thou art? Dost thou think, I do not perceive thy drift? That I do not track thee step by step? Or that I understand not thy damnable errand? But I assure thee, the reward that thou shalt get thereby, shall be no other, save, that I may take from thee all occasion of farther offending heaven, to give an end to thy evil days. Tell me, traitor as thou art, how didst thou dare to proceed so far with me?

CELEST. My fear of you, madame, doth interrupt my excuse; but my innocency puts new courage into me: your presence again disheartens me, in seeing you so angry. But that which grieves and troubles me most, is that I receive displeasure without any reason, and am hardly thought on without a cause. Give me leave, good lady, to make an end of my speech, and then will you neither blame it nor condemn me: then will you see that I rather seek to do good service, than endeavour any dishonest course; and that I do it more to add health to the patient, than to detract anything from the fame and worth of the physician. And had I thought that your ladyship would so easily have made this bad construction out of your late noxious suspicion, your licence should not have been sufficient warrant to have emboldened me to speak anything, that might concern Calisto, or any other man living.

MELIBEA. Let me hear no more of this madman, name not this fool unto me; this leaper over walls; this hobgoblin; this night-walker; this fantastical spirit; long-shanked, like a stork; in shape and proportion, like a picture in arras, that is ill-wrought; or an ill-favoured fellow in an old suit of hangings; say no more of him, unless you would have me to fall down dead where I stand! This is he who saw me the other day, and began to court me with I know not what extravagant phrases, as if he had not been well in his wits, professing himself to be a great gallant. Tell him, good old woman, if he think that I was wholly his and that he had won the field, because it pleased me rather to consent to his folly than correct his fault, and yield to his errand than chastise his error, that I was willing rather to let him go like a fool as he came than to publish this his presumptuous enterprise. Moreover, advise him that the next way to have his sickness leave him is to leave off his loving, and wholly to relinquish his purpose, if he purpose to impart health to himself; which if he refuse to do, tell him from me, that he never bought words all the days of his life at a dearer rate. Besides, I would have him know that no man is overcome, but he that thinks himself so to be. So shall I live secure, and he contented. But it is evermore the nature of fools, to think others like themselves. Return thou with this very answer unto him; for other answer of me shall he none, nor never hope for any: for it is but in vain to entreat mercy of him, of whom thou canst not have mercy. And for thine own part, thou mayest thank God, that thou scapest hence scot-free; I have heard enough of you heretofore and of all your good qualities, though it was not my hap to know you.

CELESTINA. Troy stood out more stoutly, and held out longer. And many fiercer dames have I tamed in my days. Tush! No storm lasteth long.

MELIBEA. You mine enemy, what say you? Speak out, I pray, that I may hear you. Hast thou anything to say in thy excuse, whereby thou mayest satisfy my anger, and clear thyself of this thy error and bold attempt?

CELESTINA. Whilst your choler lives, my cause must needs die. And the longer your anger lasteth, the less shall my excuse be heard. But [I] wonder not that you should be thus rigorous with me: for a little heat will serve to set young blood a-boiling.

MELIBEA. Little heat, say you? Indeed thou mayest well say little; because thyself yet lives, whilst I with grief endure thy great presumption. What words canst thou demand of me for such a one as he is, that may stand with my good? Answer to my demand, because thou sayest thou hast not yet concluded. And perhaps thou mayest pacify me for that which is past.

CELESTINA. Marry, a certain charm, madame, which, as he is informed by many of his good friends, your ladyship hath, which cureth the toothache ; as also that same admirable girdle of yours, which is reported to have been found and brought from Cumæ the cave there, and was worn, 'tis thought, by the Sibylla or prophetess of that place ; which girdle, they say, hath such a singular and peculiar property and power, with the very touch to abate and ease any ache or anguish whatsoever. Now this gentleman I told you of, is exceedingly pained with the toothache, and even at death's door with it. And this was the true cause of my coming : but since it was my ill hap to receive so harsh and unpleasing an answer, let him still for me continue in his pain, as a punishment due unto him for sending so unfortunate a messenger. For since in that muchness of your virtue I have found much of your pity wanting, I fear me he would also want water, should he send me to the sea to fetch it. And you know, sweet lady, that the delight of vengeance and pleasure of revenge endureth but a moment, but that of pity and compassion continueth for ever and ever.

MELIBEA. If this be that thou wouldst have, why didst thou not tell me of it sooner ? Why wentst thou about the bush with me ? What needed all those circumstances ? Or why didst thou not deliver it in other words ?

CELEST. Because my plain and simple meaning made me believe that, though I should have proposed it in any other words whatsoever, had they been worse than they were, yet would you not have suspected any evil in them. For, if I were failing in the fitness of my preface and did not use so due and convenient a preamble as I should have done, it was because truth needeth no colours. The very compassion that I had of his pain, and the confidence of your magnificency did choke in my mouth, when I first began to speak, the expression of the cause. And for that you know, lady, that sorrow works turbation, and turbation doth disorder and alter the tongue, which ought always to be tied to the brain, for heaven's love, lay not the fault on me ; and if he hath committed an error, let not that redound to my hurt; for I am no farther blameable of any fault, than as I am the messenger of the faulty. Break not the rope where it is weakest. Be not like the cobweb, which never shows its force but on poor little flies. No human law condemns the father for the son's offence, nor the son for the father's: nor indeed, lady, is it any reason, that his presumption should occasion my perdition; though considering his desert, I should not greatly care that he should be the delinquent and myself be condemned, since that I have no other trade to live by, save to serve such as he is; this is my occupation, this I make my happiness. Yet withal, madame, I would have you to conceive, that it was never in my desire to hurt one, to help another, though behind my back your ladyship hath perhaps been otherwise informed of me. But the best is, it is not the vain breath of the vulgar that can blast the truth; assuredly I mean nothing in this, but only plain and honest dealing. I do little harm to any; I have as few enemies in this city, as a woman can have: I keep my word with all men; and what I undertake, I perform as faithfully as if I had twenty feet and so many hands.

MELIBEA. I now wonder not that your ancients were wont to say that one only teacher of vice was sufficient to mar a great city. For I have heard such and so many tales of thy false and cunning tricks, that I know not whether I may believe thy errand was for this charm.

CELESTINA. Never let me pray, or if I pray, let me never be heard, if you can draw any other thing from me, though I were to be put to a thousand torments!

MELIBEA. My former late anger will not give me leave to laugh at thy excuse. For I wot very well that neither oath nor torment shall make thee to speak the truth. For it is not in thy power to do it.

CELESTINA. You are my good lady and mistress, you may say what you list, and it is my duty to hold my peace; you must command, and I must obey, but your rough language, I hope, will cost your ladyship an old petticoat.

MELIBEA. And well hast thou deserved it.

CELEST. If I have not gained it with my tongue, I hope I have not lost it with my intention.

MELIBEA. Thou dost so confidently plead thy ignorance, that thou makest me almost ready to believe thee; yet will I in this thy so doubtful an excuse hold my sentence in suspense, and will not dispose of thy demand upon the relish of so light an interpretation. Neither for all this would I have thee to think much of it, nor make it any such wonder that I was so exceedingly moved; for two things did concur in thy discourse, the least of which was sufficient to make me run out of my wits. First, in naming this gentleman unto me, who thus presumed to talk with me: then, that thou shouldst entreat me for him, without any further cause given; which could not but engender a strong suspicion of intention of hurt to my honour. But since all is well meant and no harm intended, I pardon all that is past; for my heart is now somewhat lightened, sithence it is a pious and a holy work, to cure the sick and help the distressed.

CELEST. Ay, and so sick, madame, and so distressed, that, did you know it as well as I, you would not judge him the man, which in your anger you have censured him to be. By my fay, the poor gentleman hath no gall at all, no ill meaning in his heart. He is endued with thousands of graces: for bounty he is an Alexander; for strength an Hector; he has the presence of a prince; he is fair in his carriage, sweet in his behaviour, and pleasant in his conversation; there is no melancholy or other bad humour, that reigneth in him; nobly descended, as yourself well knows; a great tilter; and to see him in his armour, it becomes him so well, that you would take him to be another Saint George. Hercules had not that force and courage as he hath; his deportment, his person, his feature, his disposition, his agility and activeness of body, had need of another manner of tongue to express it than mine. Take him all together and for all in all, you shall not find such another; and for admired form, a miracle: and I am verily persuaded that that fair and gentle Narcissus, who was enamoured with his own proper beauty, when, as in a glass, he viewed himself in the water, was nothing so fair as he, whom now one poor tooth with the extremity of its pain doth so torment, that he doth nothing but complain.

MELIBEA. The age, I pray, how long hath he had it?

CELEST. His age, madame? Marry, I think he is about some three and twenty. For here stands she, who saw him born, and took him up from his mother's feet.

MELIBEA. This is not that which I ask thee; nor do I care to know his age. I ask thee how long he hath been troubled with his toothache?

CELEST. Some eight days, madame, but you would think he had had it a year, he is grown so weak with it, and the greatest ease and best remedy he hath, is to take his viol, whereto he sings so many songs, and in such doleful notes, that I verily believe they did far exceed those which that great emperor and musician Hadrian composed concerning the soul's departure from the body, the better to endure without dismayment his approaching death. For, though I have but little skill in music, methinks he makes the viol, when he plays thereon, to speak; and when he sings thereunto, the birds with a better will listen unto him than to that musician of old, which made the trees and stones to move. Had he been born then, Orpheus had lost his prey. Weigh then with yourself, sweet lady, if such a poor old woman as I am, have not cause to count myself happy, if I may give life unto him, to whom the heavens have given so many graces? Not a woman that sees him, but praiseth Nature's workmanship, whose hand did draw so perfect a piece; and, if it be their hap to talk with him, they are no more mistresses of themselves, but are wholly at his disposing; and of commanders, desire to be commanded by him. Wherefore, seeing I have so great reason to do for him, conceive, good lady, my purpose to be fair and honest, my courses commendable and free from suspicion and jealousy.

MELIBEA. O how I am fallen out with mine own impatience! How angry with myself that, he being ignorant and thou innocent of any intended ill, thou hast endured the distemperature of my enraged tongue! But the great reason I had for it, frees me from any fault of offence, urged thereunto by thy suspicious speeches: but in requital of thy sufferance, I will forthwith fulfil thy request and likewise give thee my girdle. And, because I have not leisure to write the charm, till my mother comes home, if this will not serve the turn, come secretly for it to-morrow morning.

LUCRECIA. Now, now, is my mistress quite undone. All the world cannot save her; she will have Celestina come secretly to-morrow. I smell a rat; there is a pad in the straw; I like not this, *come secretly to-morrow;* I fear me she will part with something more than words.

MELIBEA. What sayest thou, Lucrecia?

LUCRECIA. Marry, I say, madame, you have worded well. For it is now somewhat late.

MELIBEA. I pray, mother, say nothing to this gentleman of what hath passed betwixt you and me, lest he should hold me either cruel, sudden, or dishonest.

LUCRECIA. I did not lie even now; I see well enough how ill the world goes.

CELEST. Madame, I much marvel you should entertain any the least doubt of my service. Fear you not; for I can suffer and cover anything: and I well perceive that your great jealousy and suspicion of me made you (as commonly it doth) to interpret my speeches to the worst sense. Well, I will take my leave, and go hence with this girdle so merrily as if I did presently see his heart leaping for joy, that you have graced him with so great a kindness; and I doubt not but I shall find him much eased of his pain.

MELIBEA. I will do more for your sick patient than this, if need require, in requital of your great patience.

CELEST. We shall need more, and you must do more than this, though perhaps you will not so well like of it, and scarce thank us for it.

MELIBEA. Mother, what's that thou talkest of thanks?

CELESTINA. Marry I say, madame, that we both give you thanks, that we are both at your service, and rest both deeply indebted to your ladyship; and that the payment is there most certain, where the party is most bound to satisfy.

LUCRECIA. Here's cat in the pan. What chop-logic have we here?

CELESTINA. Daughter Lucrecia, hold thy peace; come hither to me. If to-morrow I may see thee at my house, I will give thee such a lye as shall make thy hair as yellow as gold; but tell not your mistress of it. Thou shalt also have a powder of me to sweeten thy breath, which is a little of the strongest. There is not any in this kingdom that can make it but myself. And there is not anything in a woman that can be worse than a stinking breath.

LUCRECIA. A blessing on your aged heart; for I have more need of this than of my meat.

CELESTINA. And yet, you fool, you will be talking and prating against me. Hold thy peace; for thou know'st not what need thou mayest have of me. Do not exasperate your mistress and make her more angry now than she was before. But let me go hence in peace.

MELIBEA. What sayest thou to her, mother?

CELEST. Nothing, madame, we have done already.

MELIBEA. Nay, you must tell me what you said to her; for I cannot abide that anybody should speak anything in my presence, and I not have a part therein. And therefore without any more ado, let me know it.

CELEST. I entreated her to put your ladyship in mind of the charm, that it might be writ out ready for me, and that she should learn of me to temper herself in the time of your anger, putting her in mind of that ancient adage, 'From an angry man get thee gone but for a while, but from an enemy for ever.' But you, madame, had only a quarrel to those words of mine which you suspected, and not any enmity to my person. And say they had been such as you conceited them, yet were they not so bad as you would have made them to be. For it is every day's experience to see men pained and tormented for women, and women as much for men. And this Nature worketh, and Nature, you know, is craftsmaster, and works nothing that is ill: so that my demand, you see, was, as my desire was it should be, in itself commendable, as having its growth from so good a root. Many the like reasons could I render you, were not prolixity tedious to the hearer and hurtful to the speaker.

MELIBEA. Thou hast shown a great deal of temper, as well in saying little, when thou saw'st me angry, as also in thy great and singular sufferance.

CELESTINA. Madame, I endured your chiding with fear, because I knew you were angry with reason. Besides, a fit of anger is but like a flash of lightning; which made me the more willing to give way, till your heat were overpast.

MELIBEA. This gentleman is beholding unto you, whom I recommend to your care.

CELEST. Not so, madame; his deserts challenge more at my hands. And if by my entreaties I have done him any good, I fear me, by my over-long stay I have done him as much harm. And therefore if your ladyship will license me, I will haste to see how he does.

MELIBEA. Hadst thou spoke for it sooner, sooner hadst thou been sped. Go thy ways, and a good luck with thee: for neither thy coming hither hath done me any good, nor thy going hence can do me any harm, thy message being as bootless as thy departure shall be harmless.

ACTUS V

THE ARGUMENT

CELESTINA, *having taken her leave of* Melibea, *trudges along the street mumbling and muttering to herself. Being come home, there she found* Sempronio, *who stayed expecting her return. They go both talking together, till they come to* Calisto's *house. And being espied by* Parmeno, *he tells it his master, who wills him to open the door.*

INTERLOCUTORS

Celestina, Sempronio, Parmeno, Calisto.

CELESTINA. O cruel encounter! O daring and discreet attempt! O great and singular sufferance! O how near had I been to my death, if my much subtlety and cunning craft had not shifted in time the sails of my suit! O braving menaces of a gallant lady! O angry and enraged damsel! O thou devil whom I conjured! O how well hast thou kept thy word with me in all that I desired! I am much bound unto thee; so handsomely hast thou appeased this cruel dame by thy mighty power, and afforded me so fit a place and opportunity, by reason of her mother's absence, to utter my mind unto her. O thou old Celestina, cheer up thy heart, and think with thyself that things are half ended, when they are well begun! O thou oil of serpents! O thou delicate white thread! how have you bestirred yourselves in my business! Whose favourable furtherance if I had not found, I would utterly have broken and destroyed all the enchantments which either I have already, or hereafter are to be made; nor would I ever any more have had any belief in herbs, stones, or words. Be merry then, old stinkard, frolic with thyself, old wench, for thou shalt get more by this one suit than by soldering of fifteen cracked maidenheads. A pox upon these long and large plaitings in my petticoats; fie how they rumple and fold themselves about my legs, hindering my feet from hasting thither, whither I desire my good news should come! O good fortune, what a friend art thou to the valiant! What a foe to those that are fearful! Nor by flying doth the coward fly death. O how many failed of that which I have effected! How many have struck at, but missed that nail, which myself only have hit on the head! What in so strong and dangerous a strait as this would these young graduates in my art have done? Perhaps have bolted out some foolish word or other to Melibea, whereby they would have lost as much by their prattling as I have gained by my silence. And therefore it is an old saying, 'Let him play that hath skill;' and that the better physician is he that hath experience than he that hath learning: for experience and frequent warnings make men artists in their professions; and it must be such an old woman as I am, who at every little channel holds up her coats, and treads the streets with leisurely steps, that shall prove a proficient in her trade. O girdle, my pretty girdle, let me hug thee a little! O how my heart leaps in looking upon thee! If I live, I will make thee bring her to me by force, who is so unwilling to come to me of her own accord, that I had much ado to get a good word from her.

SEMP. Either mine eyes are not matches or that is Celestina. Now the devil go with her! how her gown comes dragging on the ground! How the skirts of her coat trouble her! How her mouth goes! Sure, she is muttering something to herself.

CELEST. Why dost thou keep such a crossing of thyself? I believe thou blessest thyself to see me.

SEMP. I will tell thee why. Rarity, you know, is the mother of admiration; and admiration being conceived in the eyes entereth straight into the mind; and the mind is enforced again by the eyes, to discover itself by these outward signs. Who did ever see thee walk the streets before with thy head hanging in thy bosom, with thy eyes cast down to the ground? Who did ever see thee go thus mumbling of thy words to thyself? And to come in such post-haste, as if thou wert going to get a benefice? So that the rarity and strangeness thereof makes those who know thee, to wonder what it should mean. But to let this pass; tell me of all loves, what good news thou bringest. Say, is it a son or a daughter? That is, whether we have sped well or ill? For ever since one of the clock I have waited here for you; all which while, I have had no greater or better token of comfort than that of your long staying.

CELEST. This foolish rule, my son, is not always true: for had I stayed but one hour longer, I might perhaps have left my nose behind me, and two other noses had I had them and my tongue to boot; so that the longer I had stayed, the dearer it would have cost me.

SEMPR. Good mother, as you love me, go not hence, till you have told me all.

CELEST. Sempronio, my friend, neither have I time to stay here, nor is this a fit place to tell it thee. Come, go along with me to Calisto, and thou shalt hear wonders, my bully. For by communicating myself to many, I should as it were deflower my embassage, whose maidenhead I mean to bestow on your master; for I will that from mine own mouth, he hear what I have done; for though thou shalt have parcel of the profit, I mind to have all the thanks for my labour.

SEMPR. What? Are you at your parcels now? Do you think, Celestina, to put me to my parcels? *Though you shall have your parcel*; marry, come up! I tell you plainly, I do not like this word, that I do not. And therefore parcel me no more of your parcels.

CELEST. Go to, you fool; hold your peace, be it part or parcel, man, thou shalt have what thou wilt thyself. Do but ask, and have; what is mine is thine: let us laugh and be merry, and benefit ourselves the best that we can: hang all this trash, this putrified dirt, rather than thou and I should fall out about dividing the spoil; yet must I tell you (which is no more than yourself knows) that old folks have more need than young; especially you, who live at full table, upon free cost.

SEMPR. There goes more, I wis, to a man's life than eating and drinking.

CEL. What, son? A dozen of points, a hat, or a stone-bow, to go from house to house shooting at birds, aiming at other birds with your eye, that take their standing in windows. I mean pretty wenches, you fool, such birds, you madcap, as have no wings to fly from you: you know my meaning, sir; for there is no better bawd for them than a bow, under colour whereof thou mayest enter any house whatsoever, making it thy excuse to seek after some bird thou shootst at, etc. It is your only delicate trick you can use. But woe, Sempronio, unto her, who is to uphold and maintain her credit, and begins to grow old as I now do!

SEMPR. O cogging old hag! O old bawd, full filled with mischief! O covetous and greedy cormorant! O ravenous glutton! I perceive she would as willingly cozen me, as I would my master; and all to enrich herself. But seeing she is so wickedly minded, and cares not who perish, so as she may thrive, I will mar her market; I will look to her water hereafter; I will keep her from fingering any more crowns; nor will I any longer rent out the gains unto her, which I make of my master, but reserve the profits for myself: or rather (which is the surer and honester course) seek to save his purse, and play the good husband for him. For he that riseth by lewd and unlawful means, comes tumbling down faster than he clambered up. Oh! how hard a thing is it to know man! True is that vulgar saying, no manner of merchandise or beast is half so hard to be known. Cursed old witch, she is as false as truth is truth; I think the devil brought me acquainted with her: it had been better for me to have fled from this venomous viper, than to put her, as I have done, in my bosom; but it was mine own fault, I can blame nobody but myself: and therefore let her gain what she can gain, be it by right or wrong; I will keep my word with her.

CELESTINA. What sayest thou, Sempronio? Whom dost thou talk to? Goest thou gnawing of my skirts? What is that thou grumblest at? Why comest thou not forward?

SEMPR. That which I say, mother Celestina, is this; that I do not marvel that you are mutable; for therein you do but as others have done before you, following that common track that many more have trod in: you told me, you would defer this business, leading my master along in a fool's paradise; and now thou runn'st headlong without either sense or wit, to tell Calisto of all that hath passed. Know'st thou not that men esteem those things most, which are most difficult to be achieved? And prize them the more, the more hardly they come by them? Besides, is not every day of his pain unto us a double gain?

CELEST. A wise man altereth his purpose, but a fool persevereth in his folly; a new business requires new counsel, and various accidents, various advice. Nor did I think, son Sempronio, that fortune would have befriended me so soon. Besides, it is the part of a discreet messenger to do that which the time requires; especially whenas the quality of the business cannot conceal or admit of dissembled time. And moreover, I know that thy master (as I have heard) is liberal, and somewhat of a womanish longing; and therefore will give more for one day of good news than for a hundred, wherein he is pained. And with his pain mine will be increased, his in loving, and mine in trudging to and fro. For your quick and speedy pleasures beget alteration; and great alteration doth hinder deliberation. Again, where will you find goodness, but in that which is good? And nobleness of blood, but in large and long continued rewards? Peace, you fool, let me alone with him, and you shall see how your old woman will handle him.

SEMPR. Then tell me what passed concerning that noble lady. Acquaint me but with one word of her mouth; for trust me, I long as much to know her answer as my master doth.

CELEST. Peace, you fool. What? Does your complexion change? Does your colour alter? I know by your nose what porridge you love. You had rather have the taste than scent of this business. Come, I prithee, let us hie us, for thy master will be ready to run mad, if we stay over-long.

SEM. And I am little better, because you will not stay and tell me.

(*Calisto's house*) PARME. Master, master!

CALISTO. What's the matter, you fool?

PARM. I see Sempronio and Celestina coming towards the house. And at every step they make a stop; and look where they stand still, there Sempronio, with the point of his sword, makes streaks and lines in the ground. It is some earnest matter sure that they are debating, but what it should be, I cannot devise.

CALISTO. O thou careless absurd ass, canst thou descry land, and not make to the shore ? See them coming, and not hie thee to open the door ? O thou Supreme Deity ! with what come they ? What news do they bring ? Whose stay hath been so long, that I have longed more for their coming than the end of my remedy. O my sad ears, prepare yourselves for that which you are now to hear ; for in Celestina's mouth rests either my present ease, or eternal heart-grief. O that I could fall into a slumber, and pass away this short, this little, little space of time, in a dream wherein I might see the beginning and ending of her speech. Now I verily believe, that more painful to a felon is the expecting of that his cruel and capital sentence, than the act itself of his certain and fore-known death. O leaden-heeled Parmeno, slower than the snail, dead-handed as thou art, dispatch, I say, and unbolt this troublesome door, that this honourable woman may enter in, in whose tongue lies my life.

CEL. (*without*) Dost thou hear him, Sempronio ? Your master is now of another temper ; these words are of another tune than those we lately heard both of Parmeno and him, at our first coming hither. The matter I see is well amended ; there is never a word I shall tell him, but shall be better to old Celestina than a new petticoat.

SEMPR. Make at your coming in, as though you did not see Calisto, using some good words as you go.

CELEST. Peace, Sempronio ; though I have hazarded my life for him, yet Calisto's own worth, and his and your joint entreaties merit much more than this. And I hope, he will well reward me for my pains, being so frank and noble a gentleman as he is.

ACTUS VI

THE ARGUMENT

CELESTINA *being entered* Calisto's *house,* Calisto *with great affection and earnestness demandeth of her, what had happened betwixt her and* Melibea. *While they continue talking together,* Parmeno *hearing* Celestina *speak wholly for herself and her own private profit, turning himself towards* Sempronio, *at every word he gives her a nip, for the which he is reprehended by* Sempronio. *In the end, old* Celestina *discovers to* Calisto *all the whole business, and shews him the girdle she brought from* Melibea. *And so taking her leave of* Calisto, *she gets her home to her own house, taking* Parmeno *along with her.*

INTERLOCUTORS

Calisto, Celestina, Parmeno, Sempronio.

CALISTO. What good news, mother ? Speak, dear mother.

CELEST. O my good lord and master Calisto, how is it ? How is it with you ? O my new lover (and not without just cause) of fairest Melibea ! How canst thou make this old woman amends, who hath hazarded her life in thy service ? What woman was ever driven to such narrow shifts ? The very thought whereof makes my heart to faint, emptying my vital veins of all their blood. I would have given my life for less than the price of this old tattered mantle, which you see here on my back.

PARME. Thou art all, I see, for thyself. That is it thou shoot'st at. Thou art like a lettuce, that grows betwixt two cole-worts ; if thou be let alone, thou wilt over-top them. The next word I look for, is that she beg a kirtle for her mantle : thou art all, I perceive, for thyself, and wilt not ask anything whereof others may have part. The old woman will implume him, not leaving him so much as one feather ; how cunningly does she work him ! how craftily pitch her nets to catch me and my master, seeking to make me faithless, and him foolish! Do but mark her, Sempronio, be still, and give her but the hearing, and you shall see, she will not demand any money of my master, because it is divisible.

SEMPRO. Peace, thou despairful fellow, lest Calisto kill thee, if he chance to hear thee.

CALISTO. Good mother, either cut off thy discourse, or take thou this sword and kill me.

PARM. Now, what a devil ails he? He shakes and quivers like a fellow that hath had his senses over-touched with quicksilver. Look, he cannot stand on his legs; would I could help him to his tongue, that I might hear him speak again: sure, he cannot live long, if this fit continue. We shall get well by this his love, shall we not? Every man his mourning weed, and there's an end.

CELEST. Your sword, sir. Now I hope not. What? Take your sword and kill you? There's a word indeed to kill my heart. No; let your sword serve to kill your enemies and such as wish you harm. As for me, I will give thee life, man, by that good hope, which I have in her, whom thou lovest best.

CALISTO. Good hope, mother?

CELESTINA. Ay, good hope; and well may it be called so, since that the gates are set open for my second return. And shall I tell you? She will sooner receive me in this poor tattered gown and kirtle than others in their silks and cloth of gold.

PARME. Sempronio, sew me up this mouth; for I can no longer hold. A pox on her, she hath hedged in the kirtle to her gown. Could not one alone have contented her?

SEMPR. You will hold your peace, will you not? By Jove you were best be quiet, or I shall set you hence in a devil's name. What? Is there no ho with you? Say she beg her apparel of him, what's that to thee? she does well in it; and I commend her for it, having such need thereof as she has. And thou know'st, where the flamen sings, there hath he his offerings; he must have food and raiment.

PAR. True, he hath so; but as his service is, so is his allowance; he sings all the year long for it: and this old jade would in one day for treading some three steps cast off all her rugged hairs, and get her a new coat; which is more than she could well do these fifty years.

SEM. Is this all the good she taught thee? Is all your old acquaintance come to this? Is this all the obligation you owe her for her pains in breeding you up? Sure, she has brought her hogs to a good market, in bestowing so great kindness on so very a pig.

PAR. I could be well content that she should pill and poll, ask and have, shave and cut, but not cut out all the cloth for her own coat.

SEMPR. It is her fault, I must confess, but other vice hath she none, save only that she is a little too covetous. But let her alone, and give her leave to provide straw, first for to thatch her own walls, and to lay the joists first of her own house, then afterwards shall she board ours; else had it been better for her she had never known us.

CALISTO. Mother, as you love goodness, if you be a good woman, tell me what was she doing? How got you into the house? How was she apparelled? On which side of the house did you find her? What countenance did she shew thee at thy first entrance? How did she look on thee?

CELEST. With such a look and countenance, as your brave fierce bulls use towards those that cast sharp darts against them, when they come for to be baited; or like your wild boars, when they make towards those mastiffs which set upon them.

CALISTO. Be these thy good hopes? These signs of health? What then are those that are mortal? Why, death itself could not be half so deadly. For that would ease and rid me of this my torment, than which none is greater, none more grievous.

SEMP. These are my master's former fires; he renews afresh his wonted flames: what a strange kind of man is he? He hath not the patience to stay to hear that which so earnestly he hath desired.

PARMENO. Now, sir, who talks now? I must not speak a word; but did my master hear you, he would cudgel your coat as well as mine.

SEMPR. Some evil fire consume thee! for thou speakest prejudicially of all; but I offend no man. Let some intolerable mortal disease or some pestilent plague seize upon thee and consume thee, thou quarrelsome, contentious, envious, and accursed caitiff! Is this thy friendship, this the amity thou hast contracted with Celestina and me ? Go with the devil's name, if this be thy love.

CALISTO. If thou wilt not, thou that art sole queen and sovereign of my life, that I die desperate, and that my soul go condemned from hence to perpetual pain (so impatient am I of hearing these things) delay me no longer, but certify me briefly, whether thy glorious demand had a happy end or no ? As also whether that cruel and stern look of that impious face, whose frowns murder as many as they are bent against, sorted to a gentle entertaining of thy suit ? For all that I have heard hitherto, are rather tokens of hate than of love.

CELESTINA. The greatest glory, which is given to that secret office of the bee, which little creature of nature the discreeter sort ought to imitate, is that whatsoever he toucheth, he converteth it into a better substance than in itself it was. In like manner hath it so befallen me with those coy and squeamish speeches of Melibea and all other her scornful and disdainful behaviours ; all her sour looks and words I turned into honey, her anger into mildness, her fury into gentleness, and her running from me into running to me. Tell me, man, what didst thou think Celestina went thither for ? What would she make there, whom you have already rewarded beyond her desert, unless it were to pacify her fury, to oppose myself to all accidents, to be your shield and buckler in your absence, to receive upon my mantle all the blows that were struck at you, to endure those revilings, bitter tauntings, and those disdainful terms, which such as she is usually make show of, when they are first sued unto for their love. And why forsooth do they this ? Only to the end that what they give may the better be esteemed ; and therefore they still speak worst of him whom they love best, and make a show of most dislike, where they like most. Which if it should not be so, there would be no difference between the love of a common whore, and an honest damsel that stands upon her honour, if every one should say yea, as soon as she is asked. And therefore, when they see a man loves them, though themselves burn and fry in the liveliest flames of love, yet for modesty's sake, they will outwardly show a coldness of affection, a sober countenance, a pleasing kind of strangeness, a constant mind, a chaste intent, and pour forth words as sharp as vinegar, that their own tongues wonder at this their great sufferance, making them forcibly to confess that with their mouths, whose contrary is contained in their hearts. But because I would have thee have some ease of thy sorrows and take some repose, whilst I relate at large unto thee all the words that passed between her and me, and by what means I made my first entrance into Melibea's house, know for thy comfort, that the end of her discourse was very good.

CALISTO. Now, dear mother, that you have given me assurance, that I may boldly with comfort expect the extremest vigour of her answer, say what thou wilt, and I shall be attentive thereunto. Now my heart is at rest; now my thoughts are quiet; now my veins receive and recover their lost blood; now have I lost my fear; now do I find some joy; now am I cheerful. Let us (if it please you) go up; where in my chamber you shall report that at full, which I have heard in brief.

CELESTINA. With all my heart, sir. Come, let us go.

PARME. O what starting holes does this fool seek for to fly from us, that he may at his pleasure weep for joy with Celestina, and discover unto her a thousand secrets of his light and doting appetite! First, to ask her, I know not how oft of every particular; and then have her answer him to the same, six several times one after another, and never to make an end, but over and over and over with it again, having nobody by to tell him how tedious he is. Fie upon him, I am sick to think upon it! Go your ways, you fool! Get you up with a murrain! but we will not stay long after you.

CALISTO. Mark, mother, how Parmeno goes mumbling to himself; see how the slave crosses himself, to hear what thou hast brought to pass by thy great diligence! Observe in what a maze he stands! Look, look, Celestina, dost thou see what he is doing? See and the villain does not cross himself again? Come up, up, up; and sit you down, I pray, whilst I on my knees give ear to thy sweet answer. Say on, and tell me quickly, by what means thou gottest into the house?

CELEST. By selling a parcel of thread which I had; by which trick I have taken in my days more than thirty of as good worth and quality as herself (so it pleased fortune to favour me in this world) and some better women, I wis, and of greater rank, were she more honourable than she is.

CALISTO. Greater, mother, perhaps in body, but not in nobleness of birth, not in state, not in beauty, not in discretion, not in stateliness, linked with gracefulness and merit, not in virtue, nor in speech.

PARME. Now the fool's steel begins to strike fire; now his bells begin to jangle; mark how his clock goes; it never strikes under twelve; the finger of his dial-point is still upon high noon; all upon the most. Sempronio, tell the clock, keep true reckoning, how standst thou gazing like a wide-mouthed drivelling fool, hearing his fooleries and her lies?

SEMPR. O thou venomous-tongued villain, thou railing rascal, why shouldst thou alone stop thy ears at that, to which all the world besides is willing to hearken? And say they are but tales and fables which she tells him, yet were it only but for this, that their discourses are of love, thou oughtst to lend them a willing attention.

CELEST. Noble Calisto, let thy ears be open to that which I shall tell thee, and thou shalt see what thy good fortune and my great care have effected for thee. For, when I was about to pitch a price of my thread, and to sell it, Melibea's mother was called away to go visit a sister of hers, that lay exceeding sick: and because she could not stay with me herself (so necessary was her absence), she left Melibea to conclude the bargain, and to drive such a price with me as she should think fit.

CALISTO. O joy beyond compare! O singular opportunity! O seasonable time! O that I had lain hid underneath thy mantle, that I might have heard her but speak, on whom heaven hath so plentifully poured forth the fullness of his graces!

CELESTINA. Under my mantle, noble sir? Alack, poor soul as I am, what would you have done there? Why, she must needs have seen you at least through thirty holes, should not fortune give me a better.

PARM. Well, I will get me gone; I say nothing, Sempronio; hear you all for me: I will be hanged, if the fool my master do not measure with his thoughts, how many steps there be between this and Melibea's house, and if he not contemplate every kind of action and gesture she might use, as how she looked, how she stood, when she was bargaining for the thread. All his senses, all the powers and faculties of his soul are wholly taken up, and possessed with her: but he will find in the end, that my counsel would have done him more good than all the cunning tricks and cozenages of Celestina.

CALISTO. What's the matter with you there? I am hearing of a cause, that concerns no less than my life; and you keep a-tattling and a-prattling there (as you still use to do) to trouble and molest me in my business, and provoke me to anger: as you love me, hold your tongues, and you will die with delight; such pleasure will you take in the repetition of her singular diligence; go on, dear mother, what didst thou do, when thou saw'st thou wast left all alone?

CELEST. O sir, I was so overjoyed, that whosoever had seen me, might have read in my face the merriment of my heart.

CALISTO. It is so now with me; but how much more had a man beforehand conceived some such image in his mind? But tell me, wast thou not stricken dumb with this so sudden and unexpected an accident?

CELEST. No. But rather grew thereby the bolder to utter my mind unto her; it was the thing that I desired; it was even as I would have wished it: there was nothing could have fell out so pat for me, as to see myself all alone with her. Then began I to open the very bowels and entrails of my heart; then did I deliver my embassage, and told her in what extreme pain you lived, and how that one word of her mouth proceeding favourably from her would ease you of your mighty torment. And as one standing in suspense, looking wisely and steadily upon me, somewhat amazed at the strangeness of my message, hearkening very attentively, till she might come to know who this should be, that, for want of a word of her mouth, lived in such great pain, and what manner of man he might be, whom her tongue was able to cure in naming you unto her, she did cut off my words, and with her hand struck herself a blow on the breast, as one that had heard some strange and fearful news, charging me to cease my prattle, and to get me out of her sight, unless I would her servants should become my executioners, and make short work with me in these my old and latter days;

aggravating my audacious boldness, calling me witch, sorceress, bawd, old whore, false baggage, bearded miscreant, the mother of mischief, and many other more ignominious names, wherewithal they fear children. And when she had ended with her bugbears, she began to fall into often swoonings and trances, making many strange gestures, full of fear and amazement, all her senses being troubled, her blood boiling within her, throwing herself this way and that way, bearing in a strange kind of manner the members of her body one against another; and then in a strong and violent fashion being wounded with that golden shaft, which at the very voicing of your name had struck her to the heart, writhing and winding her body, her hands and fingers being clenched one within another, like one struggling and striving for life, that you would have thought she would have rent them asunder, hurling and rolling her eyes on every side, striking the hard ground with her tender feet. Now I all this while stood me still in a corner, like a cloth that is shrunk in the wetting, as close as I could for my life, not saying so much as any one word unto her, yet glad with all my heart, to see her in this cruel and pitiful taking. And the more her throbs and pangs were, the more did I laugh in my sleeve at it; because I thereby knew, her yielding would be the sooner, and her fall the nearer: yet must I tell you, that whilst her anger did foam out its froth, I did not suffer my thoughts to be idle, nor give them leave to run a-wool-gathering, but recollecting myself and calling my wits about me, I took hold on Time's fore-top, and found a salve to heal that hurt, which myself had made.

CALISTO. Dear mother, thou hast told me that which, whilst I was hearing thee, I had forecasted in mine own judgment, I did still dream it would come to this; but I do not see how thou couldst light upon a fit excuse, that might serve the turn, and prove good enough to cover and colour the suspicion of thy demand; though I know that thou art exceeding wise, and in all that thou dost (to my seeming) more than a woman, sithence that, as thou didst prognosticate her answer, so didst thou in time provide thee of thy reply. What could that Tuscan champion, so much famoused throughout all Italy, have done more? Whose renown (hadst thou then been living) had been quite lost; who three days before she died divined of the death of her old husband and her two sons. Now do I believe that which is so commonly spoken, that a woman is never to seek for an answer; and though it be the weaker sex, yet is their wit more quick and nimble than that of men.

CELEST. Say you me so, sir? Well, let it be so then. I told her, your torment was the toothache, and that the word which I craved of her, was a kind of prayer or charm, which she knew to be very good and of great power against that pain.

CALISTO. O admirable craft! O rare woman in thy art! O cunning creature! O speedy remedy! O discreet deliverer of a message! What human understanding is able to reach unto so high a means of help? And I verily persuade myself that, if our age might purchase those years past, wherein Æneas and Dido lived, Venus would not have taken so much pains, for to attract the love of Elisa to her son, causing Cupid to assume the form of Ascanius, the better to deceive her, but would (to make short work of the business) have made choice of thee to mediate the matter: and therefore do I hold my death happily employed, since that I have put it into such hands, and I shall evermore be of this mind that, if my desire obtain not its wished effect, yet know I not what could be done more, according to nature, for my good and welfare. What think you now, my masters? What can ye imagine more? Was there ever the like woman born in this world? Had she ever her fellow?

CELESTINA. Sir, do not stop me in the course of my speech. Give me leave to go on, for night draws on. And you know, he that does ill, hateth the light.

CALISTO. How? What's that? No, by no means; for heaven's sake, do not offer it, you shall have torches, you shall have pages, any of my servants, make choice of whom you will to accompany you home.

PARME. O yes, in any case! I pray take care of her; because she is young and handsome, and may chance to be ravished by the way. Sempronio, thou shalt go with her, because she is afraid of the crickets, which chirp in the dark, as she goes home to her house.

CALISTO. Son Parmeno, what's that thou said'st?

PARME. I said, sir, it were meet that I and Sempronio should accompany her home; for it is very dark.

CALISTO. It is well said, Parmeno: you shall by and by. Proceed, I pray, in your discourse, and tell me what farther passed between you. What answer made she for the charm?

CELEST. Marry, that with all her heart I should have it.

CALISTO. With all her heart? O Jove! How gracious and how great a gift!

CELEST. Nay, this is not all; I craved more than this.

CALISTO. What, my honest old woman?

CELEST. Her girdle, which continually she wore about her, affirming that it was very good for the allaying of your pain, because of some supereminent influence from the Sibylla Cumana.

CALISTO. But what said she?

CELESTINA. Give me *albricias*, reward me for my good news, and I will tell you all.

CALISTO. Take my whole house, and all that is in it, on condition you tell me; or else besides what thou wilt.

CELESTINA. Give but this poor old woman a mantle, and I will give that into thy hand, which she wears about her.

CALISTO. What dost thou talk of a mantle? Tut, a kirtle, a petticoat, anything, all that I have.

CELEST. It is a mantle that I need; that alone shall content me; enlarge not therefore your liberality: let not any suspectful doubt interpose itself in my demand; my request is reasonable, and you know, it is a common saying, 'To offer much to him that asketh but a little is a kind of denial.'

CALISTO. Run, Parmeno, call hither my tailor, and let him presently cut her out a mantle and a kirtle of that fine pure cloth, which he took to cottoning.

PARM. So, so; all for the old woman; because like the bee, she comes home laden with lies, as he does with honey: as for me, I may go work out my heart, and go hang myself when I have done, whilst she with a pox must have every day change of raiment.

CALISTO. Now the devil go with him, with what an ill will does he go? I think there is not any man living so ill served as I am; maintaining men that devise nothing but mischief, murmurers, grudgers of my good, repiners of my prosperity, and enemies to my happiness. Thou villain, what goest thou mumbling to thyself? Thou envious wretch, what is that thou sayest? for I understand thee not. Do as I command you, you were best, and that quickly too. Get you gone with a murrain, and vex me no more, for I have grief enough already to bring me to my grave. There will as much of the piece be left (which remnant you may take for yourself) as will serve to make you a jerkin.

PARM. I say nothing, sir, but that it is too late to have the tailor for to come to-night.

CAL. And have not I told you, that I would have you not divine of things aforehand, but to do as I bid you? Let it alone then till to-morrow: and for you, mother, let me entreat you out of your love to me, to have patience until then; for that is not auferred, which is but deferred. Now I pray let me see that glorious girdle, which was held so worthy to engirt so goodly a body, that these my eyes together with the rest of my senses may enjoy so great a happiness, since that together they have all of them been a little affected with passion. My afflicted heart shall also rejoice therein, which hath not had one minute of delight, since it first knew that lady. All my senses have been wounded by her, all of them have brought whole basketfuls of trouble to my heart. Every one of them hath vexed and tormented it all they could, the eyes in seeing her, the ears in hearing her, and the hands in touching her.

CELEST. Ha! what's that? Have you touched her with your hands? You make me startle.

CALISTO. Dreaming of her, I say, in my sleep.

CELESTINA. Oh! in your dreams; that's another matter.

CALISTO. In my dreams have I seen her so oft, night by night, that I fear me, that will happen unto me, which befell Alcibiades, who dreamed that he saw himself enwrapped in his mistress's mantle, and was the next day murdered, and found none to remove him from forth the common street, no, nor any to cover him, save only she, who did spread her mantle over him. Though I for my part, be it alive or dead, would any way be glad to see myself clothed with anything that is hers.

CELESTINA. You have punishment, sir, enough already; for when others take their rest in their beds, thou preparest thyself to suffer thy next day's torment. Be of good courage, sir. Pluck up your heart: after a tempest follows a calm;

afford thy desire some time; take unto thee this girdle: for if death prevent me not, I will deliver the owner thereof into thy hands.

CALISTO. O new guest! O happy girdle! which hast had such power and worth in thee, as to hedge in that body, and be its enclosure, which myself am not worthy to serve. O ye knots of my passion, it is you that have entangled my desires; tell me if thou wert present at that uncomfortable answer of fairest she, whom thou servest and I adore. And yet the more I torment myself for her sake, mourning and lamenting night and day, the less it avails me and the less it profits me.

CELEST. It is an old proverb, 'He that labours least, oftentimes gets most.' But I will make thee by thy labouring, to obtain that which by being negligent thou shouldst never achieve. For Zamora was not won in an hour; yet did not her besiegers for all this despair. No more was Rome built in one day, nor Troy ruined in a year.

CALISTO. O unfortunate that I am! For cities are encircled and walled in with stones; and stones by stones are easily overthrown. But this my dear lady hath her heart environed with steel; there is no metal that can prevail against her; no shot of that force, as to make a breach; and should ladders be reared to scale the walls, she hath eyes which let fly darts of repulsion, and a tongue which dischargeth whole volleys of reproaches, if you once approach, forcing you to stand farther off, and so inaccessible is her castle, that you cannot come near it by half a league.

CELEST. No more, good sir, no more; bridle your passion; for the stout courage and hardy boldness of one man did get Troy. Doubt not then but one woman may work upon another, and at last win her unto thee; thou hast little frequented my house, thou art ignorant of my courses, thou know'st not what I can do.

CALISTO. Say, mother, what thou wilt, and I will believe thee, since thou hast brought me so great a jewel, as is this. O thou glory of my soul, and encircler of so incomparable a creature; I behold thee, and yet believe it not. O girdle, girdle, thou lovely lace! Wast thou mine enemy too? Tell me the truth; if thou wert, I forgive thee: for it is proper unto good men to forgive. But I do not believe it; for hadst thou likewise been my foe, thou wouldst not have come so soon to my hands, unless thou hadst come to disblame and excuse thy doings. I conjure thee that thou answer me truly, by the virtue of that great power, which thy lady hath over me.

CELESTINA. Cease, good sir, this vain and idle humour; for my ears are tired with attention, and the girdle almost worn out with your often handling.

CALISTO. O wretch that I am! Far better had it been for me, had the heavens made me so happy, that thou hadst been made and woven of these mine own arms, and not of silk, as now thou art, that they might have daily rejoiced in clasping and enclosing with due reverence those members, which thou without sense or feeling, not knowing what it is to enjoy so great a glory, holdest still in strict embracements. O what secrets shouldst thou then have seen of that so excellent an image!

CELEST. Thou shalt see more and enjoy more, in a more ample and better manner, if thou lose it not by talking as thou dost.

CALISTO. Peace, good mother, give me leave a little; for this and I well understand one another. O my eyes, call to your remembrance, how that ye were the cause of my ill, and the very door, through which my heart was wounded; and that he is seen to do the hurt, who doth give the cause of the harm. Call to your remembrance, I say, that ye are debtors to my welfare. Look here upon your medicine, which is come home to your own house to cure you.

SEMPR. Sir, it is not your rejoicing in this girdle, that can make you to enjoy Melibea.

CALISTO. How like a fool thou pratest without either wit or reason? Thou disturber of my delight, what meanest thou by this?

SEMPR. Marry, that by talking and babbling so much as you do, you kill both yourself, and those which hear you; and so by consequence, overthrow both thy life and understanding; either of which to want, is sufficient to leave you darkling, and say goodnight to the world. Cut off your discourse therefore and listen unto Celestina, and hear what she will say unto thee.

CALISTO. Mother, are my words troublesome unto you? Or is this fellow drunk?

CELEST. Howbeit they be not, yet should you not talk thus as you do; but rather give an end to these your long complaints. Use a girdle like a girdle, that you may know to make a difference of your words, when you come to Melibea's presence; let not your tongue equal the apparel with the person, making no distinction betwixt her and her garments.

CALISTO. O my much honoured matron, my mother, my comfortress! Let me glad myself a little with this messenger of my glory. O my tongue! Why dost thou hinder thyself in entertaining any other discourse, leaving off to adore that present excellency, which, peradventure, thou shalt never see in thy power? O ye my hands! With what presumption, with what slender reverence, do you touch that treacle, which must cure my wound! Now that poison cannot hurt me, wherewith that cruel shot of Cupid hath its sharp point deeply indipped. For now I am safe, since that she who gave me my wound, gives me also my medicine. O dear Celestina! Thou that art the delight of all old dames, the joy of young wenches, the ease of the afflicted, and comfort of such comfortless wretches as myself; do not punish me more with fear of thee, than I am already punished with shame of myself; suffer me to let loose the reins of my contemplation; give me leave to go forth into the streets with this jewel, that they who see me may know, that there is not any man more happy than myself.

SEMPR. Do not infistulate your wound by clapping on it still more and more desire. Sir, it is not this string nor this girdle alone, wherein your remedy must depend.

CALISTO. I know it well, yet have I not the power to abstain from adoring so great a relic! So rich a gift!

CELEST. That's a gift, which is given gratis; but you know that she did this for to ease your toothache, and to close up your wounds, and not for any respect or love, which she bears to you: but if I live, she shall turn the leaf, ere I leave her.

CALISTO. But the charm you talked of?

CELESTINA. She hath not given it me yet.

CALISTO. And what was the cause why she did not?

CELESTINA. The shortness of time; and therefore willed me that, if your pain did not decrease, I should return to her again to-morrow.

CALISTO. Decrease? Then shall my pain decrease, when I see a decrease of her cruelty.

CELEST. Sir, content yourself with that, which hath hitherto been said and done; she is already bound, I have shewed you, how, as farforth as she is able, she will be ready to yield you any help for this infirmity of yours, which I shall crave at her hands. And tell me, I pray, if this be not well for the first bout. Well, I will now get me home; and in any case, have a care that if you chance to-morrow to walk abroad, that you go muzzled about the cheeks with a cloth, that she seeing you so bound about the chaps may not accuse me of petitioning a falsehood.

CALISTO. Nay, to do you service, I will not stick to clap on four double cloths: but of all loves tell me, passed there anything more between you? For I die out of longing, for to hear the words which flow from so sweet a mouth. How didst thou dare, not knowing her, be so bold, to shew thyself so familiar, both in thy entrance and thy demand?

CELEST. Not knowing her? They were my neighbours for four years together; I dealt with them; I conversed with them; I talked with them and laughed together with them day and night. Oh! how merry we have been! Her mother, why she knows me better than her own hands: and Melibea too, though now she be grown so tall, so great, so courteous and discreet a lady.

PARMENO. Sempronio, a word with you in your ear.

SEMPRONIO. Say on: what's the matter?

PARMENO. Marry this: Celestina's attention gives matter to our master to enlarge his discourse; give her a touch on the toe, or make some sign to her that she may be gone and not wait thus as she doth upon his answers. For there is no man, be he never so much a fool, that speaks much when he is all alone.

CALISTO. Didst thou say Melibea was courteous? I think it was but in a mock. Was her like ever born into the world? Did God ever create a better or more perfect body? Can the like proportion be painted by any pencil? Is she not that paragon of beauty, from whence all eyes may copy forth a true pattern of inimitable excellence? If Helen were now alive, for whom so great a slaughter was made of Greeks and Trojans, or fair Polixena, both of them would have done their reverence to this lady, for whom I languish. If she had been present in that contention for the apple with the three goddesses, the name of contention had never been questioned; for without any contradiction they would all of them have yielded, and jointly have given their consent, that Melibea should have borne it from them, so that it should rather have been called the apple of concord than of discord. Besides, as many women as are now born, and do know her, curse themselves and their fortune, complaining of heaven, because it did not remember them, when it made her, consuming as well their bodies as their lives with envy, being ready to eat their own flesh for very anger, still augmenting martyrdoms to themselves, thinking to equal that perfection by art, which Nature had bestowed upon her without any labour. They pill and dis-hair their eyebrows with nippers, with plasters of pitch or barm, and other the like instruments: they seek after wall-wort, and the like herbs, roots, sprigs, and flowers to make lyes, wherewithal to bring their hair to the colour of hers, spoiling and martyring their faces, clothing them with divers colourings, glistenings, paintings, unctions, ointments, strong waters, white and red pargetings, which, to avoid prolixity, I repeat not. Now judge then, whether she whom Nature hath so richly beautified be worthy the love and service of so mean a man as myself.

CELEST. Sempronio, I understand your meaning; but give him leave to run on; for he will fall anon from his ass, and then his journey will be at an end; you shall see, he will come by and by to a full point, and so conclude.

CALISTO. In her Nature as in a glass did wholly behold herself, that she might make her most absolutely perfect; for those graces, which she had diffused unto divers, she had jointly united them in her, and overviewed this her work with so curious an eye, that nothing might be added to make it fairer; to the end that they might know, who had the happiness to see her, the worthiness and excellency of her painter. Only a little fair fountain-water with a comb of ivory is sufficient without any other slibber-slabbers to make her surpass all other of her sex in beauty and courtesy. These are her weapons; with these she kills and overcomes; and with these hath she bound me in so hard and strong a chain, that I must for ever remain her prisoner.

CELESTINA. Sir, put a period to your words, trouble yourself no more; for this chain which shackles thee is not so strong, but my file is as sharp to cut it in sunder, which I will do for thee, that thou mayest be at liberty. And therefore give me now licence to take my leave of you; for it grows very late; and let me have the girdle along with me. For you know, I must needs use it.

CALISTO. O disconsolate that I am! My misfortunes still pursue me; for with thee, or with this girdle, or with both, I would willingly have been accompanied all this dark and tedious night. But because there is no perfect happiness in this our painful and unhappy life, let solitariness wholly possess my soul, and cares be my continual companions. What ho? Where be these men? Why, Parmeno, I say!

PARMENO. Here, sir.

CALISTO. Accompany this matron home to her house; and as much pleasure and joy go with her, as sorrow and woe doth stay with me.

CELEST. Sir, fare you well. To-morrow I shall make my return, and visit you again, not doubting but my gown and her answer shall meet here together; for now time doth not serve. And in the interim, let me entreat you to be patient. Settle your thoughts upon some other things, and do not so much as once think upon her.

CALISTO. Not think upon her? It is impossible. Nay, it were profane to forget her, for whom my life only pleaseth me.

ACTUS VII

THE ARGUMENT

CELESTINA *talks with* Parmeno, *inducing him to concord and amity with* Sempronio ; Parmeno *puts her in mind of the promise she made him for the having of* Areusa, *whom he exceedingly loved. They go to* Areusa's *house, where that night* Parmeno *remained.* Celestina *hies her home to her own house ; and knocking at the door,* Elicia *opens it unto her, blaming her for her tarrying so long.*

INTERLOCUTORS

Celestina, Parmeno, Areusa, Elicia.

CELESTINA. Parmeno, my son, since we last talked together, I have not had any fit opportunity to express unto thee the infiniteness of that love which I bear unto thee, and as all the world can well witness for me, how well I have spoken of thee in thy absence. Every man's ear hath been filled with the good reports I have made of thee. The reason thereof I need not to repeat ; for I ever held thee to be my son, at least by adoption, and therefore thought thou wouldst have showed thyself more natural and loving towards me. But instead thereof, thou gav'st me bad payment, even to my face ; crossing whatsoever I said ; thinking ill of all that I spake ; whispering and murmuring against me in the presence of Calisto. I was well persuaded that after thou hadst once yielded to my good counsel, that you would not have turned your heel and kicked against me as you did, nor have fallen off from your promise. But notwithstanding all this, I perceive some old relic yet still remaining of thy former folly. And so, speaking rather to satisfy thine own humour than that thou canst render any reason for it, thou dost hinder thyself of profit, to give thy tongue contentment. Hear me, my son, if thou hast not heard me already. Look, I say, and consider with thyself, that I am old and well stricken in years, and good counsel only lodgeth with the elder sort, it being proper to youth to follow pleasure and delight. But my hope is, that of this thy error thy youth only is in fault: and I trust that you will bear yourself better towards me hereafter, and that you will alter your ill purpose together with your tender years; for, as it is in the proverb, our customs suffer change together with our hairs, and we vary our disposition, as we vary our years. I speak this, my son, because as we grow in age, so grow we in experience, new things daily offering themselves to our view: for youth looks no farther than to things present, occupying his eye only in that he sees set before him; but riper years omit neither things present, things past, nor things to come. And, son Parmeno, if you would but bethink yourself of the love I have heretofore borne you, I know it cannot escape your knowledge, that the first night's lodging that you took, when you were a stranger and came newly to this city, was in my house. But you young men care not for us that are old, but govern yourselves according to the savour and relish of your own palates. You never think that you have, or shall have need of us; you never think upon sickness; you never think that this flower of your youth shall fade. But do you hear me, my friend, and mark what I say unto you; that in such cases of necessity as these, an old woman (be she well experienced) is a good help, a comforter, a friend, a mother, nay, more than a mother; a good inn, to give ease and rest to a sound man, and a good hospital for to cure a sick man; a good purse in time of need, a good chest to keep money in prosperity; a good fire in winter, environed with spits of good roast-meat, a good shade in summer, and a good tavern to eat and drink in. Now, my pretty little fool, what sayest thou to all this? What dost thou think of it? I know thou art by this time ashamed of that which thou hast spoken to-day; thou canst not say B to a battledore; thou art struck so dumb and so dead: and therefore I will press thee no further, nor crave any more at thy hands than that which friendship craves of thee, which is, look upon Sempronio; next under heaven, myself have made him a man. I could wish you would live and love together as brothers and friends: for being in league with him, thou shalt live in the favour and love of thy master, and in good repute with all the world. For Sempronio, I tell thee, is well beloved, he is diligent, a good courtier, a proper servant, a fellow of a good fashion, and one that is willing to embrace thy friendship, which will turn to both your profits, if you will but handfast your affections each to other. Besides, you know that you must love, if you will be beloved. Trouts cannot be taken with dry breeches, and if the cat will have fish, she must wet her foot. Nor does Sempronio owe this of right unto thee, nor is he bound to love thee, unless thou exchange love for love: it is mere simplicity not to be willing to love, and yet look to be beloved of others, and as great folly to repay friendship with hatred.

PARM. Mother, I confess my second fault; and craving pardon for what is past, I offer myself to be ordered by you in all my future proceedings. But yet methinks it is impossible that I should hold friendship with Sempronio: he is frappish, and I cannot bear; he is choleric, and I can carry no coals. How then is it possible to make a true contract betwixt two such contrary natures?

CELEST. But you were not wont to be thus froward.

PARM. In good fay, mother, you say true. But the more I grow in years, the less I grow in patience. Tush, I have forgotten that lesson, as if I had never known what it meant; I am [not] I confess, the man I was, nor is Sempronio himself; neither can he nor will he stead me in anything. I never yet tasted any the least kindness from him.

CELEST. A sure friend is known in a doubtful matter, and in adversity is his faith proved. Then comes he nearest unto him, when he is farthest from comfort; and with greater desire doth he then visit his house, whenas prosperous fortune hath forsaken it. What shall I say unto thee, son, of the virtues of a good and fast friend? There is nothing more to be beloved; nothing more rare: he refuseth no burden. You two are equals, and parity of persons, similitude of manners and sympathy of hearts are the main props that uphold friendship. Take heed, my son; for if thou hast anything, it is safely kept for thee. Be thou wise to gain more; for this is gained already to your hands. Your father, O what pains took he for it! But I may not put it into your hands, till you lead a more reposed life, and come to a more complete and full age.

PARM. Mother, what do you call a reposed life?

CELEST. Marry, son, to live of yourself. Not to go through other men's houses, nor to set thy foot under another man's table, which thou shalt still be enforced to do, unless thou learn to make profit of thy service; for out of very pity to see thee go thus tattered and torn, not having a rag almost to hang on thy breech, did I beg that mantle which thou saw'st, of Calisto, not so much for the mantle's sake, as for that there being a tailor belonging to the house, and thou before being without a jerkin, he might bestow it upon thee. So that I speak not for mine own profit, as I heard you say, but for thy good. For, if you rely only upon the ordinary wages of these gallants, it is such, that what you get by it after ten years service, you may put it in your eye and never see the worse. Enjoy thy youth, good days, good nights, good meat and good drink; when thou mayest have these things, lose them not; let that be lost that will be lost. Do not thou mourn for the wealth which was left thy master (for that will but shorten thy days), sithence we can enjoy it no longer than we live. O son Parmeno (and well may I call thee son, since I had the breeding of thee so long a time), follow my counsel, seeing it proceeds out of pure love, and an earnest desire to see thee grow up in honour. Oh! how happy should I be, might I but see thee and Sempronio agree, see you two friends and sworn brothers in everything, that ye may come to my poor house to be merry, and to see me now and then, and to take your pleasure each of you with his wench!

PARME. His wench, mother?

CELEST. Ay, his wench; and a young one too—as for old flesh, myself am old enough—and such a wench as Sempronio would be glad of with all his heart, with t'one half of that regard and affection which I show to thee. What I speak, comes from my entrails and the very bowels of me.

PARMENO. Mother, you shall not be deceived in me.

CELEST. And, if I should, the matter is not great; for what I do, I do for charity, and for that I see thee here alone in a strange land, and for the respect which I bear unto those bones of her, who recommended thee unto me. When you are more man, you will think of all this and come to a truer knowledge of things, and then thou wilt say that old Celestina gave me good counsel.

PARME. I know that as well now, though I am but young, as if I were elder: and howbeit I spake against you to-day, it was not because I thought that to be ill spoken which you said, but because I saw, when I told my master the truth, and advised him for the best, he ill entreated me, and therefore henceforth let us shake hands, and use him accordingly; do what thou wilt unto him, I will hold my peace; for I have already too much offended in not crediting thee in this business concerning him.

CELEST. In this and all other thou shalt not only trip, but fall, as long as thou shalt not take my counsel with thee, which comes from thy true and faithful friend.

PARMENO. Now, I bless the time wherein I served thee, counting those days happy, under which thou bredst me up of a child, since old age brings with it such store of fruit.

CELESTINA. Son, no more. For mine eyes already run over, and my tears begin to break over those banks, which should bound them in. Oh! had I in all this world but such another friend! Such another companion! Such a comfortress in my troubles! Such an easer and lightener of my heart's heaviness! Who did supply my wants? Who knew my secrets? To whom did I discover my heart? Who was all my happiness and quietness, but thy mother? She was nearer and dearer unto me than my gossip or mine own sister. Oh! how well-favoured was she, and cheerful of countenance! How lusty! How quick! How neat! How portly and majestical in her gait! How stout and manly! Why, she would go you at midnight, without or pain or fear, from churchyard to churchyard, seeking for implements appertaining to our trade, as if it had been day. Nor did she omit either Christians, Moors, or Jews, whose graves and sepulchres she did not visit. By day she would watch them, and by night she would dig them out, taking such things as should serve her turn. So that she took as great pleasure in darkness of the night, as thou dost comfort in the brightness of the day. She would usually say that the night was the sinful man's cloak, that did hide and cover all his rogueries, that they might not be seen, though perhaps she had not the like dexterity and skill in all the rest of those tricks that appertained to her trade: yet one thing shall I tell thee, because thou shall see what a mother thou hast lost, though I was about to keep it in; but it makes no matter, it shall out to thee. She did pull out seven teeth out of a fellow's head that was hanged, with a pair of pincers, such as you pull out stubbed hairs withal, whilst I did pull off his shoes. She was excellent at a circle, and would enter it far better than myself, and with greater boldness, though I also was very famous for it in those days, more I wis than I am now, who have together with her lost almost my cunning. What shall I say more unto thee, but that the very devils themselves did live in fear of her? She did hold them in horror and dread, making them to tremble and quake, when she began to exercise her exorcisms, her spells, her incantations, her charms, her conjurations, and other words of most horrisonous roaring and most hideous noise. She was as well known to them all, as the beggar knows his dish, or as thyself in thine own house. One devil coming tumbling in upon the neck of another, as fast as it pleased her to call them up, and not one of them durst tell her a lie; such power had she to bind them: so that ever since she died, I could never attain to the truth of anything.

PARMENO. May this woman no better thrive than she pleaseth me with those her wordy praises!

CELEST. What sayest thou, my honest Parmeno? My son, nay, more than my son.

PARM. I say, how should it come to pass, that my mother should have this advantage of you, being the words which she and you spake, were both one?

CELEST. How? Make you this so great a wonder? Know you not, the proverb tells us that there is a great deal of difference betwixt Peter and Peter? Trust me truly, we cannot all be alike in all. We cannot all of us attain to those good gifts and graces of my deceased gossip. And have not you yourself seen amongst your artisans, some good, and some others better than they? So likewise was it betwixt me and your mother. She was the only woman in our art, she had not her fellow; and for such a one was she of all the world both known and sought after, as well of *cavalleros*, as married men, old men, young men, and children, besides maids and damsels, who did as earnestly pray for her life, as for that of their own fathers and mothers. She had to do with all manner of persons; she talked with all sorts of people. If we walked the streets, as many as we met, they were all of them her godsons. For her chiefest profession for some sixteen years together was to play the midwife: so that albeit thou knew'st not these secrets, because thou wast then but young, now it is fit that thou shouldest know them, sithence that she is dead, and thou grown up to be a man.

PARM. Tell me, mother: when the Justice sent officers to apprehend you, at which time I was then in your house, was there any great acquaintance between you?

CELEST. Any great acquaintance? You are disposed to jest. Our cases were both alike; they took us both alike; they accused us both alike; and they did punish us both alike, which (if I be not deceived) was the first punishment that ever we had. But thou wast a little one then. I wonder how thou shouldst remember it; for it is a thing of all other the most forgotten, that hath happened in this city; so many and so daily in this world are those new occurrents, which obliterate the old. If you go but out into the market-place, you shall every day see, *peque y pague*, the peccant and his punishment.

PARMENO. It is true, but the worser part of wickedness is the perseverance therein.

CELEST. How deadly the fool bites! He hath hit me home, and pricked me to the quick; I will therefore be now Tom-tell-troth. And assure thyself, sithence thou hast galled me, I will wring thee till I make thee winch and fling; I will tickle thee on the right vein.

PARME. What say you, mother?

CELEST. Marry I say, son, that besides this your mother was taken four several times, she herself alone, and once she was accused for a witch; for she was found one night by the watch with certain little candles in her hand, gathering I know not what earth in a crossway; for which she stood half a day in the open market-place upon a scaffold, with a high paper hat like the coffin of a sugar-loaf, painted full of devils, whereon her fault was written, being brought thither, riding through the streets upon an ass, as the fashion is in the punishment of bawds and witches. Yet all this was nothing; for men must suffer something in this wicked world, for to uphold their lives and their honours. And mark, I pray, what small reckoning she made of it because of her great wisdom and discretion. For she would not for all this give over her old occupation, and from that day forward followed it more earnestly than she did before and with happier proof. This I thought good to tell you, to cross that opinion of yours, touching perseverance in that wherein we have once already erred: for all that she did did so well become her, and such a grace had she with her, that upon my conscience, howbeit she stood thus disgracefully upon the scaffold, everyone might perceive that she cared not a button for those that stood beneath staring and gazing upon her; such was her behaviour and carriage at that instant: look they might their fill, but I warrant you, she was not a farthing in debt, no not to the proudest of them all; wherein I thought fit to instance, to shew thereby unto you that they, who have anything in them as she had, and are wise and of worth, fall far more easily and sooner into error than any other. Do but weigh and consider with yourself, what a manner of man Virgil was, how wise in all kind of knowledge; and yet I am sure you have heard, how in a wicker basket he was hung out from a tower, all Rome looking upon him; yet for all this, was he neither the less honoured, neither lost he the name of Virgil.

PARM. That is true which you say; but it was not enjoined by the Justice.

CELEST. Peace, you fool, thou art ignorant what a sinister and coarse kind of justice was used, and rigorously executed upon thy mother to the most extremity, which, as all men confess, is a mere injury. And the rather, because it was commonly spoken of all men, that wrongfully and against all right and reason, by suborning of false witnesses and cruel torments, they enforced her to confess that, which in reality of truth was not. But, because she was a woman of a great spirit and good courage, and her heart had been accustomed to endure, she made matters lighter than they were, and of all this she reckoned not a pin; for a thousand times have I heard her say, 'If I broke my leg, it was all for my good ; for this made me better known than I was before '. And certainly so she was, and the more noted and respected, nay, and thrived the better by it, both she and I, and the more plentiful our harvest and incomes of customers of the best ; and we loved and lived merrily together to her last. And be but thou unto me as she was, that is to say a true and faithful friend ; and withal, endeavour thyself to be good, since thou hast so good a pattern to follow. And for that which thy father left thee, thou hast it safely kept for thee.

PARM. Let us now leave talking of the dead and of patrimonies, and let us parley of our present businesses, which concerns us more than to draw things past unto our remembrance. If you be well remembered, it is not long since that you promised me I should have Areusa, whenas I told you at my master's house that I was ready to die for love, so fervent is my affection towards her.

CELEST. If I did promise thee, I have not forgot it ; nor would I you should think that I have lost my memory with my years. For I have thrice already and better, given her the check concerning this business in thy absence ; but now I think the matter is grown to some ripeness. Let us walk towards her house ; for now, do what she can, she shall not avoid the mate. For this is the least thing of a thousand, that I will undertake to do for thee.

PARM. I was quite out of hope ever to have her ; for I could never come to any conclusion with her, no, not to find so much favour as but to speak with her or to have but a word with her. And, as it is in the proverb, in love it is an ill sign, to see his mistress flee and turn the face. And this did much dishearten me in my suit.

CELEST. I marvel not much at thy discouragement, considering I was then a stranger unto thee, at least, not so well acquainted with thee as now I am ; and that thyself did not then know, as now thou dost, that thou mayest command her, who is the doctress of this art ; but now thou shalt see, what favour thou shalt find for my sake ; what power I have over these wenches ; how much I can prevail with them ; and what wonders I can work in matters of love. But hush, tread softly ; lo, here's the door, let us enter in with still and quiet steps, that the neighbours may not hear us. Stay and attend me here at the stairs' foot, whilst I go up and see what I shall be able to do with her concerning the business we talked of; and it may be, we shall work more with her than either thou or I did ever dream of. (*Cel. goes up to Areusa's room.*)

AREUSA. Who's there? Who is that, that at this time of night comes up into my chamber?

CELESTINA. One, I assure you, that means you no ill; one that never treads step, but she thinks on thy profit; one that is more mindful of thee than of herself; one that loves thee as her life, though I am now grown old.

AREUSA. Now the devil take this old trot! What news with you, that you come thus stealing like a ghost, and at so late an hour? How think you, gentlewoman, is this a fair hour to come to one's chamber? I was even putting off my clothes to go to bed.

CELESTINA. What? To bed with the hen, daughter? So soon to roost? Fie for shame! Is this the way to thrive? Think you ever to be rich, if you go to bed so timely? Come, walk a turn or two, and talk with me a little; let others bewail their wants, not thou. Herbs feed them that gather them. Who but would, if he could, lead such a life?

AREUSA. How cold it is! I will go put on my clothes again: beshrew me if I am not cold at my very heart.

CELESTINA. Nay, by my fay shall you not; but if you will go into your bed, do, and so shall we talk more conveniently together.

AREUSA. Yes indeed, I have need so to do; for I have felt myself very ill all this day; so that necessity rather than laziness hath made me thus early to take my sheets instead of my petticoat, to wrap about me.

CELEST. Sit not up, I pray any longer, but get you to bed, and cover yourself well with clothes, and sink lower in, so shall you be the sooner warm. O how like a siren dost thou look! How fair, how beautiful! O how sweetly everything smells about thee, when thou heavest and turnest thyself in thy bed! I assure you, everything is in very good order: how well have I always been pleased with all thy things and thy doings! You will not think, how this neatness, this handsomeness of yours in your lodging doth delight me; to see everything so trim and tricksy about you; I promise you, I am even proud of it. O how fresh dost thou look! What sheets! What quilts be here! What pillows! O how white they be! Let me not live, if everything here doth not like me wonderful well: my pearl, my jewel of gold, see whether I love you or no, that I come to visit you at this time of night! Let my eye take its fill in beholding of thee; it does me much good to touch thee, and to look upon thee.

AREUSA. Nay, good mother, leave, do not touch me; pray you do not, it doth but increase my pain.

CELEST. What pain, sweetheart? Tell me, pretty duck. Come, come, you do but jest, I am sure.

AREUSA. Jest? Let me never taste of joy, if I jest with you; it is scarce four hours since, that every minute I was ready to die with pain of the mother, which rising in my breast, swelled up to my throat, and was ready to stifle me; that I still looked when I should leave the world; and therefore am not so gamesome and wanton as you think I am: now I have little mind of that.

CELEST. Go to, give me leave a little to touch you; and I will try what I can do. For I know something of this evil, which every one calls the mother, and the passion thereunto belonging.

AREUSA. Lay your hand higher up towards my stomach.

CELEST. Alack, poor heart, how I pity thee, that one so plump, so fair, so clear, so fresh, so fragrant, so delicate, so dainty a creature, that art indeed the very abstract of beauty, the most admired model for complexion, feature, comeliness, and rarest composure; every limb, every lineament carrying such an extraordinary lustre and ornament by reflection from thee—I say, how do I pity thee, that any ache, sickness or infirmity should dare to seize or presume to usurp over such a peerless potent, a commanding power, as thy imperious unparalleled beauty! But I dare say, it is not so, nor so. No, no, your disease is self-conceited, and the pride of your good parts, this puffs you and makes you slight and contemn all. Go to, go to, daughter, you are to blame if it be so, and I tell you, it is a shame for you, that it is, not to impart these good graces and blessings, which heaven hath bestowed upon you, to as many as wish you well; for they were not given you in vain, that you should let them wither, and lose the flower of your youth under six linings of woollen and linen; have a care that you be not covetous of that which cost you but little; do not, like a miser, hoard up your beauty; make not a hidden treasure of it, sithence in its own nature it is as communicable and as commonly current as money from man to man. Be not the mastiff in the garden, nor the dog in the manger: and, since thou canst not take any pleasure in thyself, let others take their pleasure; and do not think thou wast born for nothing. For when thou wast born, man was born, and when man was born, woman was born; nothing in all this wide world was created superfluous, nor which Nature did not provide for with very good consonancy, and well suiting with reason. But think on the contrary that it is a fault to vex and torment men, when it is in thy power to give them remedy.

AREUSA. Tush, mother, these are but words, and profit me nothing; give me something for my evil, and leave your jesting.

CELEST. In this so common a grief, all of us (the more misfortune ours) are in a manner physicians to ourselves; that which I have seen practised on others, and that which I found good in myself, I shall plainly deliver unto you: but, as the states of our bodies are divers and the qualities differing, so are the medicines also divers and the operations different. Every strong scent is good, as pennyroyal, rue, wormwood; smoke of partridge feathers, of rosemary, and of the soles of old shoes, and of musk-roses, of incense, of strong perfumes, received kindly, fully and greedily, doth work much good, much slaketh and easeth the pain, and by little and little returns the mother to its proper place. But there is another thing that passeth all these, and that I ever found to be better than any one or all of them put together; but, what it is, I will not tell you, because you make yourself such a piece of niceness.

AREUSA. As you love me, good mother, tell me: see'st thou me thus pained, and concealest thou thyself?

CELEST. Go to, go to, you understand me well enough; do not make yourself more fool than you are.

AREUSA. Well, well, well; now trust me no more, if I understood thee. But what is it thou wouldst have me to do? You know that my friend went yesterday with his captain to the wars; would you have me to wrong him?

CELESTINA. Oh! take heed, great wrong, I promise you.

AREUSA. Yes indeed, for he supplies all my wants; he will see I shall lack nothing; he holds me honest; he does love me, and uses me with that respect, as if I were his lady and mistress.

CELEST. Suppose all this to be true, be it in the best sort it may be, yet what of all this? This retiredness is no cure for your disease; you must be free and communicable, for I must tell you, there are griefs and pangs cannot easily be posted off and dispossessed, and some not to be removed but by being a mother (you know my meaning); and such is your disease, and you can never recover it, by living sole and simple, as you now do, without company.

AREUSA. It is but my ill hap and a curse laid upon me by my parents, else had I not been put to prove all this misery and pain, which now I feel. But to let this pass, because it is late, tell me I pray, what wind drove you hither?

CELEST. You know already what I have said unto you concerning Parmeno, who complains himself unto me, that you refuse to see him, that you will not vouchsafe him so much as a look: what should be the reason, I know not, unless because you know that I wish him well, and make account of him as of my son. I have a better care of your matters, and regard your friends in a kinder fashion. Not a neighbour that dwells near you, but she is welcome unto me, and my heart rejoiceth as often as I see them, and all because they converse with thee and keep thee company.

AREUSA. It is true, aunt, that you say; and I acknowledge my beholdingness.

CELEST. I know not whether you do or no. Dost thou hear me, girl? I must believe works; for words are wind, and are sold everywhere for nothing; but love is never paid but with pure love, and works with works. Thou know'st the alliance between thee and Elicia, whom Sempronio keeps in my house. Parmeno and he are fellows and companions, they both serve the gentleman you wot of, and by whom you may gain great good and grace unto yourself. Do not therefore deny him that, the granting whereof will cost thee so little; you are kinswomen, and they companions: see how pat all things fall! Far better than we ourselves could have wished; and to tell you truly, I have brought him along with me. How say you? Shall I call him up?

AREUSA. Now, heavens forbid. Fie! What did you mean? Ay me! I fear me, he hath heard every word.

CELEST. No: for he stays beneath; I will call to him to come up; for my sake show him good countenance; take notice of him; speak kindly unto him; entertain him friendly; and, if you think fit, let him enjoy you, and you him, and both one another; for though he gain much, I am sure you shall lose nothing by the bargain.

AREUSA. Mother, I am not ignorant that as well these, as all other your former speeches unto me, have ever been directed to my good and benefit: but how is it possible that I should do this, that you would now have me? For you know to whom I am bound to give an account, as already you have heard; and, if he know I play false, he will kill me. My neighbours, they are envious and malicious, and they will straightway acquaint him therewith. And say, that no great ill should befall me, save only the losing of his love, it will be more than I shall gain by giving contentment to him, for whom you entreat or rather command me.

CELEST. For this fear of yours myself have already provided: for we entered in very softly.

AREUSA. Nay, I do not speak for this night, but for many other that are to come. Tush, were it but for one night, I would not care.

CELESTINA. What? Is this your fashion? Is this the manner of your carriage? And you use these niceties, you shall never have a house with a double room, but live like a beggar all the days of your life. What? Are you afraid of our sweetheart now he is absent? What would you then do, were he now in town? It hath ever been my ill fortune to give counsel unto fools, such as cannot see their own good; say what I will, they will err, still stand in their own light. But I do not much wonder at it; for, though the world be wide, yet there are but few wise in it. Great is the largeness of the earth, but small the number of those that have experience. Ha, daughter! Did you but see your cousin's wisdom, or but know what benefit my breeding and counsel hath brought her, how cunning, how witty, and what a mistress in her art, you would be of another mind; say what I will unto her, she patiently endures my reprehensions, she hearkens to my advice, and does all what I will have her do; she will sometimes boast that she hath at one time had one in bed with her, another waiting at the door, and a third sighing for her within the house, and yet hath given good satisfaction to them all. And art thou afraid, who hast but two to deal withal? Can one cock fill all thy cisterns? One conduit-pipe water all thy court? If this be your diet, you may chance to rise a-hungered, you shall have no meat left against another time; I will not rent your fragments; I cannot live upon scraps; one could never please me; I could never place all my affection upon one; two can do more than one; they give more, and they have more to give. It goes hard, daughter, with that mouse, that hath but one hole to trust to; for if that be stopped, she hath no means to hide herself from the cat: he that hath but one eye, you see in what danger he goes? One sole act maketh not a habit. It is a rare and strange thing to see a partridge fly single; to feed always upon one dish brings a loathing to the stomach; one swallow makes not a summer; one witness alone is of no validity in law. He that hath but one suit of clothes, and she that hath but one gown to her back, quickly wears them out. What would you do, daughter, with this number of one? Many more inconveniences can I tell thee of this single sole number, (if one may be a number). If you be wise, be never without two; for it is a laudable and commendable company, as you may see it in yourself, who hath two ears, two feet, and two hands; two sheets upon one bed; and two smocks wherewith to shift you; and the more you have, the better it is for you: for still, as it is in the proverb, the more Moors, the better market; and honour without profit is no other but as a ring upon the finger. And, because one sack cannot hold them both, apply yourself to your profit. Son Parmeno, come up.

AREUSA. O let him not come up if you love me: the pox be my death, if I am not ready to swoon, to think on't; I know not what to do for very shame. Nay fie, mother, what mean you to call him up? You know that I have no acquaintance with him; I never exchanged a word with him in all my life! Fie, how I am ashamed!

CELEST. I am here with thee, wench, I, who will stand betwixt him and thee; I will quit thee of this shame, and will cover thee close, and speak for you both: for he is as bashful as you for your life. (*Parm. enters.*)

PARME. Gentlewoman, heavens preserve this gracious presence of yours.

AREUSA. You are welcome, gentle sir.

CELEST. Come hither, you ass, whither go you now, to sit moping down in a corner? Come, come, be not so shamefast, for it was the bashful man whom the devil brought to court; for he was sure, he should get nothing there: hearken both of you, what I shall now say unto you; you, my friend Parmeno, know already what I promised you, and you, daughter, what I entreated at your hands. Laying aside therefore the difficulty in drawing thee to grant that which I desired, few words I conceive to be best, because the time will not permit me to be long. He for his part hath hitherto lived in great pain and grief for your sake; and therefore you seeing his torment, I know you will not kill him: and I likewise know that yourself liketh so well of him, that it shall not be amiss, that he stay with you here this night in the house.

AREUSA. For my maidenhead's sake, mother, let it not be so, pray do not command it me.

PARME. Mother, as you love my life, as you love goodness, let me not go hence, until we be well agreed; for she hath wounded me with her eyes to death, and I must die through love, unless you help me: offer her all that which my father left with you for me; tell her I will give her all that I have. Besides, (do you hear?) tell her that methinks she will not vouchsafe to look upon me.

AREUSA. What doth this gentleman whisper in your ear? Thinks he that I will not perform ought of your request?

CELEST. No, daughter, no such matter; he says that he is very glad of your good love and friendship, because you are so honest and so worthy, and that any benefit shall light well, that shall fall upon you. Come hither, Modesty. Come hither, you bashful fool.

AREUSA. He will not be so uncivil as to enter into another body's ground without leave, especially when it lies in several.

CELEST. So uncivil ? Do you stand upon leave ? Would you have him stand with cap in hand and say, 'I pray shall I ? Will you give me leave, forsooth ?' and I know not what fiddle-come-faddles ? Well, I will stay no longer with you: and I will pass my word, that you shall rise to-morrow painless.

AREUSA. Nay fie, good sir, for modesty's sake, I beseech you, let me alone: content yourself, I pray. I pray let be. If not for my sake, yet look back upon those gray hairs of that reverend old dame, which stands by you, and forbear for her sake. Get you gone, I say, for I am none of those you take me to be, I am none of your common hackneys, that hire out their bodies for money. Would I might never stir, if I do not get me out of the house, if you do but touch so much as a cloth about me.

CELEST. Why, how now, Areusa, what's the matter with you ? Whence comes this strangeness ? Whence this coyness of yours ? This niceness ? Why, daughter, do you think that I know not what this means ? Did I never see a man and woman together before ? And that I know not all their tricks and devices ? What they say, and what they do ? I am sorry to hear, that I do. Besides, I must tell you, I was once as wanton as you are now, and thought my penny as good silver as yours ; and many a friend I had that came unto me: yet did I never in all my life exclude either old man or old woman out of my company, or that ever I refused their counsel, were it public or private. By my little honesty, I had rather thou hadst given me a box on the ear, than to hear what I hear. You make of me, as if I had been born but yesterday. O how cunning forsooth, how close you be ! For to make yourself seem honest, you would make me a fool. I must be a kind of ignoramus, without shame, secrecy, and experience. Ye would discredit me in my trade, for to win yourself credit in your own. But the best is, betwixt pirate and pirate there is nothing to be got but blows and empty barrels. And well I wot that I speak far better of thee behind thy back, than thou canst think of thyself before me.

AREUSA. Mother, if I have offended, pardon me, for I had rather give contentment to you than to myself. I would not anger you for a world.

CELESTINA. No, I am not angry, I do but tell you this against another time, that you may beware you do so no more. And so good-night, for I will be gone, I will get me away alone by myself.

AREUSA. Good-night, aunt.

PARM. Mother, will you that I wait upon you? Shall I accompany you home?

CELEST. No, marry shall you not; that were but to strip one, and clothe another: or again, it needs not, for I am old, and therefore fear not to be forced in the streets. I am past all danger of ravishing. (*Cel. goes home.*)

ELICIA. The dog barks. The old witch comes hobbling home.

CELEST. Tha, tha, tha.

ELICIA. Who is there? Who knocks at door?

CELEST. Daughter, come down and open the door.

ELICIA. Is this a time to come in? You are disposed still to be out thus a-nights. To what end (I trow) walk you thus late? What a long time, mother, have you been away? What do you mean by it? You can never find the way home, when you are once abroad: but it is your old wont, you cannot leave it; and, so as you may pleasure one, you care not, and you leave a hundred discontented. You have been sought after to-day by the father of her that was betrothed, which you brought from the Prebendary upon Easter Day, whom he is purposed to marry within these three days, and you must needs help her, according as you promised, that her husband may not find her virginity cracked.

CELEST. Daughter, I remember no such matter. For whom is it that you speak?

ELICIA. Remember no such matter? Sure, you have forgot yourself. O what a weak memory have you! Why, yourself told me of it, when you took her hence; and that you had renewed her maidenhead seven times at the least.

CELEST. Daughter, make it not so strange that I should forget. For he that scattereth his memory into many parts, can keep it steadfast in no part. But tell me, will he not return again?

ELICIA. See whether he will return or no? He hath given you a bracelet of gold as a pledge for your pains: and will he not then return again?

CELEST. Oh! Was't he that brought the bracelet? Now I know whom you mean. Why did you not prepare things in a readiness, and begin to do something against I came home? For in such things you should practise yourself when I am absent, and try whether you can do that by yourself, which you so often have seen me do: otherwise, you are like to live all your lifetime like a beast, without either art or income, and then when you grow to my years, you will too late lament your present laziness; for an idle and lazy youth brings with it a repentful and a painful old age. I took a better course, I wis, when your grandmother showed me her cunning: for in the compass of one year I grew more skilful than herself.

ELICIA. No marvel; for many times, as it is in the proverb, a good scholar goes beyond his master; and it is all in the will and desire of him that is to learn; for no science can be well employed on him, who hath not a good mind and affection thereunto. But I had as lief die as go about it. I am sick methinks when I set myself to it; and you are never well, but when you are at it.

CELEST. You may say what you like. But believe me, you will die a beggar for this. What? Do you think to live always under my wing? Think you never to go from my elbow?

ELICIA. Pray let us leave off this melancholy talk; now is now, and then is then. When time serves, we will follow your counsel; but now let us take our pleasure, while we may. As long as we have meat for to-day, let us not think on to-morrow; let to-morrow care for itself: as well dies he that gathers much as he that lives but poorly, the master as the servant, he that is of a noble lineage as he that is of a meaner stock, and thou with thy art, as well as I without it: we are not to live for ever, and therefore let us laugh and be merry, for few are they that come to see old age; and they who do see it, seldom die of hunger. I desire nothing in this world, but meat, drink, and clothing, and a part in pleasure. And, though rich men have better means to attain to this glory than he that hath but little, yet there is not one of them that is contented, not one that says to himself, 'I have enough.' There is not one of them, with whom I would exchange my pleasures for their riches. But let us leave other men's thoughts and cares to themselves; and let us go sleep, for it is time; and a good sound sleep without fear will fat me more, and do me more good, than all the treasure and wealth of Venice.

ACTUS VIII

THE ARGUMENT

THE *day appears ;* Parmeno *departs, and takes his leave of* Areusa, *and goes to his master* Calisto. *He finds* Sempronio *at the door ; they enter into amity, go jointly to* Calisto's *chamber ; they find him talking with himself ; being risen, he goes to church.*

INTERLOCUTORS

Parmeno, Areusa, Calisto, Sempronio.

PARMENO. It is day. O what a spite is this ! Whence is it, that it is so light in the chamber ?

AREUSA. What do you talk of day ? Sleep, sir, and take your rest ; for it is but even now, since we lay down. I have scarce shut mine eyes yet, and would you have it to be day ? I pray you open the window by you, the window there by your bed's head, and you shall then see whether it be so or no ?

PARM. Gentlewoman, I am in the right : it is day ; I see it is day ; I am not deceived. No, no ; I knew it was broad day, when I saw the light come through the chinks of the door. O what a villain am I ! Into how great a fault am I fallen with my master ! I am worthy of much punishment. O how far day's is it !

AREUSA. Far day's ?

PARME. Ay, far day's ; very far day's.

AREUSA. Never trust me ; alas, I am not eased of my mother yet. It pains me still ; I know not what should be the reason of it.

PARMENO. Dear love, what wouldst thou have me to do ?

AREUSA. That we talk a little on the matter concerning my indisposition.

PARME. What should we talk, love, any more? If that which hath been said already be not sufficient, excuse that in me, which is more necessary; for it is now almost high noon, and, if I stay any longer, I shall not be welcome to my master. To-morrow is a new day, and then I will come to see you again; and as often afterwards as you please: and therefore was one day made after another, because that which could not be performed in one day, might be done in another; as also, because we should see one another the oftener. In the meanwhile, let me entreat you to do me the favour, that you will come and dine with us to-day at Celestina's house.

AR. With all my heart; and I thank you too. Farewell, good luck be with you. I pray pull the door after you.

PARMENO. And fare you well too. (*Par. goes out.*) O singular pleasure! O singular joy! What man lives there this day, that can say he is more fortunate than I am? Can any man be more happy? Any more successful than myself, that I should enjoy so excellent a gift? So curious a creature! And no sooner ask than have! Believe me, if my heart could brook this old woman's treasons, I could creep upon my knees to do her a kindness. How shall I be able to requite her? O heavens! To whom shall I impart this my joy? To whom shall I discover so great a secret? To whom shall I discover some part of my glory? It is true that the old woman told me; that of no prosperity the possession can be good without company, and that pleasure not communicated is no pleasure. Oh! who can have so true a feeling of this my happiness as myself? But lo, yonder is Sempronio standing at our door; he hath been stirring betimes. I shall have a piteous life with my master, if he be gone abroad: but I hope he is not; if he be, he hath left his old wont. But being he is not now himself, no marvel if he break custom.

SEMPR. Brother Parmeno, if I knew that country, where a man might get wages by sleeping, it should go hard but I would make a shift to get thither. For I would not then come short of any man; I would scorn to be put down; but would gain as much as another man, be he who he will be, that bears a head. But what is the matter that thou, like a careless and retchless fellow, loitering I know not where, hast been so negligent and slow in thy return? I cannot devise what should be the cause of this thy so long stay, unless it were to give old Celestina a warming to-night, or to rub her feet, as you were wont to do, when you were a little one.

PARME. O Sempronio, my good friend, I pray thee do not interrupt, or rather corrupt, my pleasure; do not intermix thy anger with my patience; do not involve thy discontentment with my quiet; do not soil with such troubled water the clear liquor of those gladsome thoughts, which I harbour in my heart; do not sour with thy malicious taunts and hateful reprehensions the sweetness of my delight. Receive me cheerfully, embrace me with joy, and I shall tell thee wonders of my late happy proceedings.

SEMPR. Come, out with it, out with it! Is it anything touching Melibea? Say, lad, hast thou seen her?

PARM. What talk'st thou to me of Melibea? It is touching another, that I wish better unto than Melibea. And such a one (if I be not deceived) as may compare with her both in handsomeness and beauty. Melibea? Why, she is not worthy to carry her shoes after her: as though forsooth the world and all that therein is, be it beauty or otherwise, were only enclosed in Melibea!

SEMPR. What means this fellow? Is he mad? I would fain laugh, but I cannot. Now I see, we are all in love: the world is at an end. Calisto loves Melibea; I Elicia: and thou, out of mere envy, hast found out someone, with whom thou might'st lose that little wit thou hast.

PARM. Is it folly (say you) to love? Then am I a fool. But if foolishness were a pain, some in every house would complain.

SEMPR. I appeal to thyself; by thine own judgment thou art no better: for myself have heard thee give vain and foolish counsel to Calisto, and to cross Celestina in every word she spake, to the hindrance of both our profits. O sir, you were glad of this; it was meat alone to you. Who? You. No, not for a world would you bear a part with us. But, since I have caught you in my clutches, I will hamper you i' faith. Now that thou art in those hands that may hurt thee, they shall do it; assure thyself they shall.

PARM. It is not, Sempronio, true courage nor manly valour to hurt or hinder any man, but to do good, to heal and help him, and far greater is it to be willing so to do. I have evermore made reckoning of thee as of mine own brother. Let not that be verified of thee which is commonly spoken amongst us; that a slight cause should part true friends. I tell you, you do not use me well. Nay, you deal very ill with me; I know not whence this rancour should arise. Do not vex me, Sempronio; torment me not with these thy wounding words. And shall I tell you? It is a very strange and strong kind of patience, which sharp taunts and scoffs, which like so many needles and bodkins set to the heart, cannot pierce and prick through.

SEMPR. I say nothing but that now you have your wench, you will allow one pilchard more to the poor boy in the stable.

PARME. You cannot hold, your heart would burst, if you should not vent your choler. Well, I will give way, and should you use me worse, I will pocket up all your wrongs: and the rather, because it is an old saying, 'No human passion is perpetual.'

SEMP. But you can use Calisto worse, advising him to that, which thou thyself seek'st to shun, never letting him alone but still urging him to leave loving of Melibea: wherein thou art just like unto a sign in an inn, which gives shelter to others and none to itself. O Parmeno, now mayest thou see, how easy a thing it is to find fault with another man's life, and how hard to amend his own. I say no more; yourself shall be your own judge: and from this day forward we shall see how you behave yourself, sithence you have now your porringer as well as other folks. If thou hadst been my friend, as thou professest, when I stood in need of thee, thou shouldst then have favoured me and made show of thy love, and assisted Celestina in all that had been for my profit, and not to drive in at every word a nail of malice. Know moreover that, as wine in the lees, when it is drawn to the very dregs, driveth drunkards from the tavern, the like effect hath necessity or adversity with a feigned friend: and false mettle that is gilded but slightly over, quickly discovers itself to be but counterfeit.

PARMENO. I have oftentimes heard it spoken, and now by experience I see it is true, that in this wretched life of ours there is no pleasure without sorrow, no contentment without some cross or counterbuff of fortune. We see our fairest days, our clearest sunshines, are overcast with clouds, darkness and rain: our solaces and delights are swallowed up by dolours and by death: laughter, mirth and merriment are waited on by tears, lamentations, and other the like mortal passions. In a word, sweet meat will have sour sauce, and much ease and much quietness, much pain and much heaviness. Who could come more friendly or more merrily to a man than I did now to thee? And who could receive a more unkind welcome or unfriendly salutation? Who lives there, that sees himself, as I have seen myself raised with such glory to the height of my dear Areusa's love? And who, that sees himself more likely to fall from thence than I, being so ill entreated as I am of thee? Nay, thou wilt not give me leave to tell thee, how much I am thine, how much I will further thee in all I am able, how much I repent me of that which is past, and what good counsel and reprehensions I have received of Celestina, and all in favour of thee, and thy good, and the good of us all. And now, that we have our master's and Melibea's game in our own hands, now is the time that we must thrive, or never.

SEMP. I like your words well, but should like them better, were your works like unto them: which as I see the performance, so shall I give them credence; but tell me, I pray thee, what's that, methought, I heard you talk even now of Areusa? Do you know Areusa, that is cousin to Elicia?

PARME. Why, what were all the joy I now enjoy, did I not enjoy her?

SEMP. What does the fool mean? He cannot speak for laughing. What dost thou call this thy enjoying her? Did she show herself unto thee out at a window? Or what is the matter?

PARM. No great matter. Only I have left her in doubt, whether she be with child or no.

SEMPR. Thou hast struck me into a maze; continual travail may do much; often dropping makes stones hollow.

PARME. How? Continual travail? Why, I never thought of having her till yesterday; then did I work her, and now she is mine own.

SEMPR. The old woman had a finger in this business, had she not?

PARMENO. Why should you think so?

SEMPR. Because she told me how much she loved you, how well she wished you, and that she would work her for you: you were a happy man, sir; you had no more to do, but to come and take up. And therefore they say, it is better with him whom fortune helpeth than with him that riseth early. But was she the godfather to this business?

PARM. No, but she was the godmother, which is the truer of the two. And you know, when a man comes once to a good tree, he will stay awhile by it, and take the benefit of the shade. I was long a-coming, but when I came, I went quickly to work: I dispatched it in an instant. O brother, what shall I say unto thee of the graces that are dwelling in that wench, of her language, and beauty of body? But I will defer the repetition thereof to a fitter opportunity.

SEMPR. She can be no other but cousin to Elicia; thou canst not say so much of her, but that this other hath as much and somewhat more. But what did she cost thee? Hast thou given her anything?

PARME. No, not anything, but whatsoever I had given her, it had been well bestowed: for she is capable of every good thing; and such as she are by so much the better esteemed, by how much the dearer they are bought, and, like jewels, are the higher prized, the more they cost us. But, save in this my mistress, so rich a thing was never purchased at so low a rate. I have invited her to-day to dinner to Celestina's house; and if you like of it, let us all meet there.

SEMP. Who, brother?

PARME. Thou and she, and the old woman and Elicia; and there we will laugh and be merry.

SEMPR. O good heavens, how glad a man hast thou made me! Thou art frank and of a free and liberal disposition; I will never fail thee: now I hold thee to be a man; now my mind gives me, that Fate hath some good in store for thee: all the hatred and malice which I bare thee for thy former speeches, is now turned into love; I now doubt not, but that the league which thou hast made with us, shall be such as it ought to be. Now I long to embrace thee; come, let us now live like brothers, and let the devil go hang himself. All those contentious words notwithstanding, whatsoever have passed between us, let there be now no falling out, and so have peace all the year long ; for the falling out of friends is evermore the renewing of love : let us feast and be merry, for our master will fast for us all.

PARME. What does that man in desperation do ?

SEMPR. He lies where you left him last night, stretching himself all along upon his pallet by his bed-side ; but the devil a wink that he sleeps, and the devil a whit that he wakes ; but lies like a man in a trance, between them both, resting and yet taking no rest. If I go in unto him, he falls a-routing, and a-snorting ; if I go from him, he either sings or raves : nor can I for my life comprehend (so strange is his carriage herein) whether the man be in pain or ease, whether he take grief or pleasure in it.

PARME. What a strange humour is this ? But tell me, Sempronio, did he never call for me ? Did he not remember me when I was gone ?

SEMPR. He remembered not himself ; why should he then remember you ?

PARME. Even in this also fortune hath been favourable unto me. And since all things go so well, whilst I think on it, I will send thither our meat, that they may the sooner make ready our dinner.

SEMPRO. What hast thou thought upon to send thither, that those pretty fools may hold thee a complete courtier, well-bred and bountiful ?

PAR. In a plentiful house a supper is soon provided : that which I have here at home in the larder, is sufficient to save our credit. We have good white bread, wine of Monviedro, a good gammon of bacon, and some half dozen couple of dainty chickens, which my master's tenants brought him in the other day, when they came to pay their rent ; which if he chance to ask for, I will make him believe that he hath eaten them himself : and those turtle-doves, which he willed me to keep against to-day, I will tell him that they were a little to blame and none of the sweetest, and that they did so stink, that I was fain to throw them away ; and you shall justify it and bear me witness. We will take order that all that he shall eat thereof, shall do him no harm ; and that our own table (as good reason it is it should) be well furnished ; and there with the old woman, as oft as we meet, we will talk more largely concerning this his love, to his loss and our profit.

SEMP. Callest thou it love? Thou mayest call it sorrow with a vengeance. And by my fay, I swear unto thee, that I verily think that he will hardly now escape either death or madness: but, since it is as it is, dispatch your business, that we may go up and see what he does.

CALISTO. (*within*)
In peril great I live,
And straight of force must die,
Since what desire doth give,
That hope doth me deny.

PARME. Hark, hark, Sempronio! Our master is a-rhyming: he is turned poet, I perceive.

SEMPR. O whoreson sot! What poet, I pray? The great Antipater Sidonius or the great poet Ovid, who never spake but in verse? Ay, it is he, the very same: we shall have the devil turn poet too shortly: he does but talk idly in his sleep, and thou thinkest the poor man is turned poet.

CALISTO. (*within*)
This pain, this martyrdom,
O heart, well dost thou prove,
Since thou so soon wast won
To Melibea's love.

PARM. Lo, did I not tell thee he was turned true rhymer?

CALISTO. Who is that, that talks in the hall? Why ho?

PARMENO. Anon, sir. (*Par. and Semp. go in.*)

CALISTO. How far night is it? Is it time to go to bed?

PARME. It is rather, sir, too late to rise.

CALISTO. What sayest thou, fool? Is the night past and gone then?

PARMENO. Ay, sir, and a good part of the day too.

CALISTO. Tell me, Sempronio, does not this idle-headed knave lie, in making me believe it is day?

SEMPR. Put Melibea, sir, a little out of your mind, and you will then see that it is broad day: for, through that great brightness and splendour, which you contemplate in her clear shining eyes, like a partridge dazzled with a buffet, you cannot see, being blinded with so sudden a flash.

CALISTO. Now I believe it, and 'tis far day too. Give me my clothes: I must go to my wonted retirement to the myrtle-grove, and there beg of Cupid that he will direct

Celestina, and put my remedy into Melibea's heart, or else that he will shorten my sorrowful days.

SEMPR. Sir, do not vex yourself so much: you cannot do all that you would in an hour; nor is it discretion for a man to desire that earnestly, that may unfortunately fall upon him. If you will have that concluded in a day, which is well, if it be effected in a year, your life cannot be long.

CALISTO. I conceive your meaning; you would infer that I am like Squire Gallego's boy, who went a year without breeches, and when his master commanded a pair to be cut out for him, he would have them made in a quarter of an hour.

SEMPRONIO. Heaven forbid, sir, I should say so: for you are my master, and I know besides, that as you will recompense me for my good counsel, so you will punish me, if I speak amiss; though it be a common saying, that the commendation of a man's good service or good speech is not equal to the reprehension and punishment of that which is either ill done or spoken.

CALISTO. I wonder, Sempronio, where thou got'st so much philosophy?

SEMPR. Sir, all that is not white, which differs from black, nor is all that gold which glisters; your accelerated and hasty desires not being measured by reason make my counsels to seem better then they be. Would you that they should yesterday at the first word have brought Melibea, manacled and tied to her girdle, as you would have sent into the market for any other merchandise, wherein there is no more to do than to go into market, and take the pains to buy it? Sir, be of good cheer, give some ease and rest to your heart; for no great happiness can happen in an instant. It is not one stroke that can fell an oak. Prepare yourself for sufferance; for wisdom is a laudable blessing, and he that is prepared, may withstand a strong encounter.

CALISTO. Thou hast spoken well, if the quality of my evil would consent to take it so.

SEMPR. To what end serves understanding, if the will shall rob reason of her right?

CALISTO. O thou fool, thou fool! The sound man says to the sick, 'Heaven send thee thy health.' I will no more counsel, no more hearken to thy reasons; for they do but revive and kindle those flames afresh, which burn and consume me. I will go and invocate Cupid; and will not come home till you call me, and crave a reward of me for the good news you shall bring me upon the happy coming of Celestina; nor will I eat anything, till Phœbus his horses shall feed and graze their fill in those green meadows where they use to bait, when they come to their journey's end.

SEMP. Good sir, leave off these circumlocutions; leave off these poetical fictions; for that speech is not comely, which is not common unto all, which all men partake not of, as well as yourself, or which few do but understand. Say till the sun set, and everyone will know what you mean. Come, eat in the meanwhile some conserves or the like confection, that you may keep some life in you, till I return.

CALISTO. Sempronio, my faithful servant, my good counsellor, my loyal follower; be it as thou wilt have it: for I assure myself (out of the unspottedness of thy pure service) that my life is as dear unto thee as thine own.

SEM. Dost thou believe it, Parmeno? I wot well that thou wilt not swear it. Remember, if you go for the conserves, that you nim a barrel for those you wot of; you know who I mean. And to a good understanding everything will light in his lap, or, as the phrase is, fall into his codpiece.

CALISTO. What sayest thou, Sempronio?

SEMPR. I speak, sir, to Parmeno, that he should run quickly and fetch you a slice of conserves of citron or of lemons.

PARM. Lo, sir, here it is.

CALISTO. Give it me hither.

SEMPR. See, how fast it goes down! I think the devil makes him make such quick work. Look, if he does not swallow it whole, that he may the sooner have done!

CALISTO. My spirits are returned unto me again; I promise you it hath done me much good. My sons both, farewell. Go look after the old woman, and wait for good news, that I may reward you for your labour. (*Cal. goes out.*)

PARME. So, now he is gone. The devil and ill fortune follow thee; for in the very same hour hast thou eaten this citron as Apuleius did that poison which turned him into an ass.

ACTUS IX

THE ARGUMENT

SEMPRONIO *and* Parmeno *go talking each with other to* Celestina's *house; being come thither, they find there* Elicia *and* Areusa. *They sit down to dinner; being at dinner,* Elicia *and* Sempronio *fall out; being risen from table, they grow friends again. In the meanwhile comes* Lucrecia, *servant to* Melibea, *to call* Celestina *to come and speak with* Melibea.

INTERLOCUTORS

Sempronio, Parmeno, Celestina, Elicia, Areusa, Lucrecia.

SEMPRONIO. Parmeno, I pray thee bring down our cloaks and our rapiers; for I think it be time for us to go to dinner.

PARME. Come, let us go presently; for I think they will find fault with us, for staying so long. Let us not go through this, but that other street, that we may go in by the Vestals, so shall we see whether Celestina have ended her devotions, and take her along with us.

SEMPR. What? Do you think to find her at her theme now? Is this a fit hour? This a time for her to be at her orisons?

PARME. That can never be said out of time, which ought to be done at all times.

SEMPR. It is true, but I see you know not Celestina; when she has anything to do, she never thinks upon heaven, the devil a whit that she cares then for devotion; when she hath anything in the house to gnaw upon, farewell all holiness, farewell all prayers: and indeed, her going to any of these ceremonies is but to spy and pry only upon advantages for such persons as she may prevaricate, and make for her profit. And, though she bred thee up, I am better acquainted with her qualities than you are. That which she doth ruminate: how many cracked maidenheads she hath then in cure, how many lovers in this city, how many young wenches are recommended unto her, what stewards afford her provision, which is the more bountiful, and how she may call every man by his name, that when she chanceth to meet them, she may not salute them as strangers. When you see her lips go, then is she inventing of lies, and devising sleights and tricks for to get money; then doth she thus dispute with herself, 'In this manner will I make my speech; in this fashion will I close with him. Thus then will he answer me; and to this I must thus reply.' Thus lives this creature, whom we so highly honour.

PARM. Tush, this is nothing; I know more than this. But, because you were angry the t'other day, when I told Calisto so much, I will forbear to speak of it.

SEMPR. Though we may know so much for our own good, yet let us not publish it to our own hurt; for to have our master to know it were but to make him discard her for such a one as she is, and not to care for her; and so leaving her, he must needs have another, of whose pains we shall reap no profit, as we shall be sure to do by her, who by fair means or by foul shall give us part of her gains.

PARME. Well and wisely hast thou spoken; but hush, the door is open, and she in the house. Call before you go in; peradventure they are not yet fully ready, or things are not in that order as they would have it; and then will they be loth to be seen.

SEMP. Go in, man, never stand upon those niceties; for we are all of a house. Now, just now, they are covering the table. (*Par. and Semp. go in.*)

CELEST. O my young amorous youths, my pearls of gold! Let the year go about as well with me, as you are both welcome unto me.

PAR. (*aside*) What compliments has the old bawd! Brother, I make no question, but you well enough perceive her foistings and her flatteries.

SEMPRONIO. Oh! you must give her leave, it is her living. But I wonder what devil taught her all her knacks and her knaveries.

PARME. What? Marry, I will tell you. Necessity, poverty and hunger, than which there are no better tutors in the world, no better quickeners and revivers of the wit. Who taught your pies and your parrots to imitate our proper language and tone with their slit tongues, save only necessity?

CEL. Hola, wenches, girls! where be you, you fools? Come down, come hither quickly, I say; for there are a couple of young gallants that would ravish me. (*El. and Ar. come in.*)

ELICIA. Would they would never have come hither for me. Oh! It is a fine time of day! Is this a fit hour, when you have invited your friends to a feast? You have made my cousin to wait here these three long hours; but this same lazy-gut Sempronio was the cause, I warrant you, of all this stay; for he has no eyes to look upon me.

SEMPR. Sweetheart, I pray thee be quiet. My life, my love! you know full well that he that serves another is not his own man. He that is bound must obey. So that my subjection frees me from blame. I pray thee be not angry. Come, let us sit down, and fall to our meat.

ELICIA. Ay, it is well, you are ready at all times to sit down and eat, as soon as the cloth is laid, with a clean pair of hands, but a shameless face.

SEMPRO. Come, we will chide and brawl after dinner: now let us fall to our victuals. Mother Celestina, will it please you to sit down first?

CELEST. No, first sit you down, my son, for here is room enough for us all; let everyone take their place, as they like, and sit next her whom he loves best: as for me, who am a sole woman, I will sit me down here by this jar of wine and this good goblet. For I can live no longer than while I talk with one of these two. Ever since that I was grown in years, I know no better office at board than to fall a-skinking, and to furnish the table with pots and flagons; for he that handles honey, shall feel it still clinging to his fingers. Besides, in a cold winter's night you cannot have a better warming-pan. For, when I toss off two of these little pots, when I am e'en ready to go into my bed, why, I feel not a jot of cold all the night long. With this I fur all my clothes at Christmas: this warms my blood; this keeps me still in one estate; this makes me merry, where'er I go; this makes me look fresh and ruddy as a rose. Let me still have store of this in my house, and a fig for a dear year, it shall never hurt me; for one crust of mouse-eaten bread will serve me three whole days. This drives away all care and sorrow from the heart, better than either gold or coral; this gives force to a young man, and vigour to an old man; it adds colour to the discoloured, courage to the coward, diligence to the slothful it comforteth the brain; it expels cold from the stomach; it takes away the stinkingness of the breath; it makes cold constitutions to be potent and active; it makes husbandmen endure the toil of tillage; it makes your painful and weary mowers to sweat out all their waterish ill humours; it remedies rheums, and cures the toothache. This may you keep long at sea without stinking; so can you not water. I could tell you more properties of this wholesome liquor than all of you have hairs on your head. So that I know not the man, whom it doth not delight to hear it but mentioned, the very name of it is so pleasing: only, it has but this one fault; that that which is good, costs us dear, and that is which bad, does us hurt, so that what maketh the liver sound, the same maketh the purse light. But for all this, I will be sure to seek after the best, for that little which I drink, which is only some dozen times a meal. Which number I never pass, unless now, when I am feasted, or so.

PARME. It is the common opinion of all, that thrice in a dinner is good, honest, competent and sufficient for any man. And all that do write thereof, do allow you no more.

CELEST. Son, the phrase is corrupted; they have put three times instead of thirteen.

SEMPR. Aunt, we all like well of your gloss. Let us eat and talk, and talk and eat: for else we shall not afterwards have time to discourse of the love of our lost master, and of that fair, handsome and courteous Melibea, lovely, gentle Melibea.

ELICIA. Get thee out of my sight, thou distasteful companion, thou disturber of my mirth! the devil choke thee with that thou hast eaten! Thou hast given me my dinner for to-day; now as I live, I am ready to rid my stomach, and to cast up all that I have in my body, to hear that thou shouldst call her fair and courteous, lovely and gentle. I pray thee, how fair, how lovely, how courteous, how gentle is she? It angers me to the heart-blood, to see you have so little shame with you. How gentle, how fair is she, more than other women? Believe me, if she be as thou reportest her; nay, if she have any jot in her of beauty or any the least gracefulness. But I see there are some eyes, that make no difference betwixt Joan and my lady, and that it is with everyone as he likes, as the good man said, when he kissed his cow. Draff I perceive is good enough for swine. I will cross myself in pity of thy great ignorance and want of judgment; who I pray had any mind to dispute with you touching her beauty and her gentleness? Gentle Melibea! Fair Melibea! And is Melibea so gentle, is she so fair, as you make her to be? Then it must be so; and then shall both these hit right in her, when two Sundays come together. All the beauty she hath may be bought at every pedlar's, or painter's shop for a penny matter or the like trifle: and, believe me, I myself upon mine own knowledge know that, in that very street where she dwells, there are four maidens at the least, if not more, to whom Nature hath imparted a greater part of beauty, and other good graces in greater abundance than she hath on Melibea; and, if she have any jot of handsomeness in her, she may thank her good clothes, her neat dressings, and costly jewels, which if they were hung upon a post, thou wouldst as well say by that too, that it were fair and gentle; and by my fay (be it spoken without ostentation) I think my penny to be as good silver as hers, and that I am every way as fair as your Melibea.

AREUSA. O sister! hadst thou seen her as I have seen her (I tell thee no lie), if thou shouldst have met her fasting, thy stomach would have taken such a loathing, that all that day thou wouldst not have been able to have eaten any meat. All the year long she is mewed up at home, where she is daubed over with a thousand sluttish slibber-slabbers; all which forsooth she must endure, for once perhaps going abroad in a twelvemonth to be seen: she anoints her face with gall and honey, with parched grapes and figs crushed and pressed together, with many other things which, for manners' sake and reverence of the table, I omit to mention. It is their riches, that make such creatures as she to be accounted fair; it is their wealth, that causeth them to be thus commended, and not the graces and goodly features of their bodies: for she has such breasts, being a maid, as if she had been the mother of three children; and are for all the world, like nothing more than two great pompeans or big bottled gourds. Her belly I have not seen, but judging it by the rest, I verily believe it to be as slack and as flaggy as a woman of fifty year old. I know not what Calisto should see in her, that for her sake he should forsake the love of others, whom he may with great ease obtain, and far more pleasure enjoy: unless it be that, like the palate that is distasted, he thinketh sour things the sweetest.

SEMPR. Sister, it seemth here unto me, that every pedlar praiseth his own needles; but, I assure you, the quite contrary is spoken of her throughout the whole city.

AREUSA. There is nothing farther from truth than the opinion of the vulgar, and nothing more false than the reports of the multitude, nor shalt thou ever live a merry life, if thou govern thyself by the will of the common people: and these conclusions are uncontrollable and infallibly true, that whatsoever thing the vulgar thinks, is vanity, whatsoever they speak, is falsehood; what they reprove, that is good, what they approve, that is bad. And since this is a true rule and common custom amongst them, do not judge of Melibea's either goodness or beauty by that which they affirm.

SEMPR. Gentlewomen, let me answer you in a word. Your ill-tongued multitude and prattling vulgar never pardon the faults of great persons, no, not of their sovereign himself, which makes me to think that, if Melibea had so many defects as you tax her withal, they would ere this have been discovered by those who know her better than we do. And howbeit I should admit all you have spoken to be true, yet pardon me, if I press you with this particular. Calisto is a noble gentleman, Melibea the daughter of honourable parents; so that it is usual with those that are descended of such high lineage, to seek and inquire each after other; and therefore it is no marvel, if he rather love her than another.

AREUSA. Let him be base, that holds himself base; they are the noble actions of men, that make men noble. For in conclusion, we are all of one making, flesh and blood all. Let every man strive to be good of himself, and not go searching for his virtue in the nobleness of his ancestors.

CELEST. My good children, as you love me, cease this contentious kind of talk: and you, Elicia, I pray you come to the table again; sit you down, I say, and do not vex and grieve yourself as you do.

ELICIA. With this condition, that my meat may be my poison, and that my belly may burst with that I eat. Shall I sit down and eat with this wicked villain, that hath stoutly maintained it to my face, and nobody must say him nay, that Melibea, that dish-clout of his, is fairer than I?

SEMPR. I prithee, sweetheart, be quiet, it was you that made the comparison; and comparisons (you know) are odious: and therefore it is you that are in the fault and not I.

AREUSA. Come, sister, come, and sit with us; I pray, come eat with us. Have you no more wit than to be angry with such a cross fool as he? I would not do him so much pleasure as to forbear my meat for him; let him go hang: if he be peevish, will you be peevish too? I pray you sit down, unless you will have me likewise to rise from the table.

ELICIA. The necessity which I have imposed upon myself to please thee in all things and in all thy requests, makes me against my will, to give contentment to this enemy of mine, and to carry myself out of my respect to this good company more fairly towards him than otherwise I would.

SEMPRONIO. Ha, ha, he!

ELICIA. What dost thou laugh at? Now the evil canker eat and consume that unpleasing and offensive mouth of thine!

CELEST. Son, I pray thee, no more. Do not answer her; for then we shall never make an end: this is nothing to the present purpose; let us follow our business, and attend that which may tend to our good. Tell me, how does Calisto? How happed it you left him thus all alone? How fell it out, that both of you could slip away from him?

PARME. He flung from us with a vengeance, fretting and fuming like a madman, his eyes sparkling forth fire, his mouth venting forth curses, despairful, discontented in mind, and like one that is half besides himself: and is now gone to Saint Mary Magdalen's, to desire of God that thou mayest well and truly gnaw the bones of these chickens, vowing never to come home, till he hear that thou art come with Melibea in thy lap. Thy gown and kirtle, and my cassock are cock-sure. For the rest let the world slide; but when we shall have it, that I know not, all the craft is in the catching.

CELEST. Let it come when it will come, it shall be welcome, whene'er it comes. A cassock is good wear after winter, and sleeves are good after Easter. Everything makes the heart merry that is gotten with ease and without any labour, especially coming from thence, where it leaves so small a gap, and from a man of that wealth and substance, who with the very bran and scraps of his house would make me of a beggar to become rich: such is the surplus and store of his goods; and such as he, it never grieves them what they spend, considering the cause wherefore they give. For they feel it not; when they are in the heat and passion of their love, it pains them not; they neither see nor hear: which I judge to be true by others, that I have known to be less passionate and less scorched in the fiery flames of love than Calisto is; insomuch that I have seen them neither eat nor drink; neither laugh nor weep; neither sleep nor wake; neither speak nor hold their peace; neither live in pain nor yet find ease; neither be contented nor yet complain of discontentment, answerable to the perplexity of that sweet and cruel wound of their hearts. And, if natural necessity forceth them to any one of these, they are so wholly forgetful of themselves, and struck into such sudden senselessness of their present being and condition, that eating, their hands forget to carry their meat to their mouths. Besides, if you talk with them, they never answer you directly. Their bodies are there with you, but where they love, there are their hearts and their senses. Great is the force of love. His power doth not only reach over the earth, but passeth also over the seas. He holds an equal command over all mankind. He breaks through all kind of difficulties and dangers whatsoever. It is a tormentful thing, full of fear and of care. His eye rolls every way; nothing can escape him. And if any of you that be here, were ever true lovers and did love faithfully indeed, he will say I speak the truth.

SEMPR. Mother, you and I are both of a mind. For here is she present who caused me once to become another Calisto, desperate and senseless in my doings; weary in my body, idle in my brain, sleeping ill adays, and watching too well a-nights, up by break of day, playing the fool with thousands of gesticulations and odd antic-tricks, leaping over walls, putting my life every day in hap-hazard and manifold dangers, standing in harm's way before bulls, running horses, throwing the bar, tossing the pike, tiring out my friends, cracking of blades, making ladders of ropes, putting on armour, and a thousand other idle acts of a lover, making ballads, penning of sonnets, painting mottoes, making purposes, and other the like devices. All which I hold well spent, and think myself happy in them, sithence they gained me so great and fair a jewel.

ELICIA. You do well to persuade yourself so: but howsoever you conceit you have gained me, I assure thee, thy back is no sooner turned, but another is presently with me whom I love better than thee, and is a properer man than thou art, and one that will not go vexing and angering me, as thou dost. It is a year ere your worship forsooth can find in your heart to come and see me; and then as good have your room as your company, unless it were better.

CELEST. Son, give her leave to ease her stomach, let her speak her mind; for the wench, I think, is mad. And the more she talks thus lavishly and wildly, assure thyself, she is the more confirmed in thy love. All this stir is, because you commended Melibea so highly; and she (poor soul) knows not how to be even with you, but to pay you home in this coarse kind of coin and hard language. And I believe, I shall not see her eat yet awhile, for a thing that I know; and this other her cousin here, I know her meaning well enough, Go too, my masters, take the benefit of your youth, enjoy the flower of this your fresh and lively age. For he that will not when he may, when he would he shall have nay. And repentance shall be the recompense of his tarriance, who hath time and will not take it, as I myself do now repent me of those hours, which I sometimes lost, when I was young, when men did esteem of me, and when they loved me; for now (the worse luck mine) I am a decayed creature, I wax old, withered and full of wrinkles; nobody will now look after me, yet my mind is still the same; and want rather ability than desire. Fall to your flap, my masters, kiss and clip, as for me, I have nothing else to do, but to look on and please mine eye. It is some comfort to me yet, to be a spectator of your sports. Never stand upon nice terms, for whilst you sit at board, it is lawful to do anything from the girdle upwards; all play above board is fair and pardonable.

When you are alone by yourselves, close together at it in a corner, I will not clap a fine on your heads, because the king doth not impose any such taxation. And as for these young wenches I know they will never accuse you of ravishment. And as for old Celestina, because her teeth will be on edge, she will mumble with her dull and empty gums the crumbs off the napkins.

ELICIA. Mother, somebody knocks at the door.

CELEST. Daughter, look who it is.

ELICIA. Either the voice deceives me, or else it is my cousin Lucrecia.

CELEST. Open the door and let her come in, for she also understands somewhat touching that point, whereof we discoursed last; though, being shut up so close at home, as she is, she is mightily hindered in the fruition of her frication, and cannot enjoy her youth with the like liberty as others do.

AREUSA. Now I see it is most true, that these same chamber-maids, these forsooth that wait upon ladies, enjoy not a jot of delight, nor are acquainted with the sweet rewards of love. They never converse with their kindred, nor with their equals, with whom they may say thou for thou; or so hail fellow well met, as to ask in familiar language; 'Wench, what hast thou to supper? Art thou with child yet? How many hens dost thou keep at home? Shall we go make our bever at thy house? Come, let us go laugh and be merry there. Sirrah, show me thy sweetheart, which is he? Oh wonderful! How long is it since I saw thee last? How is it with thee, wench? How hast thou done this great while? Tell me I pray thee who are thy neighbours now?' And a thousand other the like unto these. O aunt! how hard a name it is, how troublesome, and how proud a thing to carry the name of a lady up and down continually in one's mouth! And this makes me to live of myself ever since I came to years of understanding and discretion. For I could never endure to be called by any other name than mine own, especially by these ladies we have nowadays. A wench may wait upon them, and spend in their service the better part of their time, and with an old cast gown, which hath scarce e'er a whole piece in it, they make payment of ten years' service. They will revile their maids, and call them all to naught; they will use them extreme hardly, and keep them in such awe and continual slavery, that they dare as well be hanged, as to speak but one word before them. And when they see the time draw on, that they be ready and ripe for marriage, and that they should both in reason and conscience do them some good that ways, they take occasion to wrangle and fall out with them, and falsely to object unto them, that they have trod their shoe awry, either with some one of her ladyship's servants, or with her son, or put jealousies betwixt her and her husband; or that they bring men privily into her house; or that they have stolen such a goblet, or lost such a ring: for which they will not stick to strip them, and lam them soundly, bestowing perhaps 100 stripes upon them, and afterwards thrust them out of doors, with their hair about their ears and their fardles at their backs, rating them in most vile manner, crying 'Out of my doors, you thief, you whore, you strumpet! this is no place for such paltry baggages. Thou shalt not spoil my house, I will not be thus dishonoured by thee.' So that instead of expected recompense they receive nothing but bitter revilements. Where they expect to go preferred out of the house, they go prejudiced out of the house. And where they expect to be well married, they are quite marred in their reputation. And where they expect jewels and wedding apparel, there are they sent out naked and disgraced. These are their rewards, these their benefits, and these the payments they receive for their service. They are bound to give them husbands, and in lieu thereof they strip them of their clothes. The greatest grace and honour which they have in their lady's house, is to be employed in walking the streets from one lady to another, and to deliver their lady's message: as, 'My lady hath sent to know how you do? How you did rest to-night? How your physic wrought with you, and how many occasions it gave your ladyship, etc.?' They never hear their own name out of their lady's mouth. But the best they can call them by, is 'Come hither, you whore, get you gone, you drab, or I'll set you going! whither gad you now, you mangy harlotry, you pocky slut? what have you done to-day, you loitering quean? Why did you eat this, you ravening thing, you gorbelly, you greedy cormorant? Ah! you filthy sow, how clean this frying pan is kept? This piss-pot, minion, it is well scoured, is it not? why you lazy-bones, did you not brush my clothes, when I left them off, and make clean my mantle? Why said you thus and thus, you sot, you foolish ass? Who lost the piece of plate, you scatter-good, you draggle-tail? What's become of my handkercher, you purloining thief? You have given it to one of your copesmates, some sweetheart of yours, that must help to make you a whore: come hither, you foul flapse, say, where is my hen, my crammed hen, that I cannot find her? You were best look her me out, and that quickly too, unless you mean I shall make you pay for her, when I come to pay you your wages.' And besides all this, her pantofles shall walk about her ears a thousand times a day; pinchings, cudgellings, and scourgings shall be as common to her as her meat and drink. There is not any that knows how to please and content them; not any that can endure their tartness and cursedness: their delight is to speak loud, their glory to chide and to brawl, and the better one does and the more one seeks to please them, the less are they contented. And this, mother, is the reason, why I have rather desired to live free from controlment, and to be mistress in a poor little house of mine own, than to live a slave and at command in the richest palace of the proudest lady of them all.

CELESTINA. Thou art in the right, my girl; I will take no care for you, you will shift for yourself; I perceive you know what you do, you need not to be told on which side your bread is buttered, you are no baby, I see: and wise men tell us that better is a crust of bread and a cup of cold water with peace and quietness, than a house full of dainties with brabbling and wrangling. But now let us leave this argument, for here comes Lucrecia. (*Lucr. comes in.*)

LUCRECIA. Much good to you, good aunt, and to all this fair company and great meeting.

CELESTI. So great, daughter? Hold you this so great a meeting? It appears that you have not known me in my prosperity, which is now some twenty years since. There be those that have seen me in better case than I am now; and he that now sees me, I wonder his heart doth not burst with sorrow. I tell thee, wench, I have seen at this table, where your kinswomen now sit, nine gallant young wenches much about your age; for the eldest was not above eighteen, and not one of them under fourteen. But such is this world, it comes and goes upon wheels. We are like pots in a water-wheel, or like buckets in a well; one up, and another down, one full, and another empty; it is fortune's law that nothing can continue any long time in one and the selfsame state of being. Her order is alteration; her custom, change. I cannot without tears deliver unto you the great honour I then lived in; though now (such is my ill fortune) by little and little it hath gone decaying, and as my days declined, so diminished and decreased my profit. It is an old saying that, whatsoever is in this world, it doth either increase or decrease. Everything hath its limits; everything its degrees of more or less: my honour did mount to that height, as was fitting for a woman of my quality to rise unto; and now of force, it must descend and fall as much. By this I know that I am near to my end, and that the lease of my life is now expiring, and all my years are almost spent and gone; and I also well know that I did ascend, that I might descend; that I flourished, for to wither; that I had joy, that I might have sorrow; that I was born to live; lived to grow; grew to grow old; and grow old to die: and, though it did always appear unto me, that I ought in this respect to suffer my misery the more patiently, yet as I am formed of flesh and blood, and bear this heavy mass of sin about me, I cannot but think on't now and then with grief, nor can I wholly, as I would, blot every thought thereof out of the woeful roll of my wretched remembrance.

LUCRECIA. Methinks, mother, it could not choose but be wondrous troublesome unto you, to have the charge of so many young wenches. For they are very dangerous cattle to keep, and will ask a great deal of pains.

CELEST. Pains, sweetheart? Nay, they were an ease and pleasure unto me; they did all of them obey me; they did all of them honour me; they did all of them reverence me: not one of them that would swerve from my will; what I said, stood for a law; it was good and current amongst them: not any one of them, to whom I gave entertainment, ever made their own choice any further than it stood with my liking; were he lame, crooked, squint-eyed, or crippled, all was one, he was the welcomest and the soundest, that brought me the soundest gains; mine was the profit and theirs the pains. Besides, I needed no servants; for in keeping them, I had servants enough. Why, your noblemen, your knights, your old men, your young men, your learned men, men of all sorts and dignities, from the highest to the lowest, why, they were all at my service ; and when I came to a feast, my foot was no sooner in, but I had presently as many bonnets vailed unto me as if I had been a duchess : he that had least acquaintance, least business with me, was held the most vile and basest fellow. They spying me almost a league off, they would forsake their most earnest occasions, one by one, two by two, and come to me, to see if I would command them any service ; and withal, ask me severally, how his love, how his mistress did ? When they saw me once pass by, you should have such a shuffling and scraping of feet, and all in such a general gaze, and so out of order, that they did neither do nor say anything aright. One would call me mistress, another aunt, others their love, others honest old woman. There they would consent, when they should come to my house ; there they would agree when I should go unto theirs ; there they would offer me money ; there they would make me large promises ; there likewise present me with gifts : some kissing the lappet of my coat, and some other my cheek, that by these kindnesses they might give me contentment, and work me to their will. But now fortune hath brought me to so low a place in her wheel, that you may say unto me, 'Mich you good dich you with your old ware ; your hinges are now grown rusty for want of oiling.'

SEMPR. Mother, you make my hair stand on end, to hear these strange things, which you recount unto us ; would your nobles, your knights, and learned men fall so low ? I am sure, they are not all of them so bad as you make them to be.

CELEST. No, my son, Jove forbid that I should raise any such report, or lay a general scandal upon any of their rank. For there were many old good men amongst them, with whom I had but small dealings, and could scarce endure to see me : but amongst the greatest, as they grew great in number, so had I a great number of them, some of one sort, and some of another ; some I found very chaste, and some that took the charge upon them to maintain such traders as myself. And I am still of this belief, that of these there is no lack ; and these forsooth would send their squires and young men to wait upon me, whithersoever I went: and I should scarce have set my foot within mine own doors, but straight at the heels of me, you should have one come in with chickens, another with hens, a third with geese, a fourth with ducks. This man sends me in partridges, that man turtle-doves, he a gammon of bacon, such a one a tart or a custard, and some good fellow or other a good sucking pig or two: for every one, as soon as he had a convenient present, so they came presently to register them in my house, that I and those their pretty souls might merrily eat them together. And as for wine we wanted none; the best that a man could lay his lips to in the whole city, was sent unto me from divers parts and corners of the town, as that of Monviedro, of Luque, of Toro, of Madrigal, of San Martin, and many other towns and villages; and indeed so many, that albeit I still keep the differences of their taste and relish in my mouth, yet do I not retain the diversity of their soils in my remembrance. For it is enough for such an old woman as I, that when a good cup of wine comes near my nose, I can be able to say, 'This is such a wine, or it comes from such a place or person'; why, your presents from all parts, from all sorts, came upon me as thick as hops, as flies to a pot of honey, or as stones that are thrown upon a stage: boys came tumbling in at my door, with as much provision as they could carry on their backs. But now those good days are past, I have eaten all my white bread in my youth, and know not how in the world to live, being fallen from so happy an estate.

AREUSA. Since we are come hither to be merry, good mother, do not weep, I pray, do not vex yourself; be of good cheer, pluck up your heart like a woman: the world, while we are in it, is bound to keep us all, and no doubt but you shall have enough.

CELEST. O daughter! I have cause enough, I think, to weep, when I call to mind those pleasant days that are past and gone, that merry life which then I led, and how I had the world at will, being served, honoured and sought to of all. Why, then there was not any new fruit or any the like dainty, which I had not in my hands, before others knew they were scarce blossomed; in those days, they were sure to be found in my house, if any one with child should long for such a toy.

SEMPR. Mother, the remembrance of the good time we have had, doth profit us nothing, when it cannot be recovered again, but rather brings grief and sorrow to ourselves, as this interrupting discourse hath done: but, mother, we will go off and solace ourselves, whilst you stay here, and give this maid her answer. (*Cel. and Lucr. remain.*)

CELEST. Daughter Lucrecia, passing over our former discourse, I pray you tell me what is the cause of your happy coming hither?

LUCRECIA. Believe me, I had almost forgot my chief errand unto you with thinking on that merry time which you talked of. Methinks I could continue fasting almost a whole year in hearkening unto thee, and thinking on that pleasant life which those young wenches led; methinks that with the very talking thereof, I have a conceit with myself that at this present I feel myself in the same happiness with them. I shall now, mistress, give you to understand the cause of my coming: I am sent unto you for my lady's girdle; and moreover, my lady entreats you that you would come and visit her, and that out of hand, for she feels herself very ill, and much pained and troubled with griefs and pangs about the heart; I assure you she is very heart-sick.

CELESTINA. Of these petty griefs the report is more than the pain. Is't about the heart, say you? I marvel (I promise you) that so young a gentlewoman as she is, should be pained at the heart.

LUCRECIA. Would thou wert as well dragged along the streets, thou old traitorous hag, as thou know'st well enough what she ails. The subtle old bawd comes and does her witcheries and her tricks, and then goes her ways, and afterwards, when one comes unto her for help, she makes forsooth as if she knew no such matter; it is news forsooth to her.

CELEST. What sayest thou, daughter?

LUCRECIA. Marry, I say, mother, would we were gone [at] once; and that you would give me the girdle.

CELEST. Come, let us go. I will carry it along with me.

ACTUS X

THE ARGUMENT

WHILST Celestina *and* Lucrecia *go onward on their way,* Melibea *talks and discourses with herself. Being come to the door, first enters* Lucrecia, *anon after causes* Celestina *to come in.* Melibea, *after some exchange of words, opens her mind to* Celestina, *telling her how fervently she was fallen in love with* Calisto. *They spy* Alisa, Melibea's *mother coming ; they take their leave each of other.* Alisa *asks her daughter* Melibea, *what business she had with* Celestina, *and what she made, there, dissuading her from conversing with her, and forbidding her her company.*

INTERLOCUTORS

Melibea, Celestina, Alisa, Lucrecia.

MELIBEA. O wretch that I am ! O unfortunate damsel ! Had I not been better yesterday to have yielded to Celestina's petition and request, when in the behalf of that gentleman, whose sight hath made me his prisoner, I was so earnestly sued unto, and so have contented him and cured myself, than to be thus forcibly driven to discover my heart, when haply he will not accept of it, whenas, already disaffianced in his hope for want of a good and fair answer, he hath set both his eyes and his heart upon the love and person of another ? How much more advantageous unto me would an entreated promise have been than a forced offerture ? To grant being requested than to yield being constrained ? O my faithful servant, Lucrecia, what wilt thou say of me, what wilt thou think of my judgment and understanding, when thou shalt see me to publish that, which I would never discover unto thee ? How wilt thou stand astonished of my honesty and modesty, which, like a recluse shut up from all company, I have ever hitherto kept inviolable ? I know not whether thou hast suspected or no, whence this my sorrow proceedeth, or whether thou art now coming with that solicitress of my safety. O thou high and supreme power! thou, unto whom all that are in misery and affliction call and cry for help, the appassionated beg remedy, the wounded crave healing; thou, whom the heavens, seas, earth, and the centre of hell itself doth obey; thou who submittedst all things unto men, I humbly beseech thee, that thou wilt give sufferance and patience to my wounded heart, whereby I may be able to dissemble my terrible passion. Let not this leaf of my chastity lose its gilding, which I have laid upon this amorous desire, publishing my pain to be otherwise than that which indeed tormenteth me. But how shall I be able to do it, that poisoned morsel so cruelly tormenting me, which the sight of that gentleman's presence gave me? O sex of womankind, feeble and frail in thy being! why was it not granted as well unto women, to discover their tormentful and fervent flames, as unto men? For then neither should Calisto have cause to complain, nor I to live in pain.

LUCR. (*without*) Aunt, stay here a while behind this door, whilst I go in, and see with whom my mistress is talking. (*Lucr. goes in.*) Come in; she is talking alone to herself.

MELIBEA. Lucrecia, make fast the door there, and pull down the hanging over it. O wise and honest old dame, you are exceeding welcome; what think you, that chance should so dispose of things and fortune so bring about her wheel, that I should stand in need of this wisdom, and crave so suddenly of you, that you would pay me in the selfsame coin, the courtesy which was by you demanded of me for that gentleman, whom you were to cure by the virtue of my girdle?

CELEST. Say, lady, what is your disease, that you so lively express the tokens of your torment in those your maiden blushes?

MELIBEA. Truly, mother, I think there be some serpents within my body, that are gnawing upon my heart.

CELEST. It is well, even as I would have it. I will be even with you, you fool, for your yesterday's anger, I will make you pay for it with a witness.

MELIBEA. What's that you say? Have you perceived by my looks any cause from whence my malady proceedeth?

CELEST. You have not, madame, told me the quality of your disease; and would you have me divine of the cause? That which I say is this, that I am heartily sorry to see your ladyship so sad and so ill.

MELIBEA. Good old woman, do thou make me merry then. For I have heard much of thy wisdom.

CELEST. Madame, as far as human knowledge can discern of inward grief, I dare presume. And forasmuch as for the health and remedy of infirmities and diseases these graces were imparted unto men, for the finding out of fit and convenient medicines, whereof some were attained to by experience, some by art, and some by a natural instinct, some small portion of these good gifts, this poor old creature myself have gotten, who is here present to do you the best service she can.

MELIBEA. O how acceptable and pleasing are thy words to mine ears! It is a comfortable thing to the sick patient, to see his physician to look cheerfully upon him. Methinks I see my heart broken between thy hand in pieces, which with a little labour, and by power and virtue of thy tongue, thou art able, if thou wilt, to join together, and make it whole again; even as easily as Alexander that great king of Macedon dreamt of that wholesome root in the mouth of a dragon, wherewith he healed his servant Ptolemy, who had been bitten by a viper: and therefore, for the love of Jove, disrobe yourself, that you may more easily and more diligently look into the nature of my disease, and afford me some remedy for it.

CELEST. A great part of health is the desiring of health, and a good sign of mending, to be willing to mend. For which reason I reckon your grief the less and hold it the less dangerous; but that I may minister a wholesome medicine unto you, and such a one as may be agreeable to your disease, it is requisite that you first satisfy me in these three particulars. The first is, on which side of your body your pain doth lie most. The second, how long you have had this pain; whether it hath taken you but of late or no. For your newly growing infirmities are sooner cured in the tenderness of their growth, than when they have taken deep rooting by over-long persevering in their office: so beasts are sooner tamed when they are young, and more easily brought to the yoke, than when their hide is throughly hardened; so far better do those plants grow up and prosper, which are removed when they are young and tender, than those that are transplanted having long borne fruit. The third is, whether this your evil hath proceeded of any cruel thought, which hath taken hold on you. This being made known, you shall see me set myself roundly to work about your cure; for it is very fit and convenient that you should open the whole truth, as well to your physician, as your confessor.

MELIBEA. Friend Celestina, thou wise matron and great mistress in thy art, thou hast well opened unto me the way, by which I may manifest my malady unto thee. Believe me, you have questioned me like a wise woman, and like one that is well experienced in these kind of sicknesses. My pain is about my heart, its residence near unto my left pap, but disperseth itself over every part of my body. Secondly, it hath been so but of late: nor did I ever think that any pain whatsoever could have so deprived me of my understanding, as this doth; it troubles my sight, changes my countenance, takes away my stomach, I cannot sleep for it, nor will it suffer me to enjoy any kind of pleasure. Touching the thought, which was the last thing you demanded concerning my disease, I am not able to deliver it unto you, and as little the cause thereof; for neither death of kinsfolk, nor loss of temporal goods, nor any sudden passion upon any vision, nor any doting dream, nor any other thing can I conjecture to be the cause of it, save only a kind of alteration, caused by yourself upon your request, which I suspected, in the behalf of that gentleman Calisto, when you entreated me for my charm.

CELEST. What, madame? Is Calisto so bad a man? Is his name so bad, that only but to name him should upon the very sound thereof send forth such poison? Deceive not yourself; do not believe that this is the cause of your grief: I have another thing in the wind, there is more in't than so; but since you make it so dainty, if your ladyship will give me leave, I will tell you the cause of it.

MELIBEA. Why, how now, Celestina, what a strange request is this that thou mak'st unto me? Needest thou to crave leave of me, who am to receive help from thee? What physician did ever demand such security, for to cure his patient? Speak, speak what you please; for you shall always have leave of me to say what you will; always excepted that you wrong not my honour with your words.

CELESTINA. I see, lady, that on the one side you complain of your grief, and on the other side I perceive that you fear your remedy: your fear strikes a fear into me; which fear causeth silence, and silence truce betwixt your malady and my medicine; so that yourself will be the cause that your pain shall not cease, nor my cunning cure you.

MELIBEA. By how much the longer you defer my cure, by so much the more do you increase my pain and augment my passion. Either thy medicines are of the powder of infamy and of the juice of corruption, confectionated with some other more cruel pain than that which thy patient already feels, or else thy skill is nothing worth; for if either the one or the other did not hinder thee, thou wouldst tell me of some other remedy boldly and without fear, sithence I entreat thee to acquaint me therewith, my honour still preserved.

CELEST. Madame, think it not strange, that it is harder for him that is wounded, to endure the torment of hot-scalding turpentine, and the sharp incisions, which gall the heart and double the pain, than the wound that is newly inflicted on him that is whole. And therefore, if you be willing to be cured, and that I should discover unto you the sharp point of my needle without any fear at all, frame for your hands and feet a bond of patience and of quietness; for your eyes a veil of pity and compassion; for your tongue a bridle of silence; for your ears the bombast or stuffing of sufferance and bearing; and then shall you see what effects this old mistress in her art will work upon your wounds.

MELIBEA. O how thou killest me with delays! For God's love, speak what thou wilt, do what thou wilt, exercise thy skill, put thy experience in practice. For there is not any remedy so sharp as can equal the bitterness of my pain and torment. No, though it touch upon mine honour, though it wrong my reputation, though it afflict my body, though it rip and break up my flesh, for to pull out my grieved heart! I give thee my faith, to do what thou wilt securely; and if I may find ease of my pain, I shall liberally reward thee.

LUCRECIA. My mistress hath lost her wits; she is exceeding ill; this same sorceress hath captivated her will.

CELEST. One devil or other is still haunting me, one while here, another while there. I have escaped Parmeno, and have fallen upon Lucrecia.

MELIBEA. Mother, what is't you say ? What said the wench unto you ?

CELESTINA. I cannot tell, lady, I did not well hear her. But let her say what she will ; yet let me tell you, that there is not anything more contrary in great cures before strong and stout-hearted surgeons than weak and fainting hearts, who with their great lamentations, their pitiful words, and their sorrowful gestures strike a fear into the patient, make him despair of his recovery, and anger and trouble the surgeon, which trouble makes him to alter his hand, and direct his needle without any order. By which you may clearly know that it is very necessary for your safety, that there be nobody about you ; no, not so much as Lucrecia. And therefore it is very meet that you command her absence : daughter Lucrecia, you must pardon me.

MELIBEA. Get you out quickly, begone.

LUCRECIA. Well, well, we are all undone. I go, madame.

CELEST. Your great pain and torment doth likewise put boldness into me, as also that I perceive by your suspicion you have already swallowed some part of my cure. But notwithstanding it is needful, that we bring a more manifest remedy and more wholesome mitigation of your pain, from the house of that worthy one Calisto.

MELIBEA. Mother, I pray you, good now hold your peace ; fetch not anything from his house that may work my good. If you love me, do not so much as once name him unto me.

CELEST. Madame, I pray be patient. That which is the chief and principal pillar must not be broken ; for then all our labour is lost. Your wound is great, and hath need of a sharp cure, and hard with hard doth smooth and mollify more effectually and more delicately. And wise men say that the cure of a lancing surgeon leaves behind it the greater scar ; and that without danger no danger is overcome. Have patience then with yourself. For seldom is that cured without pain, which in itself is painful. One nail drives out another, and one sorrow expels another. Do not conceive hatred nor disaffection, nor give your tongue leave to speak ill of so virtuous a person as Calisto, whom, if you did but know him. . . .

MELIBEA. O you kill me! no more of him, for God's sake, no more! Did not I tell you that you should not commend him unto me? And that you should not speak a word of him neither good nor bad?

CELEST. Madame, this is that other and main point in my cure; which if you by your impatience will not consent unto, my coming can little profit you. But if you will, as you promised, be patient, you shall remain sound and out of doubt, and Calisto be well apaid and have no cause to complain. I did before acquaint you with my cures, and with this invisible needle, which before it come at you to stitch up your wound, you feel it, only but having it in my mouth and naming it unto you.

MELIBEA. So often wilt thou name this gentleman unto me that neither my promise nor the faith I plighted thee will suffice to make me any longer to endure your words. Wherein should he be well apaid? What do I owe unto him? Wherein am I bound unto him? What charge have I put him to? What hath he ever done for me? What necessity is there that we must be driven to use him as the instrument of my recovery? More pleasing would it be unto me, that you would tear my flesh and sinews asunder and tear out my heart, than to utter such words as these.

CELESTINA. Without any rupture or rending of your garments love did lance your breast; and therefore [I] will not sunder your flesh to cure your sore.

MELIBEA. How call you this grief, that hath seized on the better part of my body?

CELESTINA. Sweet love.

MELIBEA. Tell me then, what thing this sweet love may be? For only in the very hearing of it named, my heart leaps for joy.

CELEST. It is a concealed fire; a pleasing wound; a savoury poison; a sweet bitterness; a delightful grief; a cheerful torment; a sweet, yet cruel hurt; and a gentle death.

MELIBEA. O wretched that I am! for if thy relation be true, I rest doubtful of my recovery; for, according to the contrariety which these names do carry, that which shall be profitable for one, shall to another bring more passion.

CELEST. Let not your noble youth be diffident of recovery: be of good cheer; take a good heart to you; and doubt not of your welfare. For where heaven gives a wound, there it gives a remedy; and as it hurts, so it heals; and so much the sooner, because I know where the flower grows, that will free you from all this torment.

MELIBEA. How is it called?

CELEST. I dare not tell you.

MELIBEA. Speak and spare not.

CELESTIN. Calisto. . . O madame! Melibea! ah! woe is me! why woman, what mean you? What a cowardly heart have you? What a fainting is here? O miserable that I am, hold up your head, I pray lift it up! O accursed old woman! Must my steps end [in] this? If she go thus away in a swoon, they will kill me: if she revive, she will be much pained; for she will never endure to publish her pain, nor give me leave to exercise my cure. Why, Melibea, my sweet lady, my fair angel! what's the matter, sweetheart? Where is your grief? Why speak you not unto me? What is become of your gracious and pleasing speech? Where is that cheerful colour, that was wont to beautify your cheeks? Open those brightest lamps, that ever nature tinded: open your eyes, I say, those clear suns, that are able to give light to darkness. Lucrecia, Lucrecia, come hither quickly; come quickly, I say, you shall see your lady lie here in a swoon in my arms; run down quickly for a jar of water.

MELIBEA. Softly, speak softly, I pray; I'll see if I can rise; in no case do not trouble the house.

CELESTINA. Ay me! Sweet lady, do not sink any more; speak, speak unto me as you were wont.

MELIBEA. I will, and much more than I was wont. But peace I pray awhile, and do not trouble me.

CELESTIN. What will you have me to do, my precious pearl? Whence arose this sudden qualm? I believe my points are broken.

MELIBEA. No, it is my honesty that is broken; it is my modesty that is broken; my too much bashfulness and shamefastness occasioned my swooning, which being my natural and familiar friends and companions could not slightly absent themselves from my face, but they would also carry away my colour with them for a while, my strength, my speech, and a great part of my understanding. But now, my good mistress, my faithful secretary, since that which thou so openly knowest, it is in vain for me to seek to smother it; many, yea many days, are now overpast, since that noble gentleman motioned his love unto me; whose speech and name was then as hateful, as now the reviving thereof is pleasing unto me. With thy needles thou hast stitched up my wound; I am come to thy bent; it is in thy power to do with me what thou wilt. In my girdle thou carriedst away with thee the possession of my liberty: his anguish was my greater torment; his pain my greater punishment. I highly praise and commend your singular sufferance, your discreet boldness, your liberal pains, your solicitous and faithful steps, your pleasing speech, your good wisdom, your excessive solicitude, and your profitable importunity; the gentleman is much bound unto you, and myself more. For my reproaches and revilings could never make thee to slack thy courage, thy strong continuance and forcible perseverance in thy suit, relying still on thy great subtlety and strength of wit; or rather bearing thyself like a most faithful and trusty servant, being then most diligent, when thou wast most reviled; the more I did disgrace thee, the more wast thou importunate; the harsher answer I gave thee, the better didst thou seem to take it; when I was most angry, then wast thou most mild and humble: and now by laying aside all fear thou hast gotten that out of my bosom, which I never thought to have discovered unto thee or to any other whosoever.

CELEST. My most dear both lady and friend, wonder not so much at this; for those ends that have their effect, give me daringness to endure those craggy and dangerous by-ways, by which I come to such recluses as yourself. True it is that, until I had resolved with myself, as well on my way hitherwards as also here in your house, I stood in great doubt, whether were I best discover my petition unto you or no. When I did think on the great power of your father, then did I fear; but when withal I weighed the nobleness of Calisto, then I grew bold again; when I observed your discretion, I waxed timorous; but when I considered your virtue and your courtesy, I recovered new courage: in the one I found fear; in the other safety. And since, madame, you have been willing to grace me with the discovery of so great a favour, as now you have made known unto me, declare your will unto me, lay your secrets in my lap; put into my hands the managing of this matter, and I will give it such a form, as both you and Calisto shall very shortly accomplish your desires.

MELIBEA. O my Calisto! my dear lord, my sweet and pleasing joy, if thy heart feel the like torment as mine, I wonder how thy absence gives thee leave to live. O thou, both my mother and mistress, so handle the business that I may presently see him, if you desire I should live.

CELEST. See him? You shall both see him and speak with him.

MELIBEA. Speak with him? It is impossible.

CELEST. Nothing is impossible to a willing mind.

MELIBEA. Tell me how?

CELEST. I have it in my head: marry thus, within the doors of thy house.

MELIBEA. When?

CELEST. This night.

MELIBEA. Thou shalt be glorious in mine eyes, if thou compass this. But soft, at what hour?

CELEST. Just when the clock strikes twelve.

MELIBEA. Go, begone, hie you, good mistress, my faithful friend, and talk with that gentleman, and will him that he come very softly at his appointed hour, and then we will conclude of things, as himself shall think fit to order them.

CELEST. Farewell. Lo, yonder is your mother making hitherward. (*Cel. goes.*)

MELIBEA. Friend Lucrecia, my loyal servant and faithful secretary, you have here seen that I have no power over myself, and what I have done, lies not in my hands to help it. Love hath made me prisoner to that gentleman. I entreat thee, for pity's sake, that you will sign what you have seen with the seal of secrecy, whereby I may come to the enjoying of so sweet a love: in requital whereof thou shalt be held by me in that high regard, as thy faithful service deserveth.

LUCRECIA. Madame, long afore this I perceived your wound and sounded your desire: I did much pity your torment; for the more you sought to hide from me the fire which did burn you, the more did those flames manifest themselves in the colour of your face, in the little quietness of your heart, in the restlessness of your members, in your tossing to and fro, in eating without any appetite, and in your unableness to sleep: so that I did continually see from time to time, as plainly as if I had been within you, most manifest and apparent signs of your wretched estate; but because in that instant, whenas will reigneth in those whom we serve, or a disordinate appetite, it is fitting for us that are servants to obey them with bodily diligence, and not to check and control them with the artificial counsels of the tongue—and therefore did I suffer with pain, held my peace with fear, concealed with fidelity, though I always held it better to use sharp counsel than smooth flattery. But since that your ladyship hath no other remedy for your recovery, but either to die or to live, it is very meet that you should make choice of that for the best, which in itself is best.

ALISA. (*without*) How now, neighbour? What's the matter with you, that you are here thus day by day?

CELESTINA. I wanted yesterday a little of my weight in the thread I sold, and now I am come according to my promise for to make it up, and now that I have delivered it, I am going away. Jove have you in his good keeping.

ALISA. And you too. (*Al. goes in.*) Daughter Melibea, what would this old woman have?

MELIBEA. She would have sold me a little sublimated mercury.

ALISA. Ay marry, I rather believe this than that which the old lewd hag told me. She was afraid I would have been angry with her, and so she popped me in the mouth with a lie. Daughter, take heed of her. For she is an old crafty fox, and as false as the devil. A whole country cannot afford you such another treacherous housewife. Take you heed therefore (I say) of her. For your cunning and crafty thieves go always a-prowling about your richest houses. She knows by her treasons and false merchandise how to change chaste purposes. She causeth an ill report, bringeth a bad name and fame upon those that have anything to do with her. If she be but seen to have entered one house thrice, it is enough to engender suspicion.

LUCRECIA. My old lady's counsel comes too late.

ALISA. I charge you, daughter, upon my blessing and by that love which I bear unto you, that if she come hither any more, when I am out of the way, that you do not give her any entertainment, no manner of welcome, no, not so much as to show her any the least countenance of liking, lest it should encourage her to come again. Let her find that you stand upon your honesty and reputation. And be you round and short with her in your answers, and she will never come at you again. For true virtue is more feared than a sword.

MELIBEA. Is she a blade of that making? Is she such a whipster? Is she one of those, you know what? She shall never come at me more. And believe me, madame, I much joy in your good advice, and that you have so well instructed me of whom I ought to beware.

ACTUS XI

THE ARGUMENT

CELESTINA *having taken her leave of* Melibea, *goes mumbling and talking along the streets to herself. She espies* Sempronio *and* Parmeno, *who are going to Saint* Mary Magdalen's *to look out their master.* Sempronio *talks with* Calisto ; *in the meanwhile comes in* Celestina. *They go all to* Calisto's *house.* Celestina *delivereth her message, and the means for their meeting appointed by* Melibea. *In the interim that* Celestina *and* Calisto *are discoursing together,* Sempronio *and* Parmeno *fall a-talking between themselves ;* Celestina *takes her leave of* Calisto, *and gets her home to her own house. She knocks at the door ;* Elicia *opens it unto her. They sup, and then go to take their rest.*

INTERLOCUTORS

Celestina, Sempronio, Calisto, Parmeno, Elicia.

CELESTINA. O thrice happy day! Would I were at home with all my joy, wherewith I go laden. But I see Parmeno and Sempronio going to the myrtle-grove : I will after them, and if I meet with Calisto there, we will all along together to his house, to demand a reward for the great good news that I bring him.

SEMPRONIO. Take heed, sir, lest by your long stay you give occasion of talk to the world. For your honesty have a care that you make not yourself become a byword to the people. For nowadays it is commonly spoken amongst them, he is an hypocrite, that is too devout. For what will they say of you, if they see you thus, but scoff in derision at you, and say, 'He is gone to the myrtle-grove to sacrifice some half score hecatombs of sighs and ay-mes to Venus' son, to prosper and prefer him to the favour and fruition of some mistress ?' If you are oppressed with passion, endure it at home in your own house, that the world may not perceive it. Discover not your grief unto strangers, since the drum is in their hands, who know best how to beat it, and your business in her hands, who knows best how to manage it.

CALISTO. In whose hands?

SEMPRONIO. In Celestina's.

CELESTINA. Who is that names Celestina? What sayest thou of this slave of Calisto's? I have come trudging all along the Augurs' street to see if I could overtake you. I did put my best leg foremost, but all would not do: the skirts of my petticoat were so long and did so often interfold themselves between my feet.

CALISTO. O thou joy of the world! Thou ease of my passions, thou relieveress of my pain, my eyes' looking-glass, my heart doth even exult for joy in beholding so honoured a presence, an age so ennobled with years; tell me, what is't thou com'st with, what good news dost thou bring? For I see thou lookst cheerfully: and yet I know not of what terms my life doth stand, in what it consisteth.

CELEST. In my tongue.

CALIST. What sayest thou then? Speak, thou that art my glory and comfort. Deliver it more at large unto me.

CELESTINA. Sir, let us first go more privately; and, as we go home to your house, I will tell you that which shall make you glad indeed.

PARME. Brother, the old woman looks merrily; sure, she hath sped well to-day.

SEMPR. Soft, listen what she says.

CELESTINA. All this day, sir, have I been labouring in your business, and have neglected other weighty and serious affairs, which did much concern me: many do I suffer to live in pain, only that I may yield you comfort. Besides, I have lost more by it than you are aware of; but farewell it; all is well lost, sithence I have brought my business to so good an end. And hear you me, for I will tell it you in few words (for I love to be short): Melibea is wholly at your service.

CALISTO. Oh! what do I hear?

CELEST. Nay, she is more yours than her own, more at your service and command than of her father Pleberio.

CALISTO. Speak softly, good mother, take heed what you say; let not my men hear you, lest they should call thee fool. Melibea is my mistress, Melibea is my desire, Melibea is my life, I am her servant, I am her slave.

SEMPR. Good sir, with this distrustfulness of yours, with this undervaluing of yourself, you intersert such doubts, as cut off Celestina in the midst of her discourse; you would tire out a whole world with your disordered and confused interruptions. Why do you cross and bless yourself? Why do you keep such a wondering? It were better you would give her something for her pains. For these words are worthy better payment, and expect no less at your hands.

CALISTO. Well hast thou spoken; dear mother, I wot full well that my small reward can no ways reward your pains; but instead of a gown and a kirtle (because tradesmen shall not share with you) take this little chain, put it about your neck, and go on with your discourse, and my joy.

PARM. Call you that a little chain? Heard you him, Sempronio? This spendthrift makes no reckoning of it; but I assure you, I will not give my part thereof for half a mark of gold, let her share it never so ill.

SEMPR. Peace, I say, for should my master have overheard you, you should have had work enough to pacify him, and to cure yourself; so offended is he already with your continual murmuring. As you love me, brother, hear and hold your peace; for to this end thou hast two ears, and but one tongue.

PARM. He hath hanged himself so fast to that old woman's mouth, that he is both deaf, dumb and blind, like a body without a soul, or a bell without a clapper; insomuch that, if we should point at him scornfully with our fingers, he would say we lifted up our hands to heaven, imploring his happy success in his love.

SEMPR. Peace, hearken, listen well unto Celestina. On my soul, she deserves it all, and more too, had he given it her. She speaks wonders.

CELEST. Noble Calisto, to such a poor weak old woman as myself you have showed yourself exceeding frank and liberal; but, as every gift is esteemed great or little in regard of him that gives it, I will not therefore compare therewith my small desert, which it surpasseth both in quality and quantity; but rather measure it with your magnificence, before which it is nothing. In requital whereof I restore unto thee thy health, which was upon losing, thy heart, which was upon fainting, and thy wits, which were upon turning. Melibea is pained more for you than you for her: Melibea loves you and desires to see you: Melibea spends more hours in thinking upon you than on herself: Melibea calls herself thine; and this she holds as a title of liberty, and with this she allays that fire, which burns more in her than thyself.

CALISTO. You my servants, am I here? Hear I this? Look whether I am awake or not. Is it day or is it night? O thou great God of heaven, I beseech thee this may not prove a dream; sure, I do not sleep; methinks I am fully awake. Tell me, mother, dost thou make sport with me, in paying me with words? Fear nothing, but tell me the truth; for thy going to and fro deserveth a great deal more than this.

CELEST. The heart that is wounded with desire, never entertaineth good news for certain, nor bad for doubtful. But whether I jest or no, yourself shall see, by going this night to her house, herself having agreed with me about the time, appointing you to be just there as the clock strikes twelve, that you may talk together through the chinks of the door; from whose own mouth you shall fully know my solicitude, and her desire, and the love which she bears unto you, and who hath caused it.

CALISTO. It is enough! Is it possible I should hope for so great a happiness? Can so great a blessing light upon Calisto? I die till that hour come. I am not capable of so great a glory. I do not deserve so great a favour, nor am I worthy to speak with so fair a lady, who of her own free will should afford me so great a grace.

CELEST. I have often heard that it is harder to suffer prosperous than adverse fortune, because the one hath never any quietude, and the other still taketh comfort. It is strange, sir, that you will not consider who you are, nor the time that you have spent in her service, nor the person, whom you have made to be your means: and likewise, that hitherto thou hast ever been in doubt of having her, and yet didst still endure all with patience ; and now that I do certify unto thee the end of thy torment, wilt thou put an end to thy life ? Consider, consider, I pray, with thyself, that Celestina is on thy side, and that, although all should be wanting unto thee, which in a lover were to be required, I would sell thee for the most complete gallant of the world ; for I would make for thee mountains of most craggy rocks to grow plain and smooth. Nay more, I would make thee to go through the deepest channel or the highest swelling sea without wetting of thy foot : you know not on whom you have bestowed your largess.

CALISTO. Remember yourself, mother, did you not tell me that she would come to me of her own accord ?

CELESTINA. Yes, and that upon her very knees.

SEMPR. Pray heaven it be not a false alarm ; one thing rumoured, another purposed : it may be a false firework, to blow us all up. I fear me, it is a false train, a made match, and a trap purposely set to catch us all. Bethink yourself, mother, that so men use to give crooked pins wrapped up in bread, poisonsome pills rolled up in sugar, that they may not be seen and perceived.

PARMENO. I never heard thee speak better in my life : the sudden yielding of this lady, and her so speedy consenting to all that Celestina would have her, engenders a strong suspicion within me, and makes me to fear that, deceiving our will with her sweet and ready words, she will rob us on the wrong side, as your gypsies use to do, when they look in our hands to tell us our fortunes. Besides, mother, it is an old saying, that with fair words many wrongs are revenged ; and the counterfeit stalking-horse, which is made but of canvass, with his dissembled gait and the alluring sound of the tinkling of a bell, drives the partridges into the net : the songs of the sirens deceive the simple mariner with the sweetness of their voices ; even so she with her exceeding kindness, and sudden concession of her love, will seize handsmooth on a whole drove of us at once, and purge her innocency with Calisto's honour and our deaths ; being like herein to the teatling lamb, which sucks both her dam's teat, and that of another ewe. She, by securing us, will be revenged both of Calisto and all of us ; so that with the great number of people which they have in the house, they may catch both the old ones and the young one together in the nest, whilst she, shrugging and rubbing herself by the fireside, may safely say, 'He is out of gunshot, that rings the bell to the battle.'

CALISTO. Peace, you knaves, you villains, you suspicious rascals, will you make me believe that angels can do ought that is ill? I tell you, Melibea is but a dissembled angel, that lives here amongst us.

SEMPRO. What? Will you still play the heretic? Hearken to him, Parmeno; but take thou no care at all; let it not trouble thee. For, if there be any double dealing, or that the play prove foul, he shall pay for all; for our feet be good, and we will betake us to our heels.

CELESTINA. Sir, you are in the right, and these in the wrong, over-lading their thoughts with vain suspicions and jealousies. I have done all that I was enjoined: and so I leave you to your joys. Good angels defend you and direct you: as for myself, I am very well satisfied. And if you shall have further occasion to use me, either in this particular or anything else, you shall find me ever ready to do you the best service I can.

PARMENO. Ha, ha, he!

SEMPRONIO. I pray thee, why dost thou laugh?

PARME. To see what haste the old trot makes to be gone: she thinks every hour a year, till she be gone clear away with the chain; she cannot persuade herself that it is as yet sure enough in her hands; for she knows that she is as little worthy of that chain, as Calisto is of his Melibea.

SEMPR. What would you have such an old whorish bawd as she to do, who knows and understands that which we silence and keep secret, and useth to patch up seven virginities at a clap for two pieces of silver? and now that she sees herself to be laden with gold, what, I say, would you have her to do, but to make it safe and sure by taking possession thereof, for fear lest he should take it from her again, after that he hath had his desire? But let us beware of the devil, and take heed that we go not together by the ears, when we come to divide the spoil.

CAL. Mother, fare you well, I will lay me down to sleep and rest myself a while, that I may redeem the nights past, and satisfy the better for that which is to come. (*Cel. goes to her house.*)

CELESTINA. Tha, ta, ta.

ELICIA. Who knocks ?

CELESTINA. Daughter Elicia, open the door.

ELICIA. How chance you come so late ? It is not well done of you, being an old woman as you are ; for you may hap to stumble, where you may so fall that it may be your death.

CELEST. I fear not that, wench : for I consult with myself in the day, which way I shall go in the night ; for I never go near any bridge, bench, pit or causey. For, as it is in the proverb, he goes not safe, nor never shall, who goes too close unto the wall ; and he goes still most safe and sound, whose steps are placed on plainest ground : and I had rather foul my shoes with dirt, than bebloody my kerchief at every wall's corner. But does it not grieve thee to be here ?

ELICIA. Why should it grieve me ?

CELEST. Because the company I left here with you, is gone, and you are all alone.

ELICIA. It is some four hours ago, since they went hence ; and would you have me to think on that now ?

CELEST. Indeed the sooner they left you, the more reason you had to think thereon ; but let us leave to talk of their speedy going and of my long staying, and let us first provide for our supper, and then for our sleep.

ACTUS XII

THE ARGUMENT

MIDNIGHT *being come,* Calisto, Sempronio, *and* Parmeno, *being well armed, go towards the house of* Melibea. Lucrecia *and* Melibea *stand at the door, watching for* Calisto. Calisto *comes;* Lucrecia *first speaks unto him; she calls* Melibea*;* Lucrecia *goes aside.* Melibea *and* Calisto *talk together, the door being betwixt them;* Parmeno *and* Sempronio *withdraw themselves a little ways off. They hear some people coming along the street; they prepare themselves for flight.* Calisto *takes his leave of* Melibea, *leaving order for his return the next night following.* Pleberio, *awakened with the noise which he heard in the street, calls to his wife* Alisa*; they ask of* Melibea *who that was, that walked up and down in her chamber.* Melibea *answers her father by feigning she was athirst.* Calisto *with his servants go talking home to his house. Being come home, he lays him down to sleep.* Parmeno *and* Sempronio *go to* Celestina's *house: they demand their share of her pains;* Celestina *dissembles the matter; they fall a-wrangling; they lay hands on* Celestina, *they murder her.* Elicia *cries out; the Justice comes and apprehends them both.*

INTERLOCUTORS

Calisto, Lucrecia, Melibea, Parmeno, Sempronio, Pleberio, Alisa, Celestina, Elicia.

CALISTO. Sirs, what's a clock?

SEMPR. It struck now ten.

CALISTO. O how it discontents me to see servants so retchless! Of my much mindfulness for this night's meeting, and your much unmindfulness and extreme carelessness, there might have been had some indifferent both remembrance and care; how inconsiderately (knowing how much it importeth me, to be either ten or eleven) dost thou answer me at hap-hazard, with that which comes first to mouth! O unhappy I, if by chance I had overslept myself! And my demand had depended on the answer of Sempronio, to make of eleven ten, and of twelve but eleven! Melibea might have come forth; I had not gone out; and she returned back, so that neither my misery should have had an end, nor my desire have taken effect. And therefore it is not said in vain, that another man's harm hangs but by one hair, no man caring whether he sink or swim.

SEMPR. Methinks it is as great an error in a man to ask what he knows, as to answer to what he knows not. It were better, sir, that we should spend this hour that remaineth in preparing weapons, than in propounding questions.

CALISTO. The fool says well, I would not at such a time receive a displeasure. I will not think on that which may be, but on that which hath been; not on the harm which may arise by his negligence, but on the good which may come by my carefulness. I will give leisure to my anger, and will either quite dismiss it, or force it to be more remiss. Parmeno, take down my corselets, and arm yourselves, so shall we go the safer: for it is in the proverb, half the battle is then waged, when a man is well prepared.

PARME. Lo, sir, here they be.

CALISTO. Come help me here to put them on. Do you look out, Sempronio, and see if anybody be stirring in the street.

SEMPR. Sir, I see not any, and though there were, yet the darkness of the night is such and so great, that it is impossible for any that shall meet us, either to see or know us.

CALISTO. Let us along then. Here, my masters, this way; for though it be somewhat about, yet is it the more private way and the lesser frequented. Now it strikes twelve, a good hour.

PARME. We are near unto the place.

CALISTO. We are come in very good time. Go thou, Parmeno, and peep in at the door, to see if that lady be come or no.

PARMENO. Who? I, sir? God forbid that I should mar that which I never made. Much better were it, sir, that your presence should be her first encounter, lest in seeing me she should be moved to anger, in seeing so many acquainted with that which she so secretly desires to be done, and undergoeth with so great fear: as also, because she may haply imagine that you mock her.

CALISTO. O how well hast thou spoken! Thou hast given me my life by giving me this sound advice; for there needeth nothing more to bear me home dead to my house, than that she through my improvidence should have gone her ways back: I will go thither myself, and do you stay here. (*Cal. goes to the door of Melibea's house*)

PARMENO. What dost thou think, Sempronio, of the fool, our master, who thought to have made me to be his target for to receive the encounter of this first danger? What do I know who stands between or behind the doors? What know I if there be any treason intended or no? What can I tell whether Melibea have plotted this to cry quittance with our master for this his great presumption? Besides, we are not sure whether the old trot told him truth or no. Thou knowest not, Parmeno, how to speak! Thy life shall be taken from thee, and thou ne'er the wiser for it: thy soul shall be let forth, and thou not know who was he that did it. Do not thou turn flatterer, nor soothe up thy master in everything, that he would have thee, and then thou shalt never have cause to weep for other men's woes, or to mourn for others' miseries. Do thou not follow Celestina's counsel in that which is fit and convenient for thee, and thou wert as good go break thy neck blindfold. Go on with thy good persuasions and faithful admonitions, and thou shalt be well cudgelled for thy labour. Turn the leaf now no more, lest thou be forced to bid the world good-night, before thou be willing to leave it. I will solemnize this as my birthday, since I have escaped so great a danger.

SEMPR. Hush, I say, softly, Parmeno, softly. Do not you keep such a leaping and skipping, nor for joy make such a noise, lest you may hap to be heard.

PARMENO. Content yourself, brother, hold your peace, I pray, for I cannot contain myself for very joy, to think that I should make him believe, that it was most fit for him to go to the door; whenas indeed I did only put him on, because I held it fittest for mine own safety. Who could ever have brought a business more handsomely about for his own good than I myself have done? Thou shalt see me do many such things, if thou shalt hereafter but observe me, which every man shall not know of, as well towards Calisto himself, as all those who shall any way intermeddle or interpose themselves in this business. For I am assured that this damsel is but the bait to this hook, whereat he must hang himself, or that flesh which is thrown out to vultures, whereof he that eateth, is sure to pay soundly for it.

SEMP. Let this pass, ne'er trouble thy head with these jealousies and suspicions of thine; no, though they should happen to be true. But prepare thyself, and like a tall soldier be in readiness upon the first alarm or word given to betake thee to thy heels. Do like the men of Villa-Diego, who being besieged ran away by night with their breeches in their hands.

PARMENO. We have read both in one book and are both of the same mind; I have not only their breeches, but their light easy buskins, that I may run away the nimbler and outstrip my fellows. And I am glad, good brother, that thou hast advised me to that, which otherwise even for very shame and fear of thee I should never have done: as for our master, if he chance to be heard or otherwise discovered, he will never escape, I fear me, the hands of Pleberio's people, whereby he may hereafter demand of us, how we behaved ourselves in his defence, or that he shall ever be able to accuse us that we cowardly forsook him.

SEMP. O my friend Parmeno, how good and joyful a thing is it for fellows and companions to live together in love and unity! And though Celestina should prove good to us in no other thing save only this, yet in this alone hath she done us service enough, and deserved very well at our hands.

PARMENO. No man can deny that which in itself is manifest. It is apparent, that we for modesty's sake, and because we would not be branded with the hateful name of cowardice, we stayed here, expecting together with our master no less than death, though we did not so much deserve it as he did.

SEMPR. Melibea should be come. Hark, methinks I hear them whispering each to other.

PARM. I fear rather that it is not she, but some one that counterfeits her voice.

SEMPR. Heavens defend us from the hands of traitors! I pray God they have not betaken themselves to that street, through which we were resolved to fly. For I fear nothing else but that.

CALISTO (*outside the door*). This stirring and murmur which I hear, is not of one single person alone. Yet will I speak, come what will come, or be who as will be there. Madame, mistress, be you there?

LUCRECIA (*within*). If I be not deceived, this is Calisto's voice. But for the more surety I will go a little nearer. Who is that that speaks? Who is there without?

CALISTO. He that is come addressed to your command.

LUCRECIA. Madame, why come you not? Come hither, I say, be not afraid, for here is the gentleman you wot of.

MELIBEA. Speak softly, you fool. Mark him well, that you may be sure it is he.

LUCRECIA. Come hither I tell you, it is he, I know him by his voice.

CALISTO. I fear me I am deluded; it was not Melibea that spake unto me. I hear some whispering; I am undone. But live or die, I have not the power to be gone.

MELIBEA. Lucrecia, go a little aside, and give me leave to call unto him. Sir, what is your name? Who willed you to come hither?

CAL. (*without*). She that is worthy to command all the world, she whom I may not merit to serve. Let not your ladyship fear to discover herself to this captive of your gentle disposition; for the sweet sound of those your words, which shall never fall from my ears, give me assurance that you are that lady Melibea, whom my heart adoreth. I am your servant Calisto.

MEL. (*within*). The strange and excessive boldness of thy messages hath enforced me, Calisto, to speak with thee: who having already received my answer to your reasons, I know not what you may imagine to get more out of my love than what I then made known unto you. Banish therefore from thee those vain and foolish thoughts, that both my honour and my person may be secured from any hurt they may receive by an ill suspicion. For which purpose I am come hither to take order for your dispatch and my quietness. Do not, I beseech you, put my good name and reputation upon the balance of back-biting and detracting tongues.

CALISTO. To hearts prepared with a strong and dauntless resolution against all adversities whatsoever, nothing can happen unto them, that shall easily be able to shake the strength of their wall. But that unhappy man, who, weaponless and disarmed, not thinking upon any deceit or ambuscade, puts himself within the doors of your safe-conduct and protection—whatsoever in such a case falls out contrary to my expectation, it cannot in all reason but torment me, and pierce through the very soul of me, breaking all those magazines and storehouses, wherein this sweet news was laid up. O miserable and unfortunate Calisto! O how hast thou been mocked and deluded by thy servants! O thou cozening and deceitful Celestina! thou mightest at least have let me alone and given me leave to die, and not gone about to revive my hope, to add thereto more fuel to the fire, which already doth sufficiently waste and consume me. Why didst thou falsify this my lady's message? Why hast thou thus with thy tongue given cause to my despair and utter undoing? Why didst thou command me to come hither? Was it that I might receive disgrace, interdiction, diffidence and hatred from no other mouth, but that which keeps the keys of my perdition or happiness? O thou enemy to my good! Didst not thou tell me that this my lady would be favourable and gracious unto me? didst not thou tell me that of her own accord she had commanded this her captive to come to this very place, where now I am? Not to banish me afresh from her presence, but to repeal that banishment, whereunto she had sentenced me by her former command? Miserable that I am, whom shall I trust, or in whom may I hope to find any faith? Where is truth to be had? Who is void of deceit? Where doth not falsehood dwell? Who is he that shows himself an open enemy? Or who is he that shows himself a faithful friend? Where is that place, wherein treason is not wrought? Who, I say, durst trespass so much upon my patience, as to give me such cruel hope of destruction?

MELIBEA. Cease, good sir, your true and just complaints. For neither my heart is able to endure it, nor mine eyes any longer to dissemble it: thou weepest out of grief, judging me cruel; and I weep out of joy, seeing thee so faithful. O my dearest lord, and my life's whole happiness, how much more pleasing would it be unto me, to see thy face than to hear thy voice! But sithence that at this present we cannot enjoy each other as we would, take thou the assignment and seal of those words, which I sent unto thee, written and engrossed in the tongue of that thy diligent and careful messenger. All that which I then said, I do here anew confirm. I acknowledge it as my deed, and hold the assurance I have made thee to be good and perfect. Good sir, do not you weep; dry up your tears, and dispose of me as you please.

CALISTO. O my dear lady! Hope of my glory, easeress of my pain, and my heart's joy! what tongue can be sufficient to give thee thanks, that may equal this so extraordinary and incomparable a kindness; which in this instant of so great and extreme a sorrow thou hast been willing to confer upon me; in being willing, I say, that one so mean and unworthy as myself, should be by thee enabled to the enjoying of thy sweetest love; whereof, although I was evermore most desirous, yet did I always deem myself unworthy thereof, weighing thy greatness, considering thy estate, beholding thy perfection, contemplating thy beauty, and looking into my small merit and thy great worth; besides other thy singular graces, thy commendable and well-known virtues? Again, O thou great God, how can I be ungrateful unto thee, who so miraculously hast wrought for me so great and strange wonders? Oh! how long ago did I entertain this thought in my heart, and as a thing impossible, repelled it from my memory, until now that the bright beams of thy most clear shining countenance gave light unto my eyes, inflamed my heart, awakened my tongue, enlarged my desert, abridged my cowardice, unwreathed my shrunk-up spirits, reinforced my strength, put life and metal into my hands and feet; and in a word, infused such a spirit of boldness into me, that they have borne me up by their power unto this high estate, wherein with happiness I now behold myself, in hearing this thy sweet pleasing voice; which if I had not heretofore known, and scented out the sweet and wholesome savour of thy words, I should hardly have believed they would have been without deceit. But now that I am well assured of thy pure and noble both blood and actions, I stand amazed at the gaze of my good, and with a stricter eye begin to view and look upon myself, to see whether I am that same Calisto, whom so great a blessing hath befallen.

MELIBEA. Calisto, thy great worth, thy singular graces, and thy nobleness of birth have, ever since I had true notice of thee, wrought so effectually with me, that my heart hath not so much as one moment been absent from thee. And although (now these many days) I have strove and strove again to dissemble it, yet could I not so smother my thoughts, but that as soon as that woman returned thy sweet name unto my remembrance, I discovered my desire, and appointed our meeting at this very place and time: where I beseech thee to take order for the disposing of my person according to thine own good will and pleasure. These doors debar us of our joy, whose strong locks and bars I curse, as also mine own weak strength. For were I stronger and they weaker, neither shouldst thou be displeased nor I discontented.

CALISTO. What, madame, is it your pleasure that I should suffer a paltry piece of wood to hinder our joy? Never did I conceive that anything, save thine own will, could possibly hinder us. O troublesome and sport-hindering doors! I earnestly desire that you may be burned with as great a fire, as the torment is great which you give me; for then the third part thereof would be sufficient to consume you to ashes in a moment. Give me leave, sweet lady, that I may call my servants, and command them to break them open.

PARME. Hark, hark, Sempronio, hearest thou not what he says? He is coming to seek after us; we shall make a bad year of it, we shall run into a peck of troubles. I tell you truly, I like not of his coming. This love of theirs, I verily persuade myself, was begun in an unlucky hour. If you will go, go; for I'll stay here no longer.

SEMPR. Peace, hark; she will not consent we come.

MELIBEA. What means my love? Will you undo me? Will you wound my reputation? Give not your will the reins: your hope is certain and the time short, even as soon as yourself shall appoint it. Besides, your pain is single, mine double; yours for yourself, mine for us both; you only feel your own grief, I both your own and mine.

Content yourself therefore, and come you to-morrow at this very hour, and let your way be by the wall of my garden; for, if you should now break down these cruel doors, though haply we should not be presently heard, yet to-morrow morning there would arise in my father's house a terrible suspicion of my error: and you know, besides, that by so much the greater is the error, by how much the greater is the party that erreth; and in the turning of a hand will be noised through the whole city.

SEMPR. In an unfortunate hour came we hither this night; we shall stay here, till the day hath overtaken us, if our master go on thus leisurely and make no more haste. And albeit fortune hath hitherto well befriended us in this business, yet I fear me, if we stay over-long, we shall be overheard, either by some of Pleberio's household, or of his neighbours.

PAR. I would have had thee been gone two hours ago; for he will never give over, but still find some occasion to continue his discourse.

CALISTO. My dear lady, my joy and happiness, why dost thou style this an error, which was granted unto me by the destinies, and seconded by Cupid himself to my petitions in the myrtle-grove?

PARME. Calisto talks idly, surely he is not well in his wits. I am of the belief, brother, that he is not so devout. That which that old traitorous trot with her pestiferous sorceries hath compassed and brought about, he sticks not to say, that the destinies have granted and wrought for him: and with this confidence he would adventure to break ope these doors; who shall no sooner have given the first stroke, but that presently he will be heard and taken by her father's servants, who lodge hard by.

SEMPR. Fear nothing, Parmeno, for we are far enough off. And upon the very first noise that we hear we will betake us straight to our heels, and make our flight our best defence. Let him alone, let him take his course; for if he do ill, he shall pay for it.

PARM. Well hast thou spoken; thou knowst my mind, as well as if thou hadst been within me. Be it as thou hast said; let us shun death; for we are both young, and not to desire to die nor to kill is not cowardice, but a natural goodness. Pleberio's followers, they are but fools and madmen, they have not that mind to their meat and their sleep, as they have to be brabbling and quarrelling. What fools then should we be, to fall together by the ears with such enemies, who do not so much affect victory and conquest, as continual war and endless contention? Oh! if thou didst but see, brother, in what posture I stand, thou wouldst be ready to burst with laughing. I stand sideling, my legs abroad, my left foot foremost, ready to take the start; the skirts of my cassock tucked under my girdle, my buckler clapped close to my arm, that it may not hinder me: and I verily believe that I should outrun the swiftest buck; so monstrously am I afraid of staying here.

SEMPRONIO. I stand better; for I have bound my sword and buckler both together, that they may not fall from me when I run, and have clapped my casque in the cape of my cloak.

PARME. But the stones you had in it, what hast thou done with them?

SEMPRO. I have turned them all out, that I might go the lighter; for I have enough to do to carry this corselet, which your importunity made me put on; for I could have been very well content to have left it off, because I thought it would be too heavy for me, when I should run away. Hark, hark, hearest thou, Parmeno? The business goes ill with us; we are but dead men. Put on, away, begone, make towards Celestina's house, that we may not be cut off by betaking us to our own house.

PARMENO. Fly, fly, you run too slowly. Passion of me! if they should chance to overtake us. Throw away thy buckler and all.

SEMPR. Have they killed our master? Can you tell?

PARMENO. I know not. Say nothing to me, I pray; run, and hold your peace: as for him, he is the least of my care.

SEMPRONIO. Zit, zit, Parmeno, not a word; turn and be still; for it is nothing but the alguacil's men, who make a noise as they pass through this other street.

PARME. Take your eyes in your hand, and see you be sure. Trust not, I say, too much to those eyes of yours; they may mistake, taking one thing for another; they have not left me one drop of blood in my body. Death had e'en almost swallowed me up; for methought still as I ran, they were cutting and carbonading my shoulders. I never in my life remember that I was in the like fear, or ever saw myself in the like danger of an affront, though I have gone many a time through other men's houses, and through places of much peril and hard to pass. Nine years was I servant to [the friars of] Guadalupe, and a thousand times myself and others were at buffets, cutting one another for life, yet was I never in that fear of death as now.

SEMPRONIO. And did not [I], I pray, serve at Saint Michael's? and mine host in the market-place? and Mollejas the gardener? I also (I trow) was at fisticuffs with those which threw stones at the sparrows and other the like birds, which sat upon a green poplar that we had, because with their stones they did spoil the herbs in the garden; but God keep thee and every good man from the sight of such weapons as these! these are shrewd tools; this is true fear indeed: and therefore it is not said in vain, 'Laden with iron, laden with fear.' Turn, turn back; for it is the alguacil; that's certain.

MELIBEA. What noise is that, Calisto, which I hear in the street? It seems to be the noise of some that fly and are pursued; for your own sake and mine, have a care of yourself; I fear me you stand in danger.

CALISTO. I warrant you, madame, fear you nothing; for I stand on a safeguard. They should be my men, who are madcaps, and disarm as many as pass by them; and belike some one hath escaped them, after whom they hasten.

MELIBEA. Are they many, that you brought?

CALISTO. No, madame, no more but two: but should half a dozen set upon them, they would not be long in disarming them, and make them fly; they are such a couple of tall lusty fellows; they are men of true and well approved metal, choice lads for the nonce; for I come not hither with a fire of straw, which is no sooner in but out. And were it not in regard of your honour, they should have broken these doors in pieces; and in case we had been heard, they should have freed both yourself and me from all your father's servants.

MELIBEA. Oh! of all loves, let not any such thing be attempted! Yet it glads me much that you are so faithfully attended: that bread is well bestowed which such valiant servants eat. For that love, sir, which you bear unto me, since nature hath enriched them with so good a gift, I pray make much of them and reward them well, to the end that in all things they may be trusty and secret, that concern thy service; and when for their boldness and presumption thou shalt either check or correct them, intermix some favours with thy punishments, that their valour and courage may not be daunted and abated, but be stirred and provoked to outdare dangers, when thou shalt have occasion to use them.

PARME. Sist, sist, hear you, sir? make haste and begone, for here is a great company coming along with torches; and, unless you make haste, you will be seen and known; for here is not any place, where you may hide yourself from their view.

CALISTO. O unfortunate that I am! How am I enforced, lady, against my will to take my leave! Believe me, the fear of death would not work so much upon me, as the fear of your honour doth; but since it is so, that we must part, angels be the guardians of thy fair person. My coming, as you have ordered it, shall be by the garden.

MEL. Be it so, and all happiness be with you. (*Cal. departs.*)

PLEBERIO. (*within*) Wife, are you asleep?

ALISA. No, sir.

PLEBERIO. Do not you hear some noise or stirring in your daughter's withdrawing chamber?

ALISA. Yes marry do I. Melibea, Melibea?

PLEBERIO. She does not hear you; I will call a little louder. Daughter Melibea?

MELIBEA. Sir.

PLEBERIO. Who is that, that tramples up and down there, and makes that stirring to and fro in your chamber?

MELIBEA. It is Lucrecia, sir, who went forth to fetch some water for me to drink, for I was very thirsty.

PLEBERIO. Sleep again, daughter, I thought it had been something else.

LUCRE. A little noise, I perceive, can wake them; methought they spoke somewhat fearfully, as if all had not been well.

MELIBEA. There is not any so gentle a creature, who with the love or fear of its young is not somewhat moved. What would they have done, had they had certain and assured knowledge of my going down ?

(*Calisto's house.*) CAL. My son, shut the door ; and you, Parmeno, bring up a light.

PARM. You were better, sir, to take your rest ; and that little that it is till day, to take it out in sleep.

CALISTO. I will follow thy counsel ; for it is no more than needeth. I want sleep exceedingly ; but tell me, Parmeno, what dost thou think of that old woman, whom thou didst dispraise so much unto me ? What a piece of work hath she brought to pass ? What could we have done without her ?

PARME. Neither had I any feeling of your great pain, nor knew I the gentleness and well-deservingness of Melibea, and therefore am not to be blamed. But well did I know both Celestina and all her cunning tricks and devices ; and did thereupon advise you, as became a servant to advise his master, and as I thought for the best ; but now I see, she is become another woman, she is quite changed from what she was, when I first knew her.

CALISTO. How ? Changed ? How dost thou mean ?

PARMENO. So much that had I not seen it, I should never have believed it : but now, heaven grant you may live as happy as this is true !

CALISTO. But tell me ; didst thou hear what passed betwixt me and my mistress ? What did you do all that while ? Were you not afraid ?

SEMPR. Afraid, sir ? Of what ? All the world could not make us afraid ; did you ever find us to be fearful ? Did you ever see any such thing in us ? We stood waiting for you well provided, and with our weapons in our hands.

CALISTO. Slept you not a whit ? Took you not a little nap ?

SEMPRONIO. Sleep, sir ? It is for boys and children to sleep ; I did not so much as once sit down, nor put one leg over another, watching still as diligently as a cat for a mouse, that, if I had heard but the least noise in the world, I might presently have leapt forth and have done as much as my strength should have been able to perform. And

Parmeno, though till now he did not seem to serve you in this business with any great willingness, he was as glad when he spied the torches coming, as the wolf, when he spies the dust of a drove of cattle or flock of sheep, hoping still that he might make his prey, till he saw how many they were.

CALISTO. This is no such wonder, Sempronio, never marvel at it; for it is natural in him to be valiant; and though he would not have bestirred himself for my sake, yet would he have laid about him, because such as he cannot go against that which they be used unto. For though the fox change his hair, yet he never changeth his nature; he will keep himself to his custom, though he cannot keep himself to his colour. I told my mistress Melibea, what was in you, and how safe I held myself, having you at my back for my guard. My sons, I am much bound unto you both; pray to heaven for our welfare and good success; and doubt not but I will more fully guerdon your good service. Good-night, and heaven send you good rest. (*Cal. goes.*)

PARM. Whither shall we go, Sempronio? To our chamber and go sleep, or to the kitchen and break our fast?

SEMPR. Go thou whither thou wilt; as for me, ere it be day, I will get me to Celestina's house, and see if I can recover my part in the chain: she is a crafty hileding, and I will not give her time to invent some one villainous trick or other, whereby to shift us off and cozen us of our shares.

PAR. It is well remembered, I had quite forgot it; let us go both together and if she stand upon points with us, let us put her into such a fear, that she may be ready to bewray herself; for money goes beyond all friendship. (*They go out.*)

(*Outside Cel's house.*) SEMP. Cist, cist, not a word; for her bed is hard by this little window here: let me knock her up. Tha, tha, tha; mistress Celestina, open the door.

CELEST. (*within*). Who calls?

SEMPRONIO. Open door, your sons be here.

CELEST. I have no sons that be abroad at this time of night.

SEMPRONIO. It is Parmeno and Sempronio: open the door; we are come hither to break our fast with you.

CELEST. O ye mad lads, you wanton wags, enter, enter! how chance you come so early? It is but now break of day. What have you done? What hath past? Tell me how goes the world? Calisto's hopes, are they alive or dead? Has he her, or has he her not? How stands it with him?

SEMPRONIO. How, mother? Had it not been for us, his soul ere this had gone seeking her eternal rest; and, if it were possible to prize the debt wherein he stands bound unto us, all the wealth he hath were not sufficient to make us satisfaction. So true is that trivial saying, that the life of man is of more worth than all the gold in the world.

CELEST. Have you been in such danger, since I saw you? Tell me, how was it? How was it, I pray?

SEMPRONIO. Marry in such danger, that as I am an honest man, my blood still boils in my body, to think upon it.

CELEST. Sit down, I beseech you, and tell me how it was.

PARMENO. It will require a long discourse; besides, we have fretted out our hearts, and are quite tired with the trouble and toil we have had, you may do better to provide something for his and my breakfast: it may be when we have eaten, our choler will be somewhat allayed; for I swear unto thee, I desire not now to meet that man that desires peace. I should now glory to light upon some one, on whom I might revenge my wrath and stanch my anger; for I could not do it on those that caused it; so fast did they fly from my fury.

CELESTINA. The pox canker out my carcass to death, if thou makest me not afraid to look on thee, thou lookest so fierce and so ghastly. But for all this, I do believe you do but jest. Tell me, I pray thee, Sempronio, as thou lov'st me; what hath befallen you?

SEMPRONIO. By heavens, I am not myself, I come hither I know not how, without wit or reason! But as for you, fellow Parmeno, I cannot but find fault with you, for not tempering of your choler and using more moderation in your angry mood: I would have thee look otherwise now, and not carry that sour countenance here, as thou didst there, when we encountered so many; for mine own part, before those that I knew could do but little, I never made show that I could do much. Mother, I have brought hither my arms all broken and battered in pieces, my buckler without its ring of iron, the plates being cut asunder, my sword like a saw, all to behacked and hewed, my casque strangely bruised, beaten as flat as a cake and dented in with the blows that came hammering on my head ; so that I have not anything in the world to go further with my master, when he shall have occasion to use me. For it is agreed on, that my master shall this night have access unto his mistress by the way of her garden. Now for to furnish myself anew, if my life lay on it, I know not where to have one penny or farthing.

CELEST. Since it is spoiled and broken in your master's service, go to your master for more, let him, a God's name, pay for it. Besides, you know it is with him but ask and have ; he will presently furnish you, I warrant you. For he is none of those who say to their servants, 'Live with me, and look out some other to maintain thee ;' he is so frank and of so liberal a disposition, that he will not give thee money for this only, but much more, if need be.

SEMPR. Tush, what's this to the purpose ? Parmeno's be also spoiled and marred. After this reckoning we may spend our master all that he hath in arms. How can you in conscience think, or with what face imagine, that I should be so importunate, as to demand more of him than what he hath already done of his own accord ? He for his part hath done enough ; I would not it should be said of me, that he hath given me an inch, and that I should take an ell. There is a reason in all things : he hath given us a hundred crowns in gold ; he hath given us, besides, a chain ; three such picks more will pick out all the wax in his ear ; he hath and will have a hard market of it. Let us content ourselves with that which is reason : let us not lose all by seeking to gain more than is meet ; for he that embraceth much, holdeth little.

CELEST. How wittily this ass thinks he hath spoken ! I swear to thee by the reverence of this my old age, had these words been spoken after dinner, I should have said that we had all of us taken a cup too much, that we had been all drunk. Art thou well in thy wits, Sempronio ? What has thy remuneration to do with my reward ? Thy payment with my merit ? Am I bound to buy you weapons ? Must I repair your losses and supply your wants ? Now I think upon it, let me be hanged or die any other death, if thou hast not took hold of a little word, that carelessly slipped out of my mouth the other day, as we came along the street; for as I remember, I then told you, that what I had was yours, and that I would never be wanting unto you in anything to the utmost of my poor ability; and that if fortune did prosper my business with your master, that you should lose nothing by it. But you know, Sempronio, that words of compliment and kindness are not obligatory, nor bind me to do as you would have me; all is not gold that glisters, for then it would be a great deal cheaper than it is. Tell me, Sempronio, if I have not hit the right nail on the head. Thou mayest see by this, that though I am old, that I can divine as much as thou canst imagine. In good faith, son, I am as full of grief as ever my heart can hold, I am even ready to burst with sorrow and anguish. As soon as ever I came from your house and was come home, I gave the chain I brought hither with me to this fool Elicia, that she might look upon it, and cheer herself with the sight thereof; and she, for her life, cannot as yet call to mind what she hath done with it: and all this live-long night neither she nor I have slept one wink for very thought and grief thereof, not so much for the value of the chain (for it was not much worth), but to see that she should be so careless in the laying of it up, and to see the ill luck of it. At the very same time that we missed it, came in some friends of mine, that had been of my old and familiar acquaintance; and I am sorely afraid, lest they have lighted upon it and taken it away with them, meaning to make use of that vulgar saying, *Si spie it, tum sporte fac; Si non spie it, packe and away Jack.* But now, my sons, that I may come a little nearer unto you both, and speak home to the point: if your master gave me anything, what he gave me, that, you must think, is mine; as for your cloth of gold doublet, I never asked you any share out of it nor ever will. We all of us serve him, that he may give unto us all, as he sees we shall deserve; and as for that which he hath given me, I have twice endangered my life for it: more blades have I blunted in his service than you both; more material and substantial stuff have I wasted, and have worn out more hose and shoes; and you must not think, my sons, but all this costs me good money, besides my skill, which I got not playing or sitting still or warming my tail over the fire, as most of your idle housewives do, but with hard labour and painstaking, as Parmeno's mother could well witness for me, if she were living. This I have gained by mine own industry and labour. As for you, what have you done? If you have done anything for Calisto, Calisto is to requite you. I get my living by my trade and my travail; you yours, with recreation and delight; and therefore you are not to expect equal recompense, enjoying your service with pleasure, as I, who go performing it with pains: but whatsoever I have hitherto said unto you, because you shall see I will deal kindly with you, if my chain be found again, I will give each of you a pair of scarlet breeches, which is the comeliest habit that young men can wear. But, if it be not found, you must accept of my goodwill, and myself be content to sit down with my loss; and all this I do out of pure love, because you were willing that I should have the benefit of managing this business before another: and if this will not content you, I cannot do withal. To your own harm be it!

SEMPR. This is not the first time I have heard it spoken, how much in old folks the sin of avarice reigneth; as also that other, 'When I was poor, then was I liberal; when I was rich, then was I covetous:' so that covetousness increaseth with getting, and poverty with coveting, and nothing makes the covetous man poor but his riches. O heavens! How doth penury increase with abundance and plenty! How often did this old woman say, that I should have all the profit that should grow from this business! Thinking then perhaps that it would be but little: but now she sees how great it grows, she will not part with anything, no, not so much as the parings of her nails, that she may comply with that common saying of your little children, 'Of a little a little, of much nothing.'

PARME. Let her give thee that which she promised; let her make that good, or let us take it all from her. I told you before (would you have believed me) what an old cozening companion you should find her.

CELESTINA. If you are angry either with yourselves, your master, or your arms, wreak not your wrath upon me; for I wot well enough whence all this grows, I wind you where you are; I now perceive on which foot you halt: not out of want of that which you demand, nor out of any covetousness that is in you, but because you think I will tie you to rack and manger, and make you captives all your lifetime to Elicia and Areusa, and provide you no other fresh ware, you make all this ado, quarrel thus with me for money, and seek by fearing me to force me to a parting and sharing of stakes. But be still, my boys, and content yourselves; for she who could help you with these, will not stick to furnish you with half a score of handsome wenches apiece, fairer than these by far, now that I see that you are grown to greater knowledge and more reason, and a better deservingness in yourselves. And whether or no in such a case as this I am able to be as good as my word, let Parmeno speak for me. Speak, speak, Parmeno, be not ashamed, man, to tell what did betide us with that wench you wot of, that was sick of the mother.

SEMPR. I go not for that which you think. You talk of chalk, and we of cheese. Do not think to put us off with a jest; our demands desire a more serious answer. And assure yourself, if I can help it, you shall take no more hares with this greyhound; and therefore lay aside these tricks, and do not stand arguing any longer on the matter. I know your fetches too well: to an old dog, a man need not cry, 'Now, now.' Come off therefore quickly, and give us two parts of that which you have received of Calisto. Dispatch, I say, and do not drive us to discover what you are; come, come, exercise your wits upon some other. Flap those in the mouth, you old filth, with your coggings and foistings, that know you not; for we know you too well.

CELEST. Why, what am I, Sempronio? What do you know me to be? Didst thou take me out of the *putería*, broughtst thou me as a whore out of the stews? Bridle your tongue for shame, and do not dishonour my hoary hairs. I am an old woman of God's making, no worse than all other women are: I live by my occupation as other women do, very well and handsomely; I seek not after those who seek not after me; they that will have me, come home to my house to fetch me; they come home, I say, and entreat me to do this or that for them. And for the life that I lead, whether it be good or bad, heaven knows my heart: and do not think out of your choler to misuse me, for there is law and justice for all and equal to all; and my tale, I doubt not, shall be as soon heard (though I am an old woman) as yours, for all you be so smoothly kembed. Let me alone, I pray, in mine own house and with mine own fortune. And you, Parmeno, do not you think that I am thy slave, because thou knowst my secrets, and my life past, and all those matters that happened betwixt me and that unfortunate mother of thine; for she also was wont to use me on this fashion, when she was disposed to play her pranks with me.

PARM. Do not hit me in the teeth with these thy idle memorials of my mother, unless thou meanest I should send thee with these thy tidings unto her, where thou mayest better make thy complaint.

CELESTINA. Elicia, Elicia, arise and come down quickly, and bring me my mantle; for by heaven, I will hie me to the Justice, and there cry out and rail at you, like a mad-woman. What is't you would have? What do you mean, to menace me thus in mine own house? Shall your valour and your bravings be exercised on a poor silly innocent sheep? On a hen, that is tied by the leg, and cannot fly from you? On an old woman of sixty years of age? Get you, get you, for shame, amongst men, such as yourselves! go and wreak your anger upon such as are girt with the sword, and not against me and my poor weak distaff! It is an infallible note of great cowardice, to assail the weak and such as have but small or very little power to resist; your filthy flies bite none but lean and feeble oxen, and your barking curs fly with greater eagerness and more open mouth upon your poorest passengers. If she that lies above there in the bed, would have hearkened unto me, this house should not have been, as now it is, without a man in the night; nor we have slept, as we do, by the naked shadow of a candle. But to pleasure you, and to be faithful unto you, we suffer this solitude; and because you see we are women, and have nobody here to oppose you, you prate and talk and ask, I know not what, without any reason in the world, which, you would as soon have been hanged, as once dared to have proffered it, if you had heard but a man stirring in the house; for, as it is in the proverb, a hard adversary appeaseth anger.

SEMPR. O thou old covetous crib, that art ready to die with the thirst of gold! Cannot a third part of the gain content thee?

CELEST. What third part? A pox on you both! out of my house in a devil's name, you and your companion with you! do not you make such a stir here as you do! Cause not our neighbours to come about us, and make them think we be mad. Put me not out of my wits, make me not mad! you would not, I trow, would you, that Calisto's matters and yours should be proclaimed openly at the Cross? Here's a stir indeed!

SEMPR. Cry, bawl, and make a noise; all's one, we care not: either look to perform your promise, or to end your days. Die you must, or else do as we will have you.

ELICIA. Ah woe is me! Put up your sword! hold him, hold him, Parmeno! for fear lest the fool should kill her in his madness.

CELESTINA. Justice, justice! help, neighbours, justice, justice! for here be ruffians, that will murder me in my house. Murder, murder, murder!

SEMPR. Ruffians, you whore? Ruffians, you old bawd? have you no better terms? Thou old sorceress! thou witch, thou! look for no other favour at my hands, but that I send thee post unto hell; you shall have letters thither, you shall, you old enchantress, and that speedily too; you shall have a quick dispatch.

CELEST. Ay me, I am slain. Ay, ay! Confession, confession!

PARMENO. So, so! kill her, kill her! make an end of her, since thou hast begun! be brief, be brief with her, lest the neighbours may chance to hear us! Let her die, let her die! let us draw as few enemies upon us as we can.

CELESTINA. Oh, oh, oh!

ELICIA. O cruel-hearted as you are! Enemies in the highest nature! shame and confusion light upon you! the extremity of justice fall upon you with its greatest vigour, and all those that have had a hand in it! My mother is dead, and with her all my happiness.

SEMPRONIO. Fly, fly, Parmeno, the people begin to flock hitherward. See, see, yonder comes the alguacil.

PARM. Ay me, wretch that I am! There is no means of escape for us in the world ; for they have made good the door and are entering the house.

SEMPRONIO. Let us leap out at these windows ; and let us die rather so than fall into the hands of justice.

PARM. Leap then, and I will follow thee.

ACTUS XIII

THE ARGUMENT

CALISTO *awakened from sleep talks awhile with himself; anon after, he calls unto* Tristan *and some other of his servants. By and by* Calisto *falls asleep again;* Tristan *goes down, and stands at the door.* Sosia *comes weeping unto him;* Tristan *demanding the cause,* Sosia *delivers unto him the death of* Sempronio *and* Parmeno; *they go and acquaint* Calisto *with it, who knowing the truth thereof maketh great lamentation.*

INTERLOCUTORS

Calisto, Tristan, Sosia.

CALISTO. O how daintily have I slept! Ever since that sweet short space of time, since that harmonious discourse I enjoyed, I have had exceeding ease, taken very good rest; this contentment and quietude hath proceeded from my joy. Either the travail of my body caused so sound a sleep, or else the glory and pleasure of my mind: nor do I much wonder that both the one and the other should link hands and join together to close the lids of mine eyes, since I travailed the last night with my body and person, and took pleasure with my spirit and senses. True it is that sorrow causeth much thought; and overmuch thought much hindereth sleep: as it was mine own case within these few days, when I was much discomfited and quite out of heart of ever hoping to enjoy that surpassing happiness, which I now possess. O my sweet lady and dearest love, Melibea, what dost thou think on now? Art thou asleep or awake? Thinkst thou on me or somebody else? Art thou up and ready, or art thou not yet stirring? O most happy and most fortunate Calisto, if it be true, and that it be no dream, which hath already passed! Dreamt I, or dreamt I not? Was it a mere fantasy or was it a real truth? But now I remember myself, I was not alone, my servants waited on me, there were two of them with me; if they shall affirm it to be no dream, but that all that passed was true, I am bound to believe it: I will command them to be called for the further confirmation of my joy. Tristanico, why ho? Where are my men? Tristanico, hie you and come up; arise, I say, get you up quickly and come hither.

TRISTAN. Sir, I am up, and here already.

CALISTO. Go, run, and call me hither Sempronio and Parmeno.

TRISTAN. I shall, sir.

CALISTO.
Now sleep and take thy rest,
Once griev'd and pained wight;
Since she now loves thee best,
Who is thy heart's delight.
Let joy be thy soul's guest,
And care be banish'd quite;
Since she hath thee exprest
To be her favourite.

TRISTAN. There is not so much as a boy in the house.

CALISTO. Open the windows, and see whether it be day or no.

TRISTAN. Sir, it is broad day.

CALISTO. Go again, and see if you can find them; and see you wake me not, till it be almost dinner-time.

TRISTAN. I will go down and stand at the door, that my master may take out his full sleep; and to as many as shall ask for him, I shall answer that he is not within. O what an outcry do I hear in the market-place! what's the matter a God's name? There is some execution of justice to be done, or else they are up so early to see some bull-baiting. I do not know what to make of this noise, it is some great matter, the noise is so great: but lo, yonder comes Sosia, my master's foot-boy; he will tell me what the business is. Look how the rogue comes pulling and tearing of his hair; he hath tumbled into one tavern or other, where he hath been scuffling. But if my master chance to scent him, he will cause his coat to be well cudgelled; for though he be somewhat foolish, punishment will make him wise. But methinks he comes weeping. What's the matter, Sosia? Why dost thou weep? Whence comest thou now? Why speakest thou not?

SOSIA. O miserable that I am! What misfortune could be more? O what great dishonour to my master's house! O what an unfortunate morning is this! O unhappy young men!

TRISTAN. What's the matter, man? Why dost thou keep such ado? Why grievest thou thus? What mischief hath befallen us?

SOSIA. Sempronio and Parmeno!

TRISTAN. What of Sempronio and Parmeno? What means this fool? Speak a little plainer, thou tormentest me with delays.

SOSIA. Our old companions, our fellows, our brethren!

TRISTAN. Thou art either drunk or mad; or thou bringest some ill news along with thee. Why dost thou not tell me what thou hast to say concerning these young men?

SOSIA. That they lie slain in the street.

TRISTAN. O unfortunate mischance! Is it true? Didst thou see them? Did they speak unto thee?

SOSIA. No. They were e'en almost past all sense; but one of them with much ado, when he saw I beheld him with tears, began to look a little towards me, fixing his eyes upon me, and lifting up his hands to heaven, as one that is making his prayers unto God; and looking on me, as if he had asked me, if I were not sorry for his death. And straight after, as one that perceived whither he was presently to go, he let fall his head with tears in his eyes, giving thereby to understand, that he should never see me again, till we did meet at that day of the great Judgment.

TRISTAN. You did not observe in him that he would have asked you whether Calisto were there or no? But since thou hast such manifest proofs of this cruel sorrow, let us haste with these doleful tidings to our master.

SOSIA. Master, master, do you hear, sir?

CALISTO. What, are you mad? Did not I will you, I should not be wakened?

SOSIA. Rouse up yourself and rise: for if you do not stick unto us, we are all undone. Sempronio and Parmeno lie beheaded in the market-place, as public malefactors; and their fault proclaimed by the common crier.

CALISTO. Now heaven help me! What is't thou tellest me? I know not whether I may believe thee in this thy so sudden and sorrowful news. Didst thou see them?

SOSIA. I saw them, sir.

CALISTO. Take heed what thou sayest; for this night they were with me.

SOSIA. But rose too early to their deaths.

CALISTO. O my loyal servants! O my chiefest followers! O my faithful secretaries and counsellors in all my affairs! Can it be that this should be true? O unfortunate Calisto! thou art dishonoured as long as thou hast a day to live; what shall become of thee, having lost such a pair of trusty servants? Tell me for pity's sake, Sosia, what was the cause of their deaths? What spake the proclamation? Where were they slain? by what Justice were they beheaded?

SOSIA. The cause, sir, of their deaths was published by the cruel executioner or common hangman, who delivered with a loud voice, 'Justice hath commanded that these violent murderers be put to death.'

CALISTO. Who was it they so suddenly slew? Who might it be? It is not four hours ago since they left me. How call you the party whom they murdered? What was he for a man?

SOSIA. It was a woman, sir, one whom they call Celestina.

CALISTO. What's that thou sayest?

SOSIA. That which you heard me tell you, sir.

CALISTO. If this be true, kill thou me too, and I will forgive thee. For sure there is more ill behind, more than was either seen or thought upon, if that Celestina be slain, that hath the slash over her face.

SOSIA. It is the very same, sir: for I saw her stretched out in her own house, and her maid weeping by her, having received in her body above thirty several wounds.

CALISTO. O unfortunate young men! How went they? Did they see thee? Spake they unto thee?

SOSIA. O sir, had you seen them, your heart would have burst with grief: one of them had all his brains beaten out in most pitiful manner, and lay without any sense or motion in the world; the other had both his arms broken, and his face so sorely bruised, that it was all black and blue, and all of a gore-blood. For, that they might not fall into the alguacil's hands, they leapt down out of a high window; and so being in a manner quite dead, they chopped off their heads, when, I think, they scarce felt what harm was done them.

CALISTO. Now I begin to have a taste of shame, and to feel how much I am touched in mine honour: would I had excused them and had lost my life, so I had not lost my honour, and my hope of achieving my commenced purpose, which is the greatest grief and distaste that in this case I feel. O my name and reputation, how unfortunately dost thou go from table to table, from mouth to mouth! O ye my secret, my secret actions, how openly will you now walk through every public street and open market-place! What shall become of me? Whither shall I go? If I go forth to the dead, I am unable to recover them, and if I stay here, it will be deemed cowardice. What counsel shall I take? Tell me, Sosia, what was the cause they killed her?

SOSIA. That maid, sir, of hers, which sat weeping and crying over her, made known the cause of her death to as many as would hear it; saying that they slew her, because she would not let them share with her in that chain of gold, which you had lately given her.

CAL. O wretched and unfortunate day! O sorrow able to break even a heart of adamant! How go my goods from hand to hand, and my name from tongue to tongue? All will be published and come to light, whatsoever I have spoken either to her or them, whatsoever they knew of my doings, and whatsoever was done in this business. I dare not go forth of doors; I am ashamed to look any man in the face. O miserable young men, that ye should suffer death by so sudden a disaster! O my joys, how do you go declining and waning from me! But it is an ancient proverb, that the higher a man climbs, the greater is his fall. Last night I gained much; to-day I have lost much. Your sea-calms are rare and seldom. I might have been listed in the roll of the happy, if my fortune would but have allayed these tempestuous winds of my perdition. O Fortune! How much and through how many parts hast thou beaten me! But howsoever thou dost shake my house, and how opposite soever thou art unto my person, yet are adversities to be endured with an equal courage: and by them the heart is proved, whether it be of oak or elder, strong or weak; there is no better say or touchstone in the world, to know what fineness or what carats of virtue or of fortitude remain in man. And therefore come what will come, fall back, fall edge, I will not desist to accomplish her desire, for whose sake all this hath happened. For it is better for me to pursue the benefit of that glory which I expect, than the loss of those that are dead. They were proud and stout, and would have been slain at some other time, if not now. The old woman was wicked and false, as it seems, in her dealings, not complying with that contract which she had made with them; so that they fell out about the true man's cloak, taking it from the true owner to share it amongst themselves. But this was a just judgment of God upon her, that she should receive this payment for the many adulteries, which by her intercession and means have been committed. Sosia and Tristanico shall provide themselves; they shall accompany me in this my desired walk; they shall carry the scaling-ladders, for the walls are very high. To-morrow I will abroad, and see if I can revenge their deaths; if not, I will purge my innocency with a feigned absence, or else feign myself mad, that I may the better enjoy this so tasteful a delight of my sweet love; as did that great captain Ulysses to shun the Trojan war, that he might lie dulcing at home with his wife Penelope.

ACTUS XIV

THE ARGUMENT

MELIBEA *is much afflicted ; she talks with* Lucrecia *concerning* Calisto's *slackness in coming, who had vowed that night to come and visit her. The which he performed. And with him came* Sosia *and* Tristan ; *and after that he had accomplished his desire, they all of them betook them to their rest.* Calisto *gets him home to his palace ; and there begins to complain and lament, that he had stayed so little a while with* Melibea ; *and begs of* Phœbus, *that he would shut his beams, that he might the sooner go to renew his desire.*

INTERLOCUTORS

Melibea, Lucrecia, Sosia, Tristan, Calisto.

MELIBEA. Methinks the gentleman, whom we look for, stays very long. Tell me, Lucrecia, what thinkest thou ? Will he come or no ?

LUCRECIA. I conceive, madame, he hath some just cause of stay, and it is not in his power to come so soon as you expect.

MELIBEA. Good spirits be his guard and preserve his person from peril ! For his long stay doth not so much grieve me : but I am afraid lest some misfortune or other may befall him, as he is on his way unto us. For who knows, whether he, coming so willingly to the place appointed and in that kind of fashion, as such gentlemen as he on the like occasion and the like hour use to go ; whether or no, I say, he may chance to light upon the night-watch, or be met by the alguacils, and they not knowing him have set upon him, and he to defend himself hath either hurt them or they him ? Or whether some roguish cur or other with his cruel teeth (for such dogs as they make no difference of persons) have perhaps unfortunately bit him ? Or whether he hath fallen upon the causey or into some dangerous pit, whereby he may receive some harm? But ay me! these are but inconveniences which my conceived love brings forth, and my troubled thoughts present unto me. Goodness forbid that any of these misfortunes should befall him! Rather let him stay as long as it shall please himself, from coming to visit me. But hark, hark, what steps are those that I hear in the street? And to my thinking likewise I hear somebody talking on this side of the garden.

SOSIA. (*outside*) Tristan, set the ladder here; for, though it be the higher, yet I take it to be the better place.

TRISTAN. Get up, sir: and I will along with you. For we know not who is there within, they are talking I am sure, whoe'er they be.

CALIST. Stay here, you fool, I will in alone, for I hear my lady and mistress. (*Cal. climbs into the garden.*)

MELIBEA. Your servant, your slave, Calisto, who prizes more yours than her own life. O my dear lord, take heed how you leap, leap not down so high; you kill me, if you do: I shall swoon in seeing it. Come down, come down gently, I pray. Take more leisure in coming down the ladder; as you love me, come not so fast.

CALISTO. O divine image! O precious pearl, before whom the whole world appeareth foul! O my lady and my glory! I embrace and hug thee in mine arms, and yet I not believe it: such a turbation of pleasure seizeth on my person, that it makes me not feel the fullness of that joy I possess.

MELIBEA. My lord, sithence I have entrusted myself in your hands, since I have been willing to comply with your will, let me not be worse thought of for being pitiful than if I had been coy and merciless. Nor do not work my undoing for a delight so momentary and performed in so short a space. For actions that are ill, after they are committed, may easier be reprehended than amended. Rejoice thou in that, wherein I rejoice; which is, to see and draw near unto thy person, to view and touch thee. But do not offer either to ask or take that, which being taken away, is not in thy power to restore. Take heed, sir, that you go not about to overthrow that, which with all the wealth in the world you are not able to repair.

CALISTO. Dear lady, since for to obtain this favour, I have spent my whole life, what folly were it in me to refuse that which you have so kindly conferred upon me? Nor, madame, do I hope that you will lay so hard a command upon me, or if you should, yet have I not power to contain myself within the limits of your command. Do not impose such a point of cowardice upon me: for I tell you, it is not in any man that is a man, to forbear in such a case, and to condition so hard with himself; much less in me, loving as I do, and having swum, as I have done all my life long, through this sea of thy desire and mine own love. Will you then after my so many travails, deny me entrance into that sweet haven, where I may find some ease of all thy former sorrows?

MELIBEA. As you love me, Calisto, though thy tongue take liberty to talk what it will; yet, I prithee, let not thy hands do all what they can. Be quiet, good sir, since I am yours, suffice it you content yourself in the enjoying of this outwardness which is the proper fruit of lovers, and not to rob me of the greatest [j]ewel, which nature hath enriched me with; consider besides that it is the property of a good shepherd to fleece, but not to flay his sheep; to shear them, but not to uncase them.

CALISTO. Madame, what mean you by this? That my passions should not be at peace? That I shall run over my torments anew? That I shall return to my old yoke again? Pardon, sweet lady, these my impudent hands, if too presumptuously they press upon you, which once did never think (so altogether were they unworthy) not to touch, no, not so much as any part of thy garments—that they now have leave to lay themselves with a gentle palm on this dainty body of thine, this most white, soft, and delicate flesh.

MELIBEA. Lucrecia, go aside a little.

CALISTO. And why, madame? I should be proud to have such witnesses as she of my glory.

MELIBEA. So would not I, when I do amiss. And had I but thought that you would have used me thus, or been but half so violent as I now see you are, I would not have trusted my person with such a rough and cruel conversation.

SOSIA. (*outside*) Tristan, you hear what hath passed and how the gear goes.

TRISTAN. I hear so much that I hold my master the happiest man that lives. And I assure thee, though I am but a boy to speak of, methinks I could give as good account of such a business as my master.

SOSIA. To such a jewel as this, who would not reach out his hand? But allow him this flesh to his bread, and much good may it do him. For he hath paid well for it; for a couple of his servants served to make sauce for this his love.

TRISTAN. I had quite forgot that. But let them die, as instruments of their own destruction. And let others, as many as will, play the fools upon affiance to be defended. But for mine own part, I well remember when I served the Count, that my father gave me this counsel, that I should take heed how I killed a man; of all other things that I should beware of that. For, quoth he, you shall see the master merry and kindly embraced, when his man, poor soul, shall be hanged and disgraced.

MEL. (*within*) O my life and my dear lord, how could you find in your heart, that I should lose the name and crown of a virgin for so momentary and so short a pleasure? O my poor mother, if thou didst but know what we have done, with what willingness wouldst thou take thine own death! and with what violence and enforcement give me mine! How cruel a butcher wouldst thou become of thine own blood! And how doleful an end should I be of thy days! O my most honoured father, how have I wronged thy reputation, and given both opportunity and place to the utter overthrowing and undoing of thy house! O traitor that I am! Why did I not first look into that great error, which would ensue by thy entrance, as also that great danger, which I could not but expect?

SOSIA. (*without*) You should have sung this song before. Now it comes too late: you know, it is an old saying, 'When a thing is done, it cannot be undone'; there is no fence for it. But what, if the fool Calisto should hap to hear me.

CAL. (*within*) Is it possible? Look and it be not day already: methinks we have not been here above an hour, and the clock now strikes three.

MELIBEA. My lord, for Jove's love, now that all that I have is yours; now that I am your mistress; now that you cannot deny my love; deny me not your sight! And on such nights as you shall resolve to come, let your coming be by this secret place and at the selfsame hour; for then shall I still look for you, prepared with the same joy, wherewith I now comfort myself in the hopeful expectation of those sweet nights that are to come. And so for this present I will take my leave. Farewell, my lord: my hope is, that you will not be discovered, for it is very dark; nor I heard in the house, for it is not yet day. (*Cal. goes.*)

CALISTO. Do you hear there? Bring hither the ladder.

SOSIA. Sir, it is here ready for you to come down.

MELIBEA. Lucrecia, come hither, I am now all alone. My love is gone, who hath left his heart with me, and hath taken mine with him. Didst thou not hear us, Lucrecia?

LUCRECIA. No, madame, I was fast asleep.

SOSIA. Tristan, we must go very softly and not speak a word. For just about this time rise your rich men, your covetous money-mongers, your penny-fathers, your venereans and love-sick souls, such as our master; your day-labourers, your ploughmen and your shepherds, who about this time unpen their sheep, and bring them to their sheep-cotes to be milked. And it may be, they may hear some word escape us, which may wrong either Calisto's or Melibea's honour.

TRISTAN. Now you silly ass, you whoreson horse-currier, you would have us make no noise, not a word, but mum; and yet thyself dost name her. Thou art an excellent fellow to make a guide or leader to conduct an army in the Moors' country: so that prohibiting thou permittest; covering thou discoverest; defending offendest; bidding others hold their peace, thou thyself speakest aloud, nay, proclaimes[t] it; and proclaiming makes[t] answer thereunto. But though you are so subtle witted and of so discreet a temper, you shall not tell me in what month Our Lady-day in harvest falls. For we know that we have more straw in the house this year than thou art able to eat. (*They come to Cal.'s house.*)

CAL. My masters, what a noise make you there? My cares and yours are not alike. Enter softly, I pray, and leave your prattling, that they in the house may not hear us; shut this door, and let us go take our rest. For I will up alone to my chamber, and there disarm me. Go, get you to bed. (*alone*) O wretch that I am, how suitable and natural unto me is solitariness, silence, and darkness. I know not whether the cause of it be, that there cometh now to mind the treason that I have committed in taking my leave of that lady, whom I so dearly love, before it was further day ? Or whether it be the grief, which I conceive of my dishonour by the death of my servants ? Ay, ay, this is it that grieves me, this is that wound whereof I bleed. Now that I am grown a little cooler ; now that that blood waxeth cold, which yesterday did boil in me ; now that I see the decaying of my house, my want of service, the wasting of my patrimony, and the infamy which lights upon me by the death of my servants—what have I done ? How can I possibly contain myself ? How can I forbear any longer, but that I should presently express myself as a man much wronged, and show myself a proud and speedy revenger of that open injury which hath been offered me ? Oh ! the miserable sweetness of this most short and transitory life ! Who is he so covetous of thy countenance, who will not rather choose to die presently than to enjoy a whole year of a shameful life, and to prorogue it with dishonour, losing the good report and honourable memory of his noble ancestors ? Especially, sithence that in this world we have not any certain or limited time, no, not so much as a moment or a minute. We are debtors without time : we stand continually bound to present payment. Why have I not gone abroad, and made all the inquiry I can after the secret cause of my open perdition ? O thou short delight of the world, how little do thy pleasure[s] last ! And how much do they cost ! Repentance should not be bought so dear. O miserable that I am, when shall I recover so great a loss ? What shall I do ? What counsel shall I take ? To whom shall I discover my disgrace ? Why do I conceal it from the rest of my servants and kinsfolk ? They clip and note my good name in their council-house and public assembly, and make me infamous throughout the whole kingdom : and they of mine own house and kindred must not know of it. I will out amongst them : but if I go out and tell them that I was present, it is too late ; if absent, it is too soon. And to provide me of friends, ancient servants, and near allies, it will ask some time, as likewise that we be furnished with arms, and other preparations of vengeance. O thou cruel judge, what ill payment hast thou made me of that my father's bread, which so often thou hast eaten ! I thought that by thy favour I might have killed a thousand men without controlment. O thou falsifier of faith, thou persecutor of the truth, thou man moulded of the baser sort of earth ! Truly is the proverb verified in thee, that for want of good men thou wast made a judge. Thou shouldst have considered, that thyself and those thou didst put to death were servants to my ancestors and me, and thy fellows and companions. But when the base to riches doth ascend, he regardeth neither kindred nor friend. Who would have thought that thou wouldst have wrought my undoing ? But there is nothing more hurtful than an unexpected enemy. Why wouldst thou that it should be verified of thee, that that which came out of Etna, should consume Etna, and that I hatched the crow, which picked out mine eyes ? Thou thyself art a public delinquent, and yet punishest those that were private offenders. But I would have thee to know, that a private fault is less than a public, and less the inconvenience and danger ; at least, according to the laws of Athens, which were not written in blood, but do show that it is a less error not to condemn a delinquent than to punish the innocent. O how hard a matter is it, to follow a just cause before an unjust judge ! How much more this excess of my servants, which was not free from offence ! But consider withal spite of all stoical paradox their guilt was not equal, though their sufferings alike. What deserved the one, for that which the other did ? That only because he was his companion, thou shouldst doom them both to death ? But why do I talk thus ? With whom do I discourse ? Am I in my right wits ? What's the matter with thee, Calisto ? Dream'st thou, sleep'st thou or wak'st thou ? Stand'st thou on thy feet ? Or liest thou all along ? Consider with thyself that thou art in thy chamber. Dost thou not see that the offender is not present ? With whom dost thou contend ? Come again to thyself ; weigh with thyself, that the absent were never found just. But, if thou wilt be upright in thy judgment, thou must keep an ear for either party. Dost thou not see that the law is supposed to be equal unto all ? Remember that Romulus, the first founder of Rome, kill'd his own brother, because he transgressed the law. Consider that Torquatus the Roman slew his own son, because he exceeded his commission, and many other like unto these did this man do. Think likewise with thyself, that if the judge were here present, he would make thee this answer ; that the principal and the accessory, the actor and consenter, do merit equal punishment. Howbeit they were both notwithstanding executed, for that which was committed but by one. And if that other had not his pardon, but received a speedy judgment, it was because the fault was notorious and needed no further proofs : as also that they were taken in the very act of murder, and that one of them was found dead of his fall from the window. And it is likewise to be imagined, that that weeping wench which Celestina kept in her house, made them to hasten the more by her woeful and lamentable noise ; and that the judge, that he might not make a hurly-burly of it, that he might not defame me, and that he might not stay till the people should press together and hear the proclaiming of that great infamy, which could not choose but follow me, he did sentence them so early as he did ; and the common hangman, which was the crier, could do no otherwise that he might comply with their execution and his own discharge. All which if it were done as I conceive it to be, I ought rather to rest his debtor, and think myself bound unto him the longest day of my life, not as to my father's sometimes servant, but as to my true and natural brother. But put case it were not so ; or suppose I should not construe it in the better sense, yet call, Calisto, to mind the great joy and solace thou hast had, bethink thyself of thy sweet lady and mistress and thy whole and sole happiness : and, since for her sake thou esteemest thy life as nothing for to do her service, thou art not to make any reckoning of the death of others : and the rather, because no sorrow can equal thy received pleasure. O my lady and my life, that I should ever think to offend thee in thy absence ! And yet in doing as I do, methinks it argues against me, that I hold in small esteem that great and singular favour, which I have received at thy hands. I will now no longer think on grief ; I will no longer entertain friendship with sorrow. O incomparable good ! O insatiable contentment ! And what could I have asked more of heaven in requital of all my merits in this life (if they be any) than that which I have already received ? Why should I not content myself with so great a blessing ? Which being so, it stands not with reason that I should be ungrateful unto him, who hath conferred upon me so great a good; I will therefore acknowledge it, I will not with care craze my understanding, lest that being lost, I should fall from so high and so glorious a possession. I desire no other honour, no other glory, no other riches, no other father nor mother, no other friends nor kinsfolks. In the day, I will abide in my chamber; in the night, in that sweet Paradise, in that pleasant grove, that green plot of ground amidst those sweet trees, and fresh and delightsome walks. O night of sweet rest and quiet! O that thou hadst made thy return! O bright shining Phœbus, drive on thy chariot apace, make haste to thy journey's end! O comfortable and delightful stars, break your wont, and appear before your time, and out of your wonted and continued course! O dull and slow clock, I wish to see thee burned in the quickest and liveliest fire that love can make. For didst thou but expect that which I do, when thou strikest twelve, thou wouldst never endure to be tied to the will of the master that made thee! O ye hiematical and winterly months, which now hide your heads, and live in darkness and obscurity! why haste ye not to cut off these tedious days with your longer nights? Methinks it is almost a year, since I saw that sweet comfort and most delightful refreshing of my travails. But what do I ask? Why like a fool do I out of impatience desire that which never either was or shall be? For your natural courses did never learn to wheel away. For to all of them there is an equal course, to all of them one and the selfsame space and time. Not so much as to life and death, but there is a settled and limited end. The secret motions of the high firmament of heaven, of the planets and the North-star, and of the increase and wane of the moon, all of these are ruled with an equal rein, all of these are moved with an equal spur; heaven, earth, sea, fire, wind, heat and cold. What will it benefit me that this clock of iron should strike twelve, if that of heaven do not hammer with it? And therefore though I rise never so soon, it will never the sooner be day. But thou, my sweet imagination, thou, who canst only help me in this case, bring thou unto my fantasy the unparalleled presence of that glorious image. Cause thou to come unto my ears that sweet music of her words, those her unwilling hangings off without profit, that her pretty, 'I prithee leave off; forbear, good sir, if you love me; touch me not; do not deal so discourteously with me.' Out of whose ruddy lips, methinks, I hear these words still sound, 'Do not seek my undoing:' which she would evermore be out withal. Besides, those her amorous embracements betwixt every word; that her loosing of herself from me, and clipping me again; that her flying from me and her coming to me; those her sweet sugared kisses; and that her last salutation wherewith she took her leave of me. O with what pain did it issue from her mouth! With what resuscitation of her spirits! With how many tears, which did seem to be so many round pearls, which did fall without any noise from her clear and resplendent eyes! (*Cal. sleeps.*)

SOSIA. (*without*) What thinkst thou of Calisto? How hath he slept? It is now upon four of the clock in the afternoon, and he hath neither as yet called us nor eaten anything.

TRISTAN. Hold your peace, for sleep requires no haste. Besides, on the one side he is oppressed with sadness and melancholy for his servants: and on the other side transported with that gladsome delight and singular great pleasure, which he hath enjoyed with his Melibea. And thou knowest that, where two such strong and contrary passions meet, in whomsoever they shall house themselves, with what forcible violence they will work upon a weak and feeble subject.

SOSIA. Dost thou think that he takes any great grief and care for those that are dead? If she did not grieve more, whom I see here out of the window go along the street, she would not wear a veil of that colour as she does.

TRISTAN. Who is that, brother?

SOSIA. Come hither and see her, before she be passed. Seest thou that mournful maid, which wipes the tears from her eyes? That is Elicia, Celestina's servant and Sempronio's friend: she is a good, pretty, handsome, well-favoured wench, though now, poor soul, she be left to the wide world and forsaken of all. For she accounted Celestina her mother, and Sempronio her chiefest and best friend. And in that house, where you see her now enter, there dwells a very fair woman, she is exceeding well-favoured, very fresh and lovely: she is half courtesan; yet happy is he, and counts himself so to be, that can purchase her favour at an easy rate, and win her to be his friend. Her name is Areusa, for whose sake, I know, that unfortunate and poor Parmeno endured many a miserable night. And I know that she, poor soul, is nothing pleased with his death.

ACTUS XV

THE ARGUMENT

AREUSA *utters injurious speeches to a ruffian called* Centurio, *who takes his leave of her, occasioned by the coming in of* Elicia; *which* Elicia *recounts unto* Areusa *the deaths, which had ensued upon the love of* Calisto *and* Melibea. *And* Areusa *and* Elicia *agree and conclude together, that* Centurio *should revenge the death of all those three upon the two young lovers. This done,* Elicia *takes her leave of* Areusa, *and would not be entreated to stay, because she would not lose her market at home in her accustomed lodging.*

INTERLOCUTORS

Elicia, Centurio, Areusa.

ELICIA. What ails my cousin, that she cries and takes on as she does? It may be she hath already heard of that ill news, which I came to bring her: if she have, I shall have no reward of her for my heavy tidings. So, weep, weep on, weep thy belly-full! let thine eyes break their banks, and overflow thy bosom with an eternal deluge! for two such men were not everywhere to be had; it is some ease yet unto me, that she so resents the matter, and hath so true a feeling of their deaths. Do tear and rend thy hair, as I, poor soul, have done before thee: and think and consider with thyself that to fall from a happy life is more miserable than death itself. O how I hug her in my heart! How much more than ever heretofore do I now love her; that she can express her passion in such lively colours, and paint forth sorrow to its perfect and true life!

AR. (*within*) Get thee out of my house, thou ruffianly rascal; thou lying companion; thou cheating scoundrel! thou hast deluded me, thou villain; thou hast played bob-fool with me by thy vain and idle offers; and with thy fair words and flattering speeches (a pox on that smooth tongue of thine !) thou hast robbed me of all that I have ! I gave thee, you rogue, a jerkin and a cloak, a sword and a buckler, and a couple of shirts, wrought with a thousand devices, all of needlework ; I furnished thee with arms and a horse, and placed thee with such a master as thou wast not worthy to wipe his shoes. And now that I entreat thee to do a business for me, thou makest a thousand frivolous excuses.

CENTURIO. Command me to kill ten men to do you service, rather than to put me to walk a league on foot for you.

AREUSA. Why then did you play away your horse ? You must be a dicer with a murrain ! had it not been for me, thou hadst been hanged long since. Thrice have I freed thee from the gallows ; four times have I disimpawned thee, first from this and then from that ordinary, whenas thou might'st have rotted in prison, had not I redeemed thee and paid thy debts. O that I should have anything to do with such a villain ! That I should be such a fool ! That I should have any affiance in such a false-hearted, white-livered slave ! That I should believe him and his lies ! That I should once suffer him to come within my doors ! What a devil is there good in him ? His hair is curled and shagged like a water spaniel ; his face scotched and notched ; he hath been twice whipped up and down the town ; he is lame on his sword-arm, and hath some thirty whores in the common stews. Get thee out of my house, and that presently too ; look me no more in the face ; speak not to me, no not a word ; neither say thou that thou didst ever know me ; lest, by the bones of my father who begot me, and of my mother who brought me forth, I cause 2,000 bastinadoes to be laid upon that miller's back of thine ! For I would thou shouldst know, I have a friend in a corner, that will not stick to do a greater matter than that for me, and come off handsomely with it, when he has done.

CENTURIO. The fool is mad, I think. But do you hear, dame ? If I be nettled, I shall sting somebody ; if my choler be moved, I shall draw tears from some ; I shall make somebody put finger in the eye ; I shall, i'faith. But for once I will go my ways and say nothing ; I will suffer all this at your hands, lest somebody may come in, or the neighbours chance to hear us. (*Cent. goes.*)

ELICIA. I will in, for that is no true sound of sorrow, which sends forth threatenings and revilings. (*El. enters.*)

AREUSA. O wretch that I am! is't you, my Elicia? I can hardly believe it. But what means this? Who hath clothed thee thus in sorrow? What mourning weed is this? Believe me, cousin, you much affright me. Tell me quickly what's the matter. For I long to know it. Oh! what a qualm comes over my stomach! Thou hast not left me one drop of blood in my body.

ELICIA. Great sorrow, great loss; that which I show is but little to that which I feel and conceal. My heart is blacker than my mantle; my bowels than my veil. Ah, cousin, cousin! I am not able to speak through hoarseness; I cannot for sobbing send my words from out my breast.

AREUSA. Ay, miserable me! why dost thou hold me in suspense? Tell me, tell me, I say! do not you tear your hair, do not you scratch and martyr your face, deal not so ill with yourself. Is this evil common to us both? Appertains it also unto me?

ELICIA. Ay, my cousin! my dear love! Sempronio and Parmeno are now no more; they live not; they are no longer of this world; dead, alas, they are dead.

AREUSA. What dost thou tell me? No more I entreat thee; for pity hold thy peace, lest I fall down dead at thy feet.

ELICIA. There is yet more ill news to come unto thine ears. Listen well to this woeful wight, and she shall tell thee a longer tale of woe; thy sorrows have not yet their end: Celestina, she whom thou knewst well; she whom I esteemed as my mother; she who did cocker me as her child; she who did cover all my infirmities; she who made me to be honoured amongst my equals; she by whose means I was known through all the city and suburbs of the same, stands now rendering up an account of all her works. I saw her with these eyes stabbed in a thousand places. They slew her in my lap, I folding her in mine arms.

AREUSA. O strong tribulation! O heavy news worthy our bewailing! O swift-footed misfortunes! O incurable destruction! O irreparable loss! O how quickly hath fortune turned about her wheel! Who slew them? How did they die? Thou hast made me almost besides myself with this thy news, and to stand amazed as one who hears a thing that seems to be impossible. It is not eight days ago since I saw them all alive. Tell me, good friend, how did this cruel and unlucky chance happen?

ELICIA. You shall know. I am sure, cousin, you have already heard tell of the love betwixt Calisto and that fool Melibea. And you likewise saw how Celestina at the intercession of Sempronio, so as she might be paid for her pains, undertook the charge of that business, and to be the means to effect it for him; wherein she used such diligence, and was so careful in the following of it, that she drew water at the second spitting. Now when Calisto saw so good and so quick a dispatch, which he never hoped to have effected, amongst divers other things, he gave this my unfortunate aunt a chain of gold. And as it is the nature of that metal, that the more we drink thereof, the more we thirst; she, when she saw herself so rich, appropriated the whole gain to herself, and would not let Sempronio and Parmeno have their parts, it being before agreed upon between them, that whatsoever Calisto gave her they should share it alike. Now, they being come home weary one morning from accompanying their master, with whom they had been abroad all night, being in great choler and heat upon I know not what quarrels and brawls (as they themselves said) that had betided them, they demanded part of the chain of Celestina, for to relieve themselves therewith. She stood upon denial of any such covenant or promise made between them, affirming the whole gain to be due to her, and discovering withal other petty matters of some secrecy. For, as it [is] in the proverb, when gossips brawl, then out goes all. So that they being mightily enraged, on the one side necessity did urge them, which rends and breaks all the love in the world; on the other side the great anger and weariness they brought thither with them, which many times works an alteration in us. And besides, they saw that they were forsaken in their fairest hopes, she breaking her faith and promise with them: so that they knew not in the world what to do; and so continued a great while upon terms with her, some hard words passing to and fro between them. But in the end perceiving her covetous disposition, and finding that she still persevered in her denial, they laid hands upon their swords, and hacked and hewed her in a thousand pieces.

AREUSA. O unfortunate woman! Wast thou ordained to end thy days in so miserable a manner as this? But for them, I pray, what became of them? How came they to their end?

ELICIA. They, as soon as ever they had committed this foul murder, that they might avoid the Justice, the Alcalde passing by by chance at that very instant, made me no more ado, but leapt presently out at the windows; and, being in a manner dead with the fall, they presently apprehended them, and without any further delay chopped off their heads.

AREUSA. O my Parmeno, my love, what sorrow do I feel for thy sake? How much doth thy death torment me! It grieves me for that my great love, which in so short a space I had settled upon him, sithence it was not my fortune to enjoy him longer. But being that this ill success hath ensued, being that this mischance hath happened, and being that their lives now lost cannot be bought or restored by tears, do not thou vex thyself so much in grieving and weeping out thine eyes: I grieve as much, and believe thou hast but little advantage of me in thy sorrowing; and yet thou seest with what patience I bear it and pass it over.

ELICIA. Oh! I grow mad. O wretch that I am, I am ready to run out of my wits! Ay me, there is not anybody's grief that is like to mine; there is not anybody, that hath lost that which I have lost! O how much better and more honest had my tears been in another person's passion than mine own! Whither shall I go? For I have lost both money, meat, drink, and clothes; I have lost my friend, and such a one that had he been my husband, he could not have been more kind unto me. O thou wise Celestina, thou much honoured matron and of great authority; how often didst thou cover my faults by thy singular wisdom! Thou tookest pains, whilst I took pleasure; thou wentest abroad, whilst I stayed at home; thou wentest in tatters and rags, whilst I did ruffle in silks and satins; thou still camest home like a bee, continually laden, whilst I did nothing but spend and play the unthrift: for I knew not else what to do. O thou worldly happiness and joy, which, whilst thou art possessed, art the less esteemed! Nor dost thou ever let us know what thou art, till we know that thou art not; finding our loss greater by wanting, than in enjoying thee; never knowing what we have, till we have thee not. O Calisto and Melibea, occasioners of so many deaths! Let some ill attend upon your love; let your sweet meat have some sour sauce; your pleasure pain; let your joy be turned into mourning; the pleasant flowers whereon you took your stolen solace, let them be turned into serpents and snakes; your songs, let them be turned into howlings; the shady trees of the garden, let them be blasted and withered with your looking on them; your sweet scenting blossoms and buds, let them be black and dismal to behold!

AREUSA. Good cousin, content yourself, I pray, be quiet; enjoin silence to your complaints; stop the conduit-pipes to your tears; wipe your eyes; take heart again unto you. For when fortune shuts one gate, she usually sets open another; and this estate of yours, though it be never so much broken, it will be soldered and made whole again: and many things may be revenged, which are impossible to be remedied; whereas this hath a doubtful remedy, and a ready revenge.

ELICIA. But by whom shall we mend ourselves? Of whom shall we be revenged, whenas her death and those that slew her have brought all this affliction and anguish upon me? Nor doth the punishment of the delinquent less grieve me than the error they committed. What would you have me to do, whenas all the burden lies upon my shoulders? I would with all my heart that I were now with them, that I might not lie here, to lament and bewail them all as I do. And that which grieves me most, is to see that for all this, that villain Calisto, who hath no sense nor feeling of his servants' deaths, goes every night to see and visit his filth Melibea, feasting and solacing himself in her company, whilst she grows proud, glorying to see so much blood to be sacrificed to her service.

AREUSA. If this be true, of whom can we revenge ourselves better? And therefore, he that hath eaten the meat, let him pay the shot; leave the matter to me, let me alone to deal with them: for, if I can but track them, or but once find the scent of their footing, or but have the least inkling in the world when, how, where, and at what hour they visit one another, never hold me true daughter to that old pasty-wench whom you knew full well, if I do not give them sour sauce to their sweet meat; and make that their love distasteful, which now they swallow down with delight: and if I employ in this business that ruffian, whom you found me railing against, when you came into the house, if he prove not a worse executioner for Calisto than Sempronio was for Celestina, never trust me more. O how quickly the villain would fat himself with joy, and how happy would he hold himself, if I would but impose any service upon him! For he went away from me very sad and heavy, to see how coarsely I used him: and should I but now send for him again, and speak kindly unto him, he would think himself taken up in some strange sweet rapture; so much will he be ravished with joy. And therefore tell me, cousin, how I may learn how this business goes, for I will set such a trap for them, as, if they be taken in it, shall make Melibea weep as much as now she laugheth.

ELICIA. Marry, I know, sweet cousin, another companion of Parmeno's, Calisto's groom of the stable, whose name is Sosia, who accompanies him every night that he goes: I will see what I can suck from him; and this I suppose will be a very good course for the matter you talk of.

AREUSA. But hear you me, cousin, I pray do me the kindness to send Sosia hither unto me, I will take him in hand a little, I will entertain talk with him; and one while I will so flatter him, another while make him such fair offers, that in the end I will dive into him and reach the very depth of his heart, and learn from him, as well what hath been already, as what is to be done hereafter; at least learn so much as we desire to know, or may serve our turn: and when I shall have effected this, I will make him and his master to vomit up all the pleasure they have eaten. And thou, Elicia, that art as dear to me as mine own soul, do not you vex yourself any more, but bring your apparel and such implements as you have, and come and live with me: for there where you are, you shall remain all alone; and sadness, you know, is a friend to solitariness. What, wench! A new love will make thee forget the old: one son that is born will repair the love of three that be dead. With a new successor we receive anew the joyful memory and lost delights of forepast times. If I have a loaf of bread, or a penny in my purse, thou shalt have half of it. And I have more compassion of thy sorrow than of those that did cause it. True it is that the loss of that doth grieve a man more, which he already possesseth, than the hope of the like good can glad him, be it never so certain. You see the matter is past all remedy, and dead men cannot be recalled; you know the old saying: fie upon this weeping, let them die, and we live. As for the rest that remain behind, leave that to me; I will take order for Calisto and Melibea; and I shall give them as bitter a potion to drink, as they have given thee. O cousin, cousin, how witty am I when I am angry, to turn all these their plots upside down! And though I am but young, and a girl to speak of, to break the neck of these their devices, I shall overthrow them horse and foot.

ELICIA. Bethink yourself well, what you mean to do. For I promise you, though I should do as you would have me, and should send Sosia unto you, yet can I not be persuaded that your desire will take effect. For the punishment of those who lately suffered for disclosing their secrets, will make him seal up his lips, and look a little better to his life. Now for my coming to your house and to dwell with you, as the offer is very kind, so I yield you the best kind of thanks I can render you, and Jove bless you for it and help you in your necessity; for therein dost thou well show that kindred and alliance serve not for shadows, but ought rather to be profitable and helpful in adversity: and therefore, though I should be willing to do as you would have me in regard of that desire, which I have to enjoy your sweet company; yet can it not conveniently be done in regard of that loss which would light upon me; for I know it cannot but be greatly to my hindrance. The reason thereof I need not to tell you, because I speak to one that is intelligent, and understands my meaning; for there, cousin, where I am, I am well known; there am I well customed; that house will never lose the name of old Celestina; thither continually resort your young wenches bordering thereabouts, loving creatures, willing worms, and such as are best known abroad, being of half blood to those whom Celestina bred up; there they drive all their bargains, and there they make their matches, and do many other things besides, as you know well enough, whereby now and then I reap some profit. Besides, those few friends that I have, know not elsewhere to seek after me. Moreover you are not ignorant, how hard a matter it is to forego that which we have been used unto, and to alter custom is as distasteful as death: a rolling stone never gathers moss, and therefore I will abide where I am: and if for no other reason, yet will I stay there, because my house-rent is free, having a full year yet to come, and will not let it be lost by lying idle and empty; so that though every particular reason may not take place, yet when I weigh them altogether, I hope I shall rest excused, and you contented. It is now high time for me to be gone; what we have talked of, I will take that charge upon me; and so farewell.

ACTUS XVI

THE ARGUMENT

PLEBERIO *and* Alisa, *thinking that their daughter* Melibea *had kept her virginity unspotted and untouched, which was (as it seemed) quite contrary; they fall in talk about marrying of* Melibea, *which discourse of theirs she so impatiently endured, and was so grieved in hearing her father treat of it, that she sent in* Lucrecia *to interrupt them, that by her coming in she might occasion them to break off both their discourse and purpose.*

INTERLOCUTORS

Melibea, Lucrecia, Pleberio, Alisa.

PLEBERIO. My wife and friend Alisa, time methinks slips, as they say, from between our hands; and our days do glide away like water down a river. There is not anything that flies so swift as the life of man: death still follows us, and hedges us in on every side, whereunto we ourselves now draw nigh. We are now, according to the course of nature, to be shortly under his banner; this we may plainly perceive, if we will but behold our equals, our brethren and our kinsfolk round about us; the grave hath devoured them all; they are all brought to their last home. And, since we are uncertain when we shall be called hence, seeing such certain and infallible signs of our short abode, it behoveth us, as it is in the proverb, to lay our beard a-soaking, when we see our neighbours shaving off, and to fear lest that which befell them yesterday, may befall us to-morrow. Let us therefore prepare ourselves, and pack up our fardles, for to go this enforced journey which cannot be avoided. Let not that cruel and doleful sounding trumpet of death summon us away on the sudden and unprovided. Let us prepare ourselves, and set things in order whilst we have time, for it is better to prevent than to be prevented: let us confer our substance on our sweet successor; let us couple our only daughter to a husband, such a one as may suit with our estate, that we may go quietly and contentedly out of this world. The which with much diligence and carefulness we ought from henceforth to endeavour and put in execution: and what we have at other times commenced in this matter, we ought now to consummate it. I would not by our negligence have our daughter in guardians' hands; I like not she should be a ward: she is now fit for marriage, and therefore much better for her to be in a house of her own than in ours; by which means we shall free her from the tongues of the vulgar; for there is no virtue so absolute and so perfect, which hath not her detracting and foul-mouthed slanderers; neither is there anything, whereby a virgin's good name is kept more pure and unspotted than by a mature and timely marriage. Who in all this city will refuse our alliance? Who will not be glad to enjoy such a jewel, in whom those four principal things concur, which are demanded and desired in marriage? The first, discretion, honesty and virginity; the second, beauty; the third, noble birth and parentage; the last, riches. With all these nature hath endowed her. Whatsoever they shall require of us, they shall find it to be full and perfect.

ALISA. My lord Pleberio, heaven bless her, and send her so to do, that we may see our desires accomplished in our lifetime. And I am rather of opinion that we shall want one that is equal with our daughter, considering her virtue and nobleness of blood, than that there are over-many that are worthy to wear her; but because this office more properly appertaineth to the father than the mother, as you shall dispose of her, so shall I rest contented, and she remain obedient, as shall best beseem her chaste carriage, her honest life, and meek disposition.

LUCR. (*outside*) But if you knew as much as I do, your hearts would burst in sunder. Ay, ay, you mistake your mark, she is not the woman you wot of; the best is lost; an ill year is like to attend upon your old age. Calisto hath plucked that flower wherein you so much glory. There is not any that can now new film her, or repair her lost virginity; for Celestina is dead, the only curer of a cracked maidenhead. You have awaked somewhat of the latest; you should have risen a little earlier. Hark, hark, good mistress Melibea, hark, I say.

MELIBEA. What does the fool there sneaking in the corner ?

LUCRECIA. Come hither, madame, and you shall hear how forward your father and mother are to provide you a husband, you shall be married out of hand, out of hand, madame.

MELIBEA. For all loves' sake speak softly ; they will hear you by and by. Let them talk on, they begin to dote ; for this month they have had no other talk ; their mind hath run on nothing else : it may be their heart tells them of the great love which I bear to Calisto, as also of that which for this month's space hath passed between us. I know not whether they have had any inkling of our meeting ? Or whether they have overheard us ? Nor can I devise in the world, what should be the reason why they should be so hot upon the matter, and more eager for the marrying of me now than ever heretofore : but they shall miss of their purpose ; they shall labour it in vain : for to what use serves the clapper in the mill, if the miller be deaf ? Who is he that can remove me from my glory ? Who can withdraw me from my pleasure ? Calisto is my soul, my life, my lord ; on whom I have set up my rest, and in whom I have placed all my hopes ; I know that in him I cannot be deceived. And since that he loves me, with what other thing but love can I requite him ? All the debts in the world receive their payment in a divers kind ; but love admits no other payment but love. I glad myself in thinking on him, I delight myself in seeing him, and rejoice myself in hearing him. Let him do with me what he will, and dispose of me at his pleasure : if he will go to sea, I will go with him ; if he will round the world, I will along with him ; if he will sell me for a slave in the enemy's country, I will not resist his desire. Let my parents let me enjoy him, if they mean to enjoy me ; let them not settle their thoughts upon these vanities, nor think no more upon those their marriages. For it is better to be well beloved than ill married ; and a good friend is better than a bad husband. Let them suffer me to enjoy the pleasure of my youth, if they mind to enjoy any quietness in their age ; if not, they will but prepare destruction for me, and for themselves a sepulchre. I grieve for nothing more, than for the time that I have lost in not enjoying him any sooner, and that he did not know me, as soon as he was known unto me. I will no husband; I will not sully the knots of matrimony, nor tread against the matrimonial steps of another man; nor walk in the way of wedlock with a stranger, as I find many have done, in those ancient books which I have read, which were far more discreet and wiser than myself, and more noble in their estate and lineage; whereof some were held among the heathens for goddesses, as was Venus, the mother of Æneas and of Cupid, the god of love, who being married broke her plighted troth of wedlock; as likewise divers others, who were inflamed with a greater fire, and did commit most nefarious and incestuous errors, as Myrrha with her father, Semiramis with her son, Canace with her brother; others also in a more cruel and beastly fashion did transgress the law of nature, as Pasiphae, the wife of king Minos, with a bull: and these were queens and great ladies, under whose faults (considering the foulness of them) mine may pass as reasonable without note of shame or dishonesty. My love was grounded upon a good and just cause, and a far more lawful ground. I was wooed and sued unto, and captivated by Calisto's good deserts; being thereunto solicited by that subtle and cunning mistress in her art, dame Celestina, who adventured herself in many a dangerous visit, before that ever I would yield myself true prisoner to his love. And now for this month and more, as you yourself have seen, he hath not failed, no, not so much as one night, but hath still scaled our garden walls, as if he had come to the scaling of a fort; and many times hath been repulsed, and assaulted it in vain, being driven to withdraw his siege. And yet for all this, he continued more constant and resolute still, and never would give over, as one that thought his labour to be well bestowed. For my sake his servants have been slain; for my sake he hath wasted and consumed his substance; for my sake he hath feigned absence with all his friends in the city; and all day long he hath had the patience to remain close prisoner in his own house, and only upon hope (wherein he counted himself happy) to see me in the night. Far, far therefore from me be all ingratitude; far be all flattery and dissimulation towards so true and faithful a lover; for I regard in my regard to him neither husband, father, nor kindred; for in losing my Calisto I lose my life, which life of mine doth therefore please me, because it pleaseth him; which I desire no longer to enjoy than he shall joy in it.

LUCRECIA. Peace, madame, hark, hark, they continue in their discourse.

PLEB. (*within*). Since, wife, methinks you seem to like well of this motion, it is not amiss that we make it known to our daughter; we may do well to tell her how many do desire her, and what store of suitors would be willing to come unto her, to the end that she may the more willingly entertain our desire, and make choice of him whom she liketh best. For in this particular the laws allow both men and women, though they be under paternal power, for to make their own choice.

ALISA. What do you mean, husband? Why do you talk and spend time in this? Who shall be the messenger to acquaint our daughter Melibea with this strange news, and shall not affright her therewith? Alas, do you think that she can tell what a man means, or what it is to marry or be married? Or whether by the conjunction of man and woman children are begot or no? Do you think that her simple and unspotted virginity can suggest unto her any filthy desire, of that which as yet she neither knows nor understandeth, nor cannot so much as conceive what it means? It is the least part of her thought. Believe it, my lord Pleberio, she doth not so much as dream on any such matter: and assure yourself, be he what he will be, either noble or base, fair or foul, we will make her to take whom it pleaseth us; whom we like, him shall she like; she shall confirm her will to ours, and shall think that fit, which we think fit, and no further; for I know, I trow, how I have bred and brought up my daughter.

MEL. (*without*). Lucrecia, Lucrecia, run, hie thee quickly, and go in by the back-door in the hall, and break off their discourse with some feigned errand or other, unless thou wouldst have me cry out, and take on like a Bedlam; so much am I out of patience with their misconceit of my ignorance.

LUCRECIA. I go, madame.

ACTUS XVII

THE ARGUMENT

ELICIA, *wanting the chastity of* Penelope, *determines to cast off the care and sorrow, which she had conceived upon the deaths of those for whom she mourned, highly to this purpose commending* Areusa's *counsel ; she gets her to* Areusa's *house, whither likewise comes* Sosia, *out of whom* Areusa *by fair and flattering words drew those matters of secrecy which passed betwixt* Calisto *and* Melibea.

INTERLOCUTORS

Elicia, Areusa, Sosia.

ELICIA. I do myself wrong to mourn thus. Few do visit my house ; few do pass this way. I can hear no music nor stirring betimes in the morning ; I have no amorous ditties sung by my lovers at my window ; there are no frays nor quarrels before my door ; they do not cut and slash one another a-nights for my sake, as they were wont to do : and that which most of all grieves me, is that I see neither penny nor farthing, nor any other present to come within my doors. But for this can I blame nobody but myself ; myself only is in fault ; for had I followed the counsel of her, who is my true and faithful sister, whenas I brought her the other day the news of this sad and heavy accident, which hath brought all this penury upon me, I had not lived alone mured up between two walls ; nor others loathed to have come and seen me. The devil I think makes me to mourn thus for him, who, had I been dead, would scarce perhaps have shed one tear for me. Now I dare boldly say that Areusa told me truth. 'Sister', quoth she, 'never conceive nor show more sorrow for the misfortune or death of another, than he would have done for thee.' Sempronio, had I been dead, would have been ne'er a whit the less merry, he would not have wronged his delights nor abridged his pleasures. And why then like a fool should I grieve and vex myself for one that is dead and gone, and hath lost his head by order of law ? And what can I tell, whether being a choleric and hasty hair-brained fellow as he was, he might have killed me too, as well as he did that old woman, whom I reckoned of as of mine own mother ? I will therefore by all means follow Areusa's counsel, who knows more of the world than I do ; and go now and then to visit her, that I may learn something from her, how I may live another day. O what a sweet participation will this be ! What a delightful conversation ! I see it is not said in vain, that of more worth is one day of a wise man than the whole life of a fool ; I will therefore put off my mourning weeds, lay aside my sorrow, dismiss my tears, which have hitherto been so ready to offer their service to my eyes. But sithence that it is the very first office that we do, as soon as we are born, to come crying into the world, I nothing wonder that it is so easy to begin to cry, and so hard to leave off. But this may teach one wit by seeing the hurt it does to the eyes ; by seeing that good clothes and neat dressings make a woman seem fair and handsome, though she be nothing so nor so ; making her of old, young, and of young, younger. Your coloured paintings and your ceruses, which give women such a pure white and red, what are they but a slimy clinging thing, a kind of bird-lime, wherewith men are taken and ensnared ? Come then thou my glass, come hither again unto me ; and thou too my antimonium ; for I have too much already wronged my eyes, and almost marred my face with my blubbering and weeping. I will on with my white veils, my wrought gorgets, my gay garments, my more pleasing attire, and such other apparel as shall speak pleasure. I will presently provide some lye for my hair, which now through neglect hath lost its bright burnished hue. And this being done, I will count my hens, I will make up my bed : for it glads a woman's heart to see things neat and handsome about her. I will have all well swept and made clean before my door, and the street that buts upon it sprinkled with water, as well to keep it cool as to lay the dust ; to the end that they who pass by, may plainly thereby perceive, that I have banished all grief, and shaken hands with sorrow But first of all I will go and visit my cousin, to know whether

Sosia have been with her or no, and what good she hath done upon him. For I have not seen him, since I told him that Areusa would fain speak with him. I pray Jove I may find her all alone; for she is seldom any more without gallants, than a good tavern is without drunkards. (*El. comes to Ar.'s house.*) The door is shut, there should be nobody within; I will knock and see. Tha, tha, tha.

AREUSA. Who's at door?

ELICIA. I pray open it; it is Elicia.

AREUSA. Come in, good cousin, heaven reward you for this kindness; believe me, I think myself much beholding unto you, that you would take the pains to come and visit me. Ay, marry, wench, now it is as it should be. Now thou pleasest me, thou canst not imagine what contentment my eye taketh, to see that habit of mourning and of sorrow to be changed into garments of joy and of gladness. Now we will enjoy one another; we will laugh and be merry: now I shall have some heart to come and visit thee; thou shalt come to my house, and I will come to thine. It may be that Celestina's death will turn to both our goods; for I find that it is better now with me than it was before; and therefore it is said that the dead do open the eyes to the living, to some by wealth, to other some by liberty, as it is with thee.

ELICIA. I hear somebody at the door; we are too soon cut off from our discourse, for I was about to ask you whether Sosia had been here or no.

AREUSA. No, not yet; stay, we will talk more anon. How loud he knocks! I will go down and see who it is. Sure, either he is a madman, or our familiar friend. Who is't that knocks there?

SOSIA. Open the door, mistress: it's Sosia, servant to Calisto.

AR. Now in good time: the wolf is in the fable. Hide yourself, sister, behind these hangings, and you shall see how I will work him, and how I will puff him up with the wind of my fair and flattering words. And assure yourself that before we two part I will make him wholly ours; he shall not go hence the same Sosia that he came; but with my smooth and enticing terms, my soft and gentle handling of him, I will quite unmaw him, and draw from him all that he either knows concerning his master or anybody else, as he draws dust from his horses with his curry-comb. (*Enter S.*) What ? My Sosia ? My inward friend ? Him whom I wish so well unto, though perhaps he knows not of it ? Him whom I have longed to know, led only by the fame and good report which I hear of him ? What ? He that is so faithful to his master ? So good a friend to his acquaintance ? I will embrace thee, my love, I will hug thee in mine arms ; for now that I see thee, I see report comes short, and verily persuade myself that there are more virtues in thee than I have been told of. Fame hath been too sparing of thy praise : come, sweetheart, let us go in and sit down in my chamber ; for it does me good to look upon thee. O how thou dost resemble my unfortunate Parmeno ! How lively doth thy person represent him unto me ! This is it that makes this day to shine so clear, that thou art come to visit me. Tell me, gentle sir, did you ever know me before ?

SOSIA. The fame, gentlewoman, of your gentle and sweet disposition, of your good graces, discretion and wisdom, flies with so swift a wing and in so high a pitch through all this city, that you need not much to marvel, if you be of more known than knowing. For there is not any man, that speaks anything in praise of the fairest and beautifullest in this city, but that you are ranked in the first place, and remembered as the prime and chiefest amongst them all.

EL. (*hidden*). This poor silly fellow, this wretched son of a whore, to see how he exceeds himself, and speaks beyond the compass of his common wit. He doth not use to talk thus wisely. He that should see him go to water his horses, riding on their bare ridge without a saddle, and his naked legs hanging down beneath his canvass frock, cut out into four quarters ; and should now see him thus handsome and well suited, both in his cloak and other his clothes, it would give a man wings and tongue, and make him crow, as this cockerel doth.

AREUSA. Your talk would make me blush and run away for shame, were there anybody here to hear how you play upon me. But (as it is the fashion of all you men) you never go unprovided of such kind of phrases as these ; these false and deceitful praises are too common amongst you ; you have words moulded of purpose, to serve your turn withal, and to suit yourselves as you see cause to any woman whatsoever: yet for all this am I not afraid of you, neither will I start or budge from you. But I must tell you, Sosia, by the way; this praising of me thus is more than needs, for though thou shouldst not commend me, yet should I love thee, and that thereby thou shouldst think to gain my love is as needless; for thou hast gained it already. There are two things, which caused me, Sosia, for to send for thee, entreating thee to take the pains to come and see me; wherein if I find you to double or dissemble with me, I have done with you. What they are, I will leave them to yourself to relate, though I know it is for your own good, which makes me to do as I do.

SOSIA. Heaven forbid that I should use any cogging with you, or seek by subtlety to deceive you. I came hither upon the assurance that I had of the great favours, which you intend, and now do, me holding myself not worthy to pull off your shoes. Do thou therefore direct my tongue; answer thou for me to thine own questions: for I shall ratify and confirm whatsoever thou shalt propound.

AREUSA. My love, thou know'st how dearly I lov'd Parmeno. And as it is in the proverb, he that loves Beltram loves anything that is his; all his friends were always welcome unto me: his good service to his master did as much please me, as it pleased himself. When he saw any harm towards Calisto, he did study to prevent it. Now as all this is true, so thought I it good to acquaint thee with it. First then did I send for thee, that I might give thee to understand how much I love thee, and how much I joy and ever shall in this thy visiting me; nor shalt thou lose anything by it, if I can help it, but rather turn to thy profit and benefit. Secondly, since that I have settled my eyes, my love and affection on thee, that I may advise thee to take heed how thou comest in danger; and besides, to admonish thee that thou do not discover thy secrets to any: for you see what ill befell Parmeno and Sempronio by imparting things of secrecy unto Celestina. For I would not willingly see thee die in such an ill fashion, as your fellow and companion did: it is enough for me that I have bewailed one of you already, and therefore I would have you to know, that there came one unto me, and told me that you had discovered unto him the love that is betwixt Calisto and Melibea; and how he won her, and how you yourself night by night went along with him, and many other things which now I cannot call to mind. Take heed, friend, for not to keep a secret is proper only unto women, yet not unto all, but such as are fools and children. Take heed, I say, for here-hence great hurt may come unto you: and to this end did Nature give you two ears and two eyes, and but one tongue; to the end that what you see and hear should be double to that you speak. Take heed and do not think your friend will keep your secret, when you yourself cannot keep it; when therefore thou art to go with thy master Calisto, to that lady's house, make no noise, lest you be heard; for some have told me that every night you keep a coil, and cannot contain yourselves, as men transported and overjoyed.

SOSIA. O what busy-bodies, and what idle-headed persons be they who abuse your ears with such frivolous tales! Whosoever told you that he heard any such matter out of my mouth, he told you an untruth; and some others perhaps, because they see me go a-nights when the moon shines, to water my horses, whistling and singing, and such like kind of mirth, to drive away care and to make me forget my toiling and my moiling, and all this before ten a clock at night, conceive an evil suspicion; and of this suspicion make certainties, and affirm that to be true, which themselves do falsely surmise. And Calisto is not so mad or foolish, that at such an hour as that he should go about a business of so great a consequence, but that he will first be sure that all abroad is quiet, and that every man reposes himself in the sweetness of his first sleep: and less are you to suppose that he should go every night unto her; for such a duty will not endure a daily visitation. And that you may, mistress, more manifestly see their falsehood; for, as the proverb is, a liar is sooner ta'en, than he that is lame; we have not gone eight times a month; and yet these lying babblers stick not to avouch, we go night after night.

AREUSA. If you love me then, my dear love, that I may accuse them to their faces, and take them in the noose of their falsehood, acquaint me with those days you determine to go thither; and if then they shall err in their report, I shall thereby be assured of your secrecy and their roguery:

for that being not true which they tell me, your person shall be secured from danger, and I freed from any sudden fear of your life, hoping long to enjoy you.

SOSIA. Mistress, let us not stand any longer upon examination of witnesses. This very night, when the clock shall strike twelve, they have appointed to meet by the way of the garden: to-morrow you may ask them what they know; whereof, if any man shall give you true notice, I will be content that he shall scotch and notch me for a fool.

AREUSA. And on which side of the garden, my sweetheart? Because I may contradict them the better, if I find them varying.

SOSIA. By the street where the fat hostess dwells, just on the backside of her house.

ELICIA (*hidden*). No more, good man rag-tail, it is enough, we need no more. Cursed is he who makes such muleteers acquainted with his secrets. The blockhead hath swallowed the bait; he hath let her unhinge him.

AREUSA. Brother Sosia, this that thou hast said, shall suffice to make known thy innocency and their wickedness: and so a good speed with thee; for I have some other business to dispatch, and I fear me I have spent too much time with you.

ELICIA (*hidden*). O wise wench! O what a proper dismission, well befitting such an ass, who hath so easily revealed his secrets!

SOSIA. Courteous sweet mistress, pardon me, if my long stay hath been troublesome unto you. And if it shall please you to accept of my service, you shall never light upon any that shall more willingly therein adventure his life. And so your own best wishes attend you.

AR. And you too. (*Sos. goes.*) So; are you gone, muleteer? How proudly the villain goes his way! I have put a trick upon you, you rogue, I have bored you, I wis, through the nose; pardon me, if I turn my back to thee, and withdraw my favour from thee. I will have your coat soundly cudgelled for this gear. But to whom do I speak? Sister, come forth, tell me what dost thou think of him, whom I sent away? Have I not handsomely played my part with him? Thus know I how to handle such fellows; thus do such asses go out of my hands, beaten and laden with blows;

thus your bashful fools, and no better do I use your discreeter men that are timorous, and your devout persons that are passionate, and your chaste men, when they are once set on fire. Learn of me therefore, cousin : for this is another kind of art than that of Celestina ; it is a trick beyond any that she had in her budget, though she took me for a fool, because I was content to be so accounted at her hands. And sithence now that we have squeezed the orange, and wrung out of this fool as much as we desire to know, I think it not amiss that we go to seek out that dog's face at his house, whom on Thursday last I rated so bitterly out of mine. You shall make show, as though you were desirous to make us friends, and that you had earnestly entreated me to come and see him.

ACTUS XVIII

THE ARGUMENT

ELICIA, *being resolved to make* Areusa *and* Centurio *friends, as* Areusa *had before instructed her, they go to* Centurio's *house; where they entreat him to revenge their friends' deaths upon* Calisto and Melibea, *which he promiseth them to do. And as it is the nature of such ruffians as he, not to perform what they promise, he seeks to excuse himself, as you shall see in the sequel.*

INTERLOCUTORS

Elicia, Centurio, Areusa.

ELICIA. Who's at home here ?

CENTURIO. Boy, run and see: who dares presume to enter my house, and not first have the manners to knock at the door ? Come, come back again, sirrah ; I now see who it is. Do not cover your face, mistress, with your mantle, you cannot hide yourself from me. For, when I saw Elicia come in before you, I knew she could not bring with her any bad company, nor any news that could offend me, but rather that should please and delight me.

AREUSA. If you love me, sister, let us not in any further ; for the villain stands upon his pantofles, and begins to look big, thinking perhaps that I am come to cry him mercy. He had rather have such company as himself than ours : come, let us go, for I am the worse to look upon him ; I am ready to swoon with the very sight of such an ill-favoured face. Think you, sister, that you have used me well, to train me thus along to such a walk as this ? Is it a fit thing, that we should come from good company, and enter in here to see this villainous fellow, that flayeth off the skins from dead men's faces, that he may go disguised and unknown ?

ELICIA. If you love me, come back again ; I pray you do not you go, unless you mean to leave half your mantle behind you. I will hold you fast, indeed I will not let you go.

CENTURIO. Hold her, as you love me, hold her. Do not let her go.

ELICIA. I wonder, cousin, what you mean by this? You seem to be wiser than I am. Tell me, what man is so foolish or so void of reason, that is not glad to be visited, especially by women? Come hither, Centurio: now trust me, I swear, she shall embrace thee, whether she will or no; if she will be angry, let her, I will bear the blame of it.

AREUSA. Embrace him? Marry gup with a murrain! I had rather see him under the power and rigour of the law, and had rather see him die by the hands of his enemies, than that I should do the slave such a kindness. No, no, I have done with him; I have nothing to say to him; as long as I live, he and I shall be two. And wherein, I pray, am I so beholding unto him, that I should embrace him? Nay, so much as once vouchsafe to look upon such a professed enemy as he? I did but entreat him the other day to have gone but a little way for me about a business that did as much concern me as my life; and do you think that I could get him to go? Speak him fair, entreat him, do what I could for my life, he still answered me no. And shall I embrace a villain, that regards me no more than so?

CENTURIO. Command me, mistress, in such things as I know; exercise me in my art, and employ me in such offices as appertain to my profession: as, to fight for you with three men at once; or say they should be more, for your sake I would not refuse them, but challenge them the field. Command me to kill this or that man; to cut off a leg or an arm; to slash any woman over the face, that shall stand in competition with thee, and deface her beauty; such trifles as these shall be no sooner said than done. But do not, I prithee, entreat me to walk afoot; nor to give thee any money; for thou know'st I have it not. Gold and silver will not tarry with me; they are flinchers, they will not abide with me. I may cut three capers, and yet not shake one poor blank out of my breeches: no man gives that which he has not; you can have no more of a cat than his skin. Heart and goodwill, but not a rag of money. I live here in a house as you see, wherein you may throw a bowl and meet with never a rub; all the movables that I have are not worth a button; my implements are such as you see here before me; an old jar with a broken brim; a rusty spit without a point; the bed wherein I lie, is bound about with hoops of bucklers, which I broke in fight; my feather-bed a bundle of broken pikes; my sheets shirts of torn mail; for my pillow I have a pouch filled with pebble stones. And should I bestow a collation on you, I have nothing in the world that I can pawn, save this poor ragged and thread-bare cloak, which I have on my back.

ELICIA. So let me prosper, as his words do exceedingly please me; why, he is as obedient to you as a servant; he speaks to you like a suppliant, and he hath said nothing, but what is reason. What would you more of a man? I prithee, as thou lov'st me, speak unto him, and lay aside your displeasure; suffer him not to live thus sad and melancholy, but speak kindly unto him, and put him out of his dumps, since he offers his person so willingly to your disposal.

CENTURIO. Offer myself, Elicia? I swear unto thee, by the Christ-cross-row, by the whole alphabet and syllabication of the letters, that my arm trembles, to think what I would execute for her sake; for it is and ever shall be my continual meditation, to study how I may please her, but it is my unhappiness that it never hits right. The last night I was adream'd, that in her quarrel I challenged four men into the field, all of them well known unto her, if I should name them; and methought I slew one of them; and for the rest which fled, he that scaped best, left his left arm at my foot. Much better should I have bestirred myself, had it been day, and that I had been awake, if the proudest of them should have once presumed but to have touched her shoe.

AREUSA. I take thee at thy word; now we be friends; and in good time have we met. I here pardon what is past, but upon condition that you revenge me upon a gentleman, called Calisto, who hath wronged both me and my cousin.

CENTURIO. O how I turn renegado! How fain would I renew the condition! But tell me; has he made even with the world?

AREUSA. All's one for that, take you no care.

CENTURIO. Well, seeing you will have it so let us send him to dine in hell without company.

AREUSA. But do you hear. Interrupt me not; fail me not, I advise you; this night, if you will, you may take him napping.

CENTURIO. No more, I apprehen your meaning; I know the whole course of his love; how he carries himself in it; how such and such suffered in the business: as also where you two are galled. I know whither he goes, at what hour and with whom. But tell me, how many accompany him?

AREUSA. Only two; and those, young fellows.

CENTURIO. This is too small a prey, too poor a pittance; my sword will have but a short supper; it would fare far better at some other time, than that which now you have concluded on.

AREUSA. No, no; this is but to shift us off, and to excuse your not doing it. It will not serve your turn, you must give this bone to some other dog to pick; I must not be fed with delays; I will see whether sayings and doings eat together at your table, whether deeds and words sit both at one board with you.

CENTURIO. If my sword should but tell you the deeds it hath done, it would want time to utter them. What does empeople churchyards but it? Who makes surgeons rich but it? Who sets armourers awork but it? Who hews and unriveteth the finest mail but it? Who drives before him and shivers in pieces the bucklers of Barcelona, but it? Who slices the helmets of Calatayud, but it? Who shreds the casks of Almazan, as short as if they were made of pumpions, but it? These twenty years hath it found me food; by means of it am I feared of men and beloved of women, only yourself excepted: for it, the name of Centurio was given to my grandfather; for it, my father likewise was called Centurio, and so am I.

ELICIA. But I pray, tell me, what did your sword, that your grandfather should gain his name by it? Was he by it made captain of a hundred men?

CENTURIO. No, he was made by it champion to an hundred women.

AREUSA. We will have nothing to do with your pedigree nor famous acts of old; if you will do that I spake to you of, resolve suddenly, for we must be gone.

CENTURIO. I long more for this night, wherein I may give you content, than you long to be revenged. And that everything may be done to your good liking, make your own choice, what death you will have him die. For I can show you a bead-roll, if you will see it, wherein there are set down some seven hundred and seventy several sorts of deaths; which when you have seen, you may choose that which likes you best.

ELICIA. If you love me, Areusa, let not this matter be put into such a madman's hands; he is too bloody for the business: and it were better to let all alone than that the city should receive such a scandal; so that our second harm shall be worse than the first.

AREUSA. I pray content yourself, sister, hold your peace. Name that city unto us, if you can, which is not full of hurly-burlies, and where some scandals do not arise.

CENTURIO. The affronts and disgraces which are now in request, and wherein I am most conversant, are banging a man over the shoulders with a sword, having its scabbard on; dry-beatings without drawing of blood; thumping him on the breast, or making his head ring noon with the pommel of my sword, or by falsifying of a thrust or blow to give him his payment where he least looks for it. Others I use like sieves, pricking them full of holes with my poniard; some I cut in a large size, giving them a fearful stoccado or mortal wound: and now and then I use my cudgel or bastinado, that my sword may keep holiday and rest itself from its labour.

ELICIA. For love's sake ha' done, tell us of no more. Bastinado him, I pray thee: for I would have him beaten, but not slain.

CENTURIO. I swear by the whole generation of Turk and Termagant, that it is as possible for this right arm of mine to bastinado a man and not kill him, as it is for the sun to stand still in the firmament and never move.

AREUSA. Sister, let not you and I sorrow for the matter; why should we seem to pity him? Let him do with him what he will; let him kill him, as he finds himself humoured, when he comes to do the business; let Melibea weep as well as you have done before her: and so let us leave him. Centurio, see you give a good account of that which is committed to your charge. Take your own course ; any way, so as you revenge us on him, shall content us ; but in any case take heed that he do not escape without paying for his error.

CENT. O heavens ! He is going to Pluto I warrant you already ; I will give him his passport, I warrant you, unless he betake him to his heels and run away from me. Dearest in my affection, it glads me to the heart, that I have this occasion offered unto me, though it be but in a trifle and a matter scarce worth thanks ; that you may know by this, how far I would, if occasion served, enforce myself for your sake.

AREUSA. Mars direct thy hand aright. And so farewell, for it is time for us to be gone.

CENTURIO. Well, adieu. Go your ways, like a couple of headstrong and pertinacious whores as you be. Now will I bethink myself, how I may excuse myself of my promise ; and in such sort too, that they may be persuaded, that I used all possible diligence for to execute their desire, and that it was not of negligence for the freeing of myself from danger. I will feign myself sick : but what will that profit me ? For then they will be at me again when I am well. Again, if I shall tell them that I have been there, and that I forced them to fly, they will ask me who they were, how many in number, and in what place I buckled with them ? And what apparel they wore ? And by what marks I knew them to be such and such ? And the devil a whit shall I be able to tell them : and then all the fat is in the fire. What counsel then shall I take, that may comply with mine own safety and their desire ? I will send for lame Thraso and his companions, and tell them that because this night I shall be otherwise employed, they would go and make a clattering with their swords and bucklers in manner of a fray, for to fear and affright certain young men, whom they shall find in such a place, which service was faithfully recommended unto me to execute. This I know is a sure course, and no other hurt can follow thereupon, save to make them fly, and so get them home to bed.

ACTUS XIX

THE ARGUMENT

CALISTO *going with* Sosia *and* Tristan *to* Pleberio's *garden to visit his* Melibea, *who stayed looking for him, attended by* Lucrecia ; Sosia *recounts unto* Tristan *all that which had passed betwixt him and* Areusa. Calisto *remaining in the garden with* Melibea, Thraso *and his companions come, sent thither by the appointment of* Centurio, *for the fulfilling of that which he had promised to* Areusa *and* Elicia. *Upon whom* Sosia *sallies forth. Now* Calisto *hearing from the garden where he remained with* Melibea, *the clashing and clattering which they made, would needs go forth amongst them. Which issuing forth was the cause that his days were finished ; for this is the recompense which such lovers receive. Whence they may learn that it is better for them not to love at all than so to love.*

INTERLOCUTORS

Sosia, Tristan, Calisto, Melibea, Lucrecia.

SOSIA. Softly, that we may not be heard. As we go from hence to Pleberio's garden, I will tell thee all, brother Tristan, that passed this day betwixt Areusa and myself, taking myself now to be the happiest man in the world. Thou shalt understand then that upon the good report which she heard of me, she fell extremely in love with me, and sent me word by Elicia, that I would do her the kindness, as to come and speak with her. But omitting many other speeches of good counsel, which then past between us, she made present show unto me, that she was now as much mine as ever she was Parmeno's. She requested me that I would continually come and visit her ; and that she did not doubt, but that she should long enjoy my love. And I swear to thee, brother, by that dangerous way wherein we walk, and as ever any good may hereafter befall me, that twice or thrice it was as much as ever I could do for my life to forbear from boarding her ; but that very shame did hinder me, seeing her so fair and so well-clad, and myself in an old mouse-eaten cloak : still as she moved and advanced herself, she did breathe forth a most sweet and redolent odour of musk ; and I never stirred or heaved my body, but I sent forth a most rank scent of that horse-dung, which had got within my shoes. She had a hand as white as snow, and ever and anon as she pulled off her glove, thou wouldst have thought, that she had scattered flowers of oranges about the room ; so that as well in regard of this, as also because at that time she was somewhat busy, I was content to defer my boldness till another day : as likewise because all things at the first sight are not so tractable ; for the more they are communicated, the better are they understood in their participation.

TRISTAN. Friend Sosia, another more ripe and mature brain, and better experimented in matters of the world than mine is, were very necessary to be your adviser in this business ; yet as far forth as my tender age, and the means of my natural parts and wit shall be able to reach unto, I will tell you what I think. This woman, as you told me yourself, is a known and noted whore ; and therefore whatsoever hath passed between you, flatter not yourself, but rather believe that her words do not want deceit. Her offers I persuade me were false, though I know not to what end she made them. If she love thee, because thou art a gentleman ; how many better than thyself hath she rejected ? If because thou art rich ; she knows well enough that thou hast no other dust than that which clings to the curry-comb. If because thou art nobly descended and of high lineage ; she knows thy name is Sosia and so was thy father's ; and that he was born and bred in a poor little hamlet, getting his living by following the plough-tail, and breaking clods of earth, for which thyself art more fit than to make a lover. Be wise, Sosia, and consider with thyself, if she do not go a-birding, to see if she could get out of thee the secrecy of this walk, whereby to work some heart-burning, and breed no good blood betwixt Calisto and Pleberio out of that envy which she bears to Melibea's pleasure. Beware, I say : for envy (I tell you) is an incurable infirmity, when it is once settled ; she is a guest that is always more troublesome than thankful for her lodging, and is never merry, but at other folk's miseries, nor ever laughs, but at a shrewd turn. Now then, if this be so, O how this wicked woman will deceive thee with her smooth and subtle words, whereof such as she are never to seek, but have them still ready in the deck, and more perfect than their *Paternoster*! With this venomous vice she will not stick to damn her soul, so as she may please her appetite; she would fain turn all things topsy-turvy, and set men together by the ears, and only for to content her damnable desire. O ruffianly strumpet! O mankind quean! With what white bread hath she given thee crooked pins, to choke thee? She cares not how she sells and barters her body, so as she may truck and exchange it for strife and contention. Hear me, Sosia, and if thou dost, as thou mayest, presume upon it, that it is as I tell thee, deal (if thou wilt be advised by me) as doubly with her; for he that deceives the deceiver—you know what I mean; and if the fox be crafty, more crafty is he that catches him. I would have thee make a countermine against these her wicked and devilish imaginations. Set up scaling ladders to meet with her lewdness; and then cry quittance with her, when she thinks herself most safe and secure; and laugh at her afterwards, when thou art by thyself all alone in thy stable: the bay horse thinks one thing, and he that saddles him another.

SOSIA. O Tristan, thou discreet young man! More hast thou spoken than could be expected from one of thy years. A shrewd suspicion hast thou raised in me, and I fear me too true; but, because we are hard by the garden, and our master is close at our heels, let us break off this discourse, which is too large for the present, and defer it to some fitter opportunity.

CALISTO. Do you hear there? Set up the ladder, and see you make no noise; for methinks I hear my mistress' tongue. Sure it is she, she is talking to somebody, whoe'er it be. I will get me up to the top of the wall, and there will I stand hearkening awhile to see if I can hear from her any good token of her love to me in this my absence.

MEL. (*within*) Sing on, Lucrecia, if thou lovest me; I prithee sing on; for it does my heart good to hear thee; sing on, I say, till my lord come. Be not too loud, and let us go aside into this green walk, that they that pass by may not hear us.

LUCRECIA.
O that I kept the key,
Which opes to these fair flowers,
To pluck them day by day,
When you do leave these bowers!
The lilies and the roses,
Put on their newest colours,
And when thy love reposes,
They breathe their freshest odours.

MELIBEA. O how sweet is thy music to mine ears! It makes my heart even to melt and dissolve for joy. I prithee give not over.

LUCRECIA.
Sweet is the fount, the place,
I drank at, being dry;
More sweet Calisto's face,
In Melibea's eye.
And though that it be night,
His sight my heart will cheer,
And when he down shall light,
O how I'll clip my dear!
The wolf for joy doth leap,
To see the lambkins move,
The kid joys in the teat,
And thou joy'st in thy love.
Never was loving wight,
Of's friend desired so;
Ne'er walks of more delight,
Nor nights more free from woe.

MELIBEA. Friend Lucrecia, methinks I see that which thou singest, represented most lively unto me; methinks I see him as perfectly with these mine eyes, as if he stood just before me. Go on; for thou dost exceeding well, and with an excellent air: I will bear a part with thee, and help thee as well as I can.

MELIBEA and LUCRECIA.
Sweet trees who shade this mould
Of earth, your heads down bend,
When you those eyes behold
Of my best-loved friend.
Fair stars whose bright appear
Doth beautify the sky,
Why wake ye not my dear,
If he asleeping lie?

MELIBEA. Hear me now, I prithee ; I will sing alone.

MELIBEA.

You birds, whose warblings prove
Aurora draweth near,
Go fly, and tell my love
That I expect him here.
The night doth posting move,
Yet comes he not again ;
God grant some other love
Do not my love detain.

CALISTO. The sweetness of thy voice hath ravished me ; I cannot endure to let thee live any longer in a pained expectation. O my sweet mistress, and my life's happiness ; what woman could ever be born into the world, that should be able to deprive thee of thy great deservingness ? O interrupted melody ! O music suddenly broke off ! O short-timed pleasure ! O my dear heart, why didst thou not continue thy harmony without interrupting thy joy, and complying with both our desires ?

MELIBEA. O pleasing treason ! O sweet-sudden passion ! What ? My lord ! My soul ! is it he ? I cannot believe it ; where hast thou been, thou bright shining sun ? In what place hast thou hid thy brightness from me ? Is it not a pretty while since that thou heardest me ? Why didst thou suffer me to send forth my words into the air, senseless and foolish as they were, and in this hoarse swannish voice of mine ? Look on the moon, and see how bright she shines upon us ; look on the clouds, and see how speedily they rack away ; hearken to the gurgling waters of this fountain, how sweet a murmur, and what a pretty kind of purling they make, rushing along these fresh herbs and pleasant flowers ; hearken to these high cypresses, how one bough makes peace with another by the intercession of a mild, gentle and temperate wind, which moves them to and fro. Behold these silent and quiet shades, how dark they are, and how excellently well prepared for the covering and concealing of our sports. Lucrecia ? Why, how now, friend ? What are you doing ? Art thou turn'd mad with pleasure ? Let me alone with my love ; touch him not, I charge you ; do not you pluck and hale him from me ; do not burden his body with your heavy arms. Let me enjoy what is mine, you shall not possess any part of my pleasure.

CALISTO. Dear lady, and glory of my life, if you love me, give not over your singing; let not my presence, which glads thee, be of a worse and more unfortunate condition than my absence which did grieve thee.

MELIBEA. Why, my love, would you have me sing? Or how can I sing? For my desire of thee was that which ruled my voice, and made me to air my notes. But now that thou art come, that desire disappears, it is vanished, and the tone of my voice distempered and out of tune. And because you, sir, are the pattern of courtesy and good behaviour, how can you in reason require my tongue to speak, whenas you cannot rule your own hands and keep them quiet? Why do not you forget these tricks, and learn to leave them? Lay your command upon them to be quiet, and will them to lay aside this offensive custom, and consider, my dearest, that, as to see thee, whilst thou carriest thyself quietly and civilly, is the greatest happiness that either my heart or my eye can enjoy; so is it as displeasing unto me to see thee handle me so roughly. Thy honest sporting pleaseth me, but thy dishonest hands offend me, especially when they are too far out of reason. And, though love ofttimes forget reason, yet amongst your well-educated, and noble and generous spirits, kindness keeps a decorum, and revels not but with decency; let such, sweetheart, be our embraces, such and so modest be our dalliance, my dearest Calisto, my love, my lord. And since I wholly subject myself to your pleasure, be it your pleasure to take and make such worthy benefit of my affection, presence and service, as best beseems true lovers, and is agreeable to both our high births and breeding. But alas, silly woman, why should I direct you? No, I will not. Do, Calisto, do what you will, and say what you will, I am yours to use; please yourself, and you shall please me.

CALISTO. Madame, fervency of love loves not to be idle; pardon then, I pray you, if I have been too busy.

LUCRECIA. Now never trust me again, if I hearken to them any longer. Here's a life indeed! O how I feel myself melt within, like snow against the sun; and how squeamish my mistress seems, because forsooth she would fain be entreated! Assuredly had I been in her case, and have lost so much time, I should think the worse of myself the longest day of my life.

MELIBEA. Sir, shall I send Lucrecia to fetch you some sweetmeats ?

CALISTO. No, lady ; no other sweetmeats for me, save only to embrace this thy body, to fold it within mine arms, and to have the possession of thy beauty. Everywhere a man may eat and drink for his money ; that a man may have at any time ; it is everywhere to be bought. But that which is not vendible, that which in all the world is not to be matched, and save only in this garden, not to be found again from one pole to the other—why wish you me not rather that I should not let slip the least moment in enjoying so sweet a treasure ?

LUCRECIA. My head aches with hearing ; and yet their tongues ache not with talking, nor their arms with colling, nor their lips with kissing. Sure, they will make me gnaw the finger of my glove all to pieces.

CALISTO. O my dear mistress ! I could wish it would never be day, that I might still enjoy that sweet happiness and fullness of content, which my senses receive in the noble conversing with this thy delicate and dainty sweet self.

MELIBEA. Sir, it is I that enjoy this happiness, this fullness of content. If anybody gain by it, it is I ; and I must acknowledge myself most infinitely beholding unto you, that you would vouchsafe to visit me in so kind and loving a manner, as no thanks are able to requite so great a favour.

SOSIA (*outside*). Out, you ruffianly rascals ! come ye to fright those that fear you not ? Had I been ware of your coming, or had you stayed any longer, I would have sent some of you packing, and have given you somewhat that should have stuck by you. Out, you rogues !

CALISTO. Madame, this is Sosia's voice ; suffer me to go and see that they do not kill him, for there is nobody with him but a little page that came with me. Give me my cloak quickly, it lies under you.

MELIBEA. O unfortunate that I am ! I pray do not go without your cuirasses. If you love me, come back ; I will help to arm you myself.

CALISTO. That, mistress, which a sword, a cloak, and a good heart cannot do, can never be effected by cuirass, casque, or cowardice.

SOSIA. Yea? Are you come again? I shall be with you to bring by and by; you come for wool, do you? But if you stay a little longer, I shall send you home without a fleece, I shall plume you, I shall, you rascals.

CALISTO. Lady, if you love me, let me go. The ladder stands ready for me.

MELIBEA. O miserable me! Why dost thou go so furiously and so fast? And all disarmed as thou art, to hazard thy life amongst thou know'st not whom? Lucrecia, come hither quickly; for Calisto is gone to thrust himself into a quarrel. Let us take his cuirasses, and throw them over the wall; for he hath left them here behind him.

TRISTAN. Stay, sir, do not come down. They are gone; it is nobody but lame Thraso and a company of other rogues with him, that made a noise as they passed by: and Sosia is come back again. Take heed, sir, hold fast by the ladder, for fear lest you fall. (*Cal. falls.*)

CALISTO. Oh, oh! Look upon me. Ay me! I am a dead man! oh!

TRISTAN. Come hither quickly, Sosia; for our unfortunate master is fallen from the ladder, and neither speaks nor wags.

SOSIA. Master, master, do you hear, sir? Let us call a little at this other door. He hears on neither ear; he is as dead as a door-nail; there is no more life in him than in my great grandfather, who died some hundred years since. O foul mishap! What will become of us?

LUCR. (*within*) Hark, hark, madame! What a great mischance is this?

MELIBEA. O wretch that I am! What do I hear?

TRISTAN. Oh, my master, my master is dead! And with him all my happiness, all my good; he is fallen headlong down; he is dead; he is dead: and (which is a fearful thing) suddenly dead. O pitiful, pitiful, O horrible sight! Help, Sosia, help to gather up these brains, that lie scattered here amongst the stones, and let us put them again into his head. O unfortunate master! O unlucky day! O sudden and unexpected end!

MELIBEA. O disconsolate woman that I am! What a thing is this? What vile mishap, that hath thus disturbed our quiet? What mischance can possibly prove so cruel as that which I now hear? Help me, Lucrecia, to get up this wall, that I may see my sorrow, unless you will have me fill my father's house with cries and scrikes? What? Is all my joy turned into smoke? Is all my pleasure lost? All my glory come to an end?

LUCRECIA. Tristan, what's the matter, my love? why dost thou weep so bitterly? Why take you on so, beyond all measure and reason?

TRISTAN. I bewail my great misery; I bewail my many sorrows. My master Calisto hath fallen from the ladder, and is dead; his head is in three pieces; he died suddenly, and lamentably torn and dashed to pieces: bear this sad message to his new friend, that she must never more expect her pained lover. Sosia, do thou take up his feet, and let us carry his body hence, that he may not in this place suffer dishonour, though he have suffered death. Let mourning go along with us; let solitariness accompany us; let discomfort wait upon us; let sorrow apparel us; let mourning weeds cover us; and let us put on sad habits!

MELIBEA. Ay me, of all other the most miserable! So short a time to possess my pleasure! So soon to see my sorrows come upon me!

LUCRECIA. Madame, tear not your face; rend not your hair. What? But even now all pleasure? And now all sorrow? Out alas! that one, and the selfsame planet should so suddenly afford an effect so contrary? Where is your courage? Fie, what a faint heart have you! Pray you arise from the ground: let not your father find you in so suspicious a place; for if you continue thus, you cannot choose but be heard. Why, madame, madame, I say, hear you me? Do you hear, lady? Of all loves, do not fall any more into these swoons. Be as valiant and courageous in enduring your sorrow, as you were hot and hardy in committing your error.

MELIBEA. Hear you what moan his poor servants make? Hear you how woefully they lament his loss? Wailing and weeping, praying and answering each to other, they carry away from me all my good, all my happiness; my dead joy, my dearest love, they carry away from me; my time is come; I am but a dead woman; I can live no longer, since I may no more enjoy the joy of my heart. O that I should let thee go! That I should hold that jewel no faster which I so lately held in my hands! O ungrateful mortals! O unthankful as we be, who never know our happiness, until we want it!

LUCRECIA. Up, up, madame! for it will be a greater dishonour unto you to be found thus here in the garden, than either the pleasure you received by his coming or the sorrow which you take for his death. Come, let us into your chamber, and go lay you down on your bed; and I will call your father. We will feign some other ill, since to hide this, it is impossible.

ACTUS XX

THE ARGUMENT

LUCRECIA *comes to* Pleberio's *chamber, and knocks at the door.* Pleberio *asks her what's the matter.* Lucrecia *entreats him to come presently to see his daughter* Melibea. Pleberio *rises, and goes straight to* Melibea's *chamber. He comforts her, demanding what she aileth, and where was her grief.* Melibea *feigns her pain to be about her heart.* Melibea *sends her father forth for some musical instruments. She and* Lucrecia *get them, when he was gone, to the top of a tower. She sends away* Lucrecia, *and shuts the door after her. Her father comes to the foot of the tower,* Melibea *discovers unto him all the whole business of what had passed. That done, she throws herself down from the top of the tower.*

INTERLOCUTORS

Pleberio, Lucrecia, Melibea.

PLEBERIO. What would you, Lucrecia ? What means this exceeding haste, and with so great importunity and troubledness of mind ? What ails my daughter ? What sudden sickness hath seized on her, that I cannot have the leisure to put on my clothes ? Nay, scarce so much time as to rise ?

LUCRECIA. Sir, if you will see her alive, come quickly. What her grief is, I know not ; nay, scarce know I her, so disfigured is her face.

PLEBERIO. Come, let us go quickly ; lead the way ; in afore ; lift up the hangings ; open this same window ; set it wide open, that I may have light enough to take a full view of her. Why, how now, daughter ? What's the matter ? What is your pain ? Where lies it ? What a strange thing is this ? What faintness do I see ? What weakness and feebleness ? Look upon me, daughter ! I am thy father; speak unto me, for pity's sake speak, and tell me the cause of your grief, that we may the sooner provide a remedy. Send not my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave; thou knowest I have no other good but thee, no other worldly happiness. Open thy gladsome eyes; look cheerfully upon me.

MELIBEA. Ay me! What shall I do?

PLEBERIO. What woe can equal mine, to see thee in such woeful plight? Your mother, as soon as ever she but heard you were ill, fell presently into a swoon, and lies in that extremity, and in a manner senseless, that she is not able to come and see thee. Be of good cheer, pluck up thy heart; and so raise up thy spirits, that thou mayest rise and go along with me to visit her. Tell me, sweet soul, the cause of thy sorrow.

MELIBEA. My cure is remediless.

PLEBERIO. My dear daughter, the best beloved of thy aged father; for pity's sake, let not this thy cruel torment cause thee to despair of recovery, being carried away with the violence and infirmity of thy passion: for sorrow still assaulteth the weakest hearts, and conquers them most, that are most cowardly. If thou wilt but tell me thy grief, it shall presently be remedied; for neither physic nor physician nor servants shall be wanting for the recovery of thy health, whether it consist in herbs, in stones, or in words, or remain more secret in the bodies and bowels of beasts. Do not then vex me any more; torment me no longer; force me not out of my wits; make me not mad, but tell me, good daughter, what and where is your pain.

MEL. I feel a mortal wound even in the very midst of my heart, the anguish whereof is so grievous unto me, that it will scarce suffer me to fetch my breath, much less to speak: there is no malady like unto mine; it is of a different nature from all other diseases. And before you can come to cure it in my heart, you must first take out my heart; for it lies even in the hidden and most secret place thereof.

PLEBERIO. Too too soon hast thou received this feeling and sense of elder years; youth should be a friend to pleasure and mirth, and an enemy unto care and sorrow. Rise then from hence, and let us go and take some fresh air along by the riverside; come and make merry with your mother; you shall see, that will ease and rid away your pain. Take heed what you do; do not wilfully cast away yourself; for, if you fly and shun mirth, there is not anything in the world more contrary to your disease.

MELIBEA. Let us go whither you please: and if it stand with your liking, sir, let us go up to the top of the leads; for from thence I may enjoy the pleasing sight of those ships that pass to and fro, and perhaps it may give some ease to my grief.

PLEBERIO. Come, let us go and take Lucrecia with us.

MELIBEA. With a very good will. I pray, father, will you cause some musical instrument to be sent unto me, that by playing thereon or singing thereunto, I may see if I can drive away this grief: for though on the one side, the force and violence thereof doth much torment me; yet on the other side, I doubt not but those sweet sounding instruments and delightful harmony will much lessen and mitigate my sorrow.

PLEB. This, daughter, shall presently be done: I will go myself, and will it to be provided. (*Mel and Lucr. go up to a tower.*)

MELIBEA. Friend Lucrecia, this place, methinks, is too high; I am very loth to leave my father's company. I prithee make a step down unto him, and entreat him to come to the foot of this tower; for I have a word or two, which I forgot to tell him, that he should deliver from me to my mother.

LUCRECIA. I go, madame.

MELIBEA. They have all of them left me. I am now alone by myself and nobody with me. The manner of my death falls fit and pat to my mind; it is some ease unto me, that I and my beloved Calisto shall so soon meet again. I will shut and make fast the door, that nobody may come up to hinder my death, nor disturb my departure, nor to stop me in my journey, wherein I purpose to post unto him; not doubting but to visit him as well this very day, as he did me this last night. All things fadge aright, and have fallen out as luckily as I could wish it; I shall now have time and leisure enough to recount to my father Pleberio the cause of this my short and sudden end. I confess, I shall much wrong his silver hairs, and offer much injury to his elder years; I shall work great woe unto him by this my error; I shall leave him in great heaviness and desolation all the days of his life: but admit my death will be the death of my dearest parents, and put case that the shortening of my days will be the shortening of theirs; who doth not know but that others have been more cruel to their parents than I am? Prusias, King of Bithynia, without any cause, not enduring that pain which I do, slew his own father Ptolemy, King of Egypt, slew both father and mother and brother and wife, and all for the love of his mistress. Orestes killed his mother, Clytemnestra, and that cruel Emperor Nero only for the fulfilling of his pleasure murdered his own mother. These and such as they are worthy of blame. These are true parricides, not I, who with mine own punishment, and with mine own death purge away the guilt, which otherwise they might more justly lay upon me for their deaths. There have been others far more cruel, who have slain their own children and their own brothers, in comparison of whose errors mine is as nothing; at least nothing so great. Philip, King of Macedon, Herod, King of Jewry, Constantine, Emperor of Rome, Laodice, Queen of Cappadocia, and Medea the sorceress; all these slew their own sons and dearest children, and that without any reason or just cause, preserving their own persons still in safety. To conclude, that great cruelty of Phraates, King of the Parthians, occurs to my remembrance, who, because he would have no successor behind him, murdered Orodes, his aged father, as also his only son, besides some thirty more of his brethren. These were delicts worthy blame indeed; because they, keeping their own persons free from peril, butchered their ancestors, their successors, and their brethren. True it is that though all this be so, yet are we not to imitate them in those things wherein they did amiss; but it is not in my power to do otherwise. And thou great Governor of the heavens, who art witness to my words, thou seest the small power that I have over my passion; thou seest how my liberty is captivated, and how my senses are taken with that powerful love of that late deceased gentleman, who hath deprived me of that love, which I bear to my living parents. (*Pleb. comes to the foot of the tower.*)

PLEBERIO. Daughter Melibea, what make you there alone ? What is it you would have with me ? Shall I come up to you ?

MELIBEA. No, good father, content you where you are, trouble not yourself, nor strive to come to me ; you shall but disturb and interrupt that short speech which I am now to make unto you. Now, by and by shalt thou be suddenly wounded ; thy heart shall presently be pricked with grief, and shall bleed abundantly, to see the death of thy only daughter. My end draws near ; at hand is my rest and thy passion, my ease and thy pain, my hour of keeping company and thy time of solitariness. You shall not need, my most honoured father, to seek out any instruments of music to assuage my sorrow ; nor use any other sound, save the sound of bells, for to ring my knell, and bring my body to the grave. And, if thou canst hearken unto me for tears, if thine eyes will give thine ears leave to hear, thou shalt hear the desperate cause of this my forced yet joyful departure : see thou neither speak nor weep ; interrupt me not, either with tears or words, unless thou mean'st more hereafter to be tormented, in not knowing why I do kill myself, than thou art now sorrowful to see my death. Neither ask nor answer me anything ; nor question me any further than what of mine own accord I shall willingly tell thee ; for, when the heart is surcharged with sorrow, the ear is deaf to good counsel ; and at such a time good and wholesome words rather incense than allay rage. Hear, my aged father, the last words that ever I shall speak unto you. And if you entertain them, as I hope you will, you will rather excuse than condemn my error. I am sure, you both well perceive and hear that most sad and doleful lamentation, which is made throughout all this city ; I am sure you hear this great noise and ringing of bells, the scriking and cryings out of all sorts of people, this howling and barking of dogs, this noise and clattering of armour. Of all this have I been the cause ; I, even this very day, have clothed the greater part of the knights and gentlemen of this city in mourning. I, even this very day, have left many servants orphaned and quite destitute of a master. I have been the cause that many a poor soul hath now lost its alms and relief. I have been the occasion that the dead should have the company of the most complete gentleman for his good graces and qualities that ever was born. I have been the occasion that the living have lost the only pattern and paragon of courtesy, of gallant inventions, of witty devices, of neatness and decency in his clothes, of speech, of gait, of kindness, and of virtue. I have been the occasion that the earth doth now enjoy the most noble body and the freshest flower of youth, that ever was created in this age of ours. And because you may stand amazed and astonished at the sound of these my unusual and unaccustomed crimes, I will open the business, and make this matter appear more clear unto you.

It is now, dear father, many days since that a gentleman called Calisto, whom you well knew, as likewise his ancestors and noble lineage, did languish and pine away for my love. As for his virtues and goodness they were generally known to the whole world. So great was his love-torment, and so little both place and opportunity to speak with me, that he was driven to discover his passion to a crafty and subtle woman named Celestina, which Celestina coming as a suitor unto me in his behalf drew my secret love from forth my bosom, and made me to manifest that unto her, which I concealed from mine own mother. She found the means to win me to her will; she made the match between us; she plotted how his desire and mine should take effect. And if he dearly loved me, I was not therein deceived: she made up that sad conclusion of that sweet and unfortunate execution of his will; and thus being overcome with the love of Calisto, I gave him entrance into your house; he scaled your walls with ladders, and brake into your garden; brake my chaste purpose by taking from me the flower of my virginity. And thus almost this month have we liv'd in this delightful error of love. And as he came this last night unto me, as he was wont to do, e'en just about the time that he should have returned home (as ill fortune would have it, who in the mutability of her nature ordereth and disposeth all things according to her disordered custom), the walls being high, the night dark, the ladder light and weak, his servants that brought it unacquainted with that kind of service, he going down somewhat hastily to see a fray, which he heard in the street between his servants and some others that then passed by, being in choler, making more haste than good speed, thinking he should never come soon enough, not eyeing well his steps, he sets his foot quite besides the rounds, and so fell down, and with that woeful and unfortunate fall, he pitched upon his head, and had his brains beaten out, and dashed in pieces against the stones and pavement of the street. Thus did the destinies cut off his thread; thus cut off his life without confession; cut off my hope; cut off my glory; cut off my company. Things therefore being thus, tell me, father, what cruelty were it in me, he dying disbrained, that I should live pained all the days of my life? His death inviteth mine; inviteth? Nay, enforceth me, that it be speedily effected and without delay; it teacheth me that I should also fall headlong down, that I may imitate him in all things. It shall not be said of me that those that are dead and gone are soon forgotten. And therefore I will seek to content him in my death, since I had not time to give him content in my life. O my love and dear lord, Calisto, expect me, for now I come. But stay a little, though thou dost expect me; and be not angry, I prithee, that I delay thee, being that I am now paying my last debt, and giving it my final account to my aged father, to whom I owe much more. O my best-beloved father, I beseech you, if ever you did love me in this painful forepast life, that we may both be interred in one tomb and both our obsequies be solemnized together. I would fain speak some words of comfort unto you before this my gladsome and well-pleasing end, gathered and collected out of those ancient books, which for the bettering of my wit and understanding you willed me to read, were it not that my memory fails me, being troubled and disquieted with the loss and death of my love; as also because I see your ill endured tears trickle so fast down your wrinkled cheeks. Recommend me to my most dear and best-beloved mother; and do you inform her at large of the doleful occasion of my death. I am glad with all my heart that she is not here present with you; for her sight would but increase my sorrow. Take, aged father, the gifts of old age; for in large days large griefs are to be endured. Receive the pledge and earnest of thy reverend age; receive it at the hands of thy beloved daughter. I sorrow much for myself, more for you, but most for my aged mother: and so I recommend me to you both, and both of you unto your more happiness, to whom I offer up my soul; leaving the care to you, to cover this body that is now coming down unto you.

ACTUS XXI

THE ARGUMENT

PLEBERIO *returning weeping to his chamber, his wife* Alisa *demands the cause of this so sudden an ill. He relates unto her the death of her daughter* Melibea ; *shewing unto her her bruised body, and so making lamentation for her, he gives a conclusion to this tragi-comedy.*

INTERLOCUTORS

Alisa, Pleberio.

ALISA. Why Pleberio ? my lord ! What's the matter ? Why do you weep and snob, and take on in such extreme and violent manner ? I have lain ever since in a dead swoon, so was I overcome with grief, when I heard that our daughter was so ill. And now hearing your pitiful lamentations, your loud cryings, your unaccustomed complaints, your mournings and great anguish, they have so pierced my very bowels, made so quick a passage to my heart, and have so quickened and revived my troubled and benumbed senses, that I have now put away the grief which I entertained : thus one grief drives out another, and sorrow expelleth sorrow. Tell me the cause of your complaint ; why do you curse your honourable old age ? Why do you desire death ? Why do you tear your milk-white hairs up by the roots ? Why do you scratch and rend your reverend face ? Is any ill befallen Melibea ? For I pray you tell me ; for if she be not well, I cannot live.

PLEBERIO. Out alas ! Ay me, my most noble wife ! Our solace is in the suds ; our joy is turn'd into annoy ; all our conceived hopes are utterly lost ; all our happiness is quite overthrown ; let us now no longer desire to live. And because unexpected sorrows leave a greater impression of grief ; and because they may bring thee the sooner to thy grave ; as also, that I may not alone by myself bewail that heavy loss which belongs to us both; look out and behold her, whom thou broughtest forth and I begot, dashed and broken all to pieces. The cause I understood from herself, but laid open more at large by this her sad and sorrowful servant. Help to lament these our latter days, which are now growing to an end. O ye good people, who come to behold my sorrows, and you gentlemen, my loving friends, do you also assist to bewail my misery! O my daughter! and my only good! It were cruelty in me, that I should outlive thee. My threescore years were fitter for the grave than thy twenty; but the order of my dying was altered by that extremity of grief, which did hasten thy end. O ye my hoary hairs, grown forth to no other end save sorrow! it would better have suited with you to have been buried in the earth, than with these golden tresses which lie here before me. Too too many are the days that I have yet to live; I will complain and cry out against death; I will accuse him of delay; how long will he suffer me to remain here after thee! Let my life now leave me, since I must leave thy sweet company. O my dear wife, rise up from her, and if any life be left in thee, spend that little with me in tears and lamentations, in sobs and in sighs; but in case thy soul resteth now with hers; if out of very grief thou hast left this life, why wouldst thou lay this heavy burden on me? Why let me remain here alone and have nobody to help me in the unsheathing of my sorrows? In this ye women have a great advantage of us that are men; for some violent grief can make you go out of the world without any pain; or at least cast you into a swoon, which is some ease to your sorrows. O the hard heart of a father, why dost thou not burst forth with grief? Why do not your heart-strings crack in sunder to see thyself bereaved of thy beloved heir? For whom didst thou build these turrets? For whom got I honours? For whom planted trees? For whom built ships? O hard-hearted earth, why dost thou bear me any longer? Where shall my disconsolate old age find any resting place? O variable fortune, and full of change, thou ministress and high stewardess of all temporal happiness, why didst thou not execute thy cruel anger upon me? Why didst thou not overwhelm him with thy mutable waves, who professes himself to be thy subject? Why didst thou not rob me of my patrimony? Why didst thou not set fire on my house? Why didst thou not lay waste mine inheritance? Why didst thou not strip me of my great revenues? What is't I would not thou shouldst have done, so as thou hadst left me that flourishing young plant, over which thou oughtest not to have had such power? Thou mightest, O fortune (fluctuant and fluent as thou art), have given me a sorrowful youth and a mirthful age; neither have therein perverted order. Better could I have borne thy blow, better endured thy persecutions, in that my more strong and oaky age than in this my weak and feeble declining. O life fulfilled with grief and accompanied with nought but misery! O world, world! Much have men spoken of thee, much have men writ concerning thy deceits; and much have I heard myself: and mine own woeful experience is able to say something of thee, as one who have been in the unfortunate fair, and have often bought and sold with thee, but never had anything that succeeded happily with me. As one who many a time heretofore, even to this present hour, have silenced thy false properties, and all because I would not purchase thy displeasure, and pull thy hatred upon me; and that thou shouldst not untimely pluck this flower from me, which this day thou hast cropped by the mightiness of thy power. And therefore now will I go without fear, like one that hath nothing to lose; or as one to whom thy company is now odious and troublesome; or like a poor traveller, who fearless of thieves goes singing on his way. I thought in my more tender years, that both thou and thy actions were governed by order, and ruled by reason: but now I see thou art *pro* and *con*; there is no certainty in thy calms. Thou seemest now unto me to be a labyrinth of errors; a fearful wilderness; an habitation of wild beasts; a dance full of changes; a fen full of mire and dirt; a country full of thorns; a steep and craggy mountain; a field full of stones; a meadow full of snakes and serpents; a pleasant garden to look to, but without any fruit; a fountain of cares, a river of tears, a sea of miseries; trouble without profit; a sweet poison, a vain hope, a false joy, and a true sorrow. O thou false world! Thou dost cast before us the baits of thy best delights, and when we have swallowed them, they seeming savoury unto us, then dost thou show us the hook that must choke us. Nor can we avoid it, because together with us thou dost captivate our wills: thou promisest mountains, but performest mole-hills; and then thou dost cast us off, that we may not put thee in mind of making good thy vain promises. We run through the spacious fields of thy rank vices, retchlessly and with a loose rein; and then dost thou discover thy ambushes unto us, when thou seest there is no way for us to retreat. Many have forsaken thee, fearing thy sudden forsaking of them; and well may they style themselves happy, when they shall see, how well thou hast rewarded this poor heavy sorrowful old man for his long service. Thou dost put out our eyes, and then to make us amends thou anointest the place with oil; thou breakest our head and givest us a plaster; after thou hast done us a great deal of harm, thou givest us a poor cold comfort. Thou dost hurt unto all, that no man may boast that others have not their crosses as well as we; telling them that it is some ease to the miserable to have companions in their misery. But I alas, disconsolate old man, stand all alone. I am singular in my sorrows; I am grieved and have no equal companion of my grief. No man's misfortune is like unto mine; though I revolve in my troubled memory, persons both present and past, I cannot instance in the like. If I shall seek to comfort myself with the severity and patience of Paulus Æmilius, who, having lost two sons in seven days, bore this brunt of fortune with so undaunted a courage, that the people of Rome had rather need to be comforted by him than he by them; yet cannot this satisfy me, for he had two more remaining that were his adopted sons. What companion then will they allot me of my misery? Pericles, that brave Athenian captain? Or valiant Xenophon? Tush, they lost sons indeed, but their sons died out of their sight, having lost their lives abroad in foreign countries far from home; so that it was not much for the one not to change countenance, but to take it cheerfully, nor for the other to answer the messenger, who brought him the ill tidings of his sons' deaths, that he should receive no punishment, because himself had received no grief; for all this is far differing from mine. Less canst thou say, thou world replenished with evil, that Anaxagoras and I were alike in our loss; that we were equal in our griefs; and that I should say of my dead daughter, as he did of his only son, when he said, 'Being that I was mortal, I knew that he whom I had begot was to die'. For my Melibea, willingly and out of her own election, killed herself before mine eyes, enforced thereunto through the extreme passion of her love, so great was her torment; whereas his son was slain in battle, in a just and lawful war. O incomparable loss! O most wretched and sorrowful old man that I am! Who the more I seek after comfort, the less reason do I find for my comfort; for much more miserable do I find my misfortune, and do not so much grieve at her death, as I do lament the manner of her death. Now shall I lose together with thee, most unhappy daughter, those fears, which were daily wont to affright me. Only thy death is that which makes me secure of all suspicions and jealousies. What shall I do, when I shall come into thy chamber and thy withdrawing room, and shall find it solitary and empty? What shall I do, whenas I shall call thee, and thou shalt not answer me? Who is he that can supply that want which thou hast caused? Who can stop up that great breach in my heart which thou hast made? Never any man did lose that which I have lost this day. Though in some sort that great fortitude of Lambas de Auria, Duke of Genoa, seemeth to suit with my present estate and condition, who, seeing his son was wounded to death, took him and threw him with his own arms forth of the ship into the sea. But such kind of deaths as these, though they take away life, yet they give reputation; and many times men are enforced to undergo such actions, for to comply with their honour, and get themselves fame and renown. But what did enforce my daughter to die, but only the strong force of love? What remedy now, thou flattering world, wilt thou afford my wearisome age? How wouldst thou have me to rely upon thee, I knowing thy falsehoods, thy gins, thy snares, and thy nets, wherein thou entrap'st and takest our weak and feeble wills? Tell me, what hast thou done with my daughter? Where hast thou bestow'd her? Who shall accompany my disaccompanied habitation? Who shall cherish me in mine old age? Who with gentle usage shall cocker my decaying years? O Love, Love, I did not think thou had'st had the power to kill thy subjects! I was wounded by thee in my youth: I did pass through the midst of thy flames. Why didst thou let me scape? Was it that thou might'st pay me home for my flying from thee then, in mine old age ? I had well thought that I had been freed from thy snares, whe I once began to grow towards forty ; and when I rested contented with my wedded consort, and when I saw I had that fruit, which this day thou hast cut down, I did not dream that thou wouldst in the children have taken vengeance of the parents ; and I know not whether thou woundest with the sword, or burnest with fire. Thou leavest our clothes whole, and yet most cruelly woundest our hearts ; thou makest that which is foul, to seem fair and beautiful unto us. Who gave thee so great a power ? Who gave thee that name which so ill befitteth thee ? If thou wert Love, thou wouldst love thy servants ; and if thou didst love them, thou wouldst not punish them as thou dost. If to be thy fellow were to live merrily, so many would not kill themselves, as my daughter now hath, and infinite of us. What end have thy servants and their ministers had ? As also that false bawd, Celestina, who died by the hands of the faithfullest companions, that ever she lighted upon in her life, for their true performance in this thy venomous and impoisoned service ? They lost their heads ; Calisto, he brake his neck ; and my daughter to imitate him submitted herself to the selfsame death. And of all this thou wast the cause : they gave thee a sweet name ; but thy deeds are exceeding sour ; thou dost not give equal rewards ; and that law is unjust, which is not equal alike unto all. Thy voice promiseth pleasure, but thy actions proclaim pain ; happy are they who have not known thee, or knowing thee have not cared for thee. Some, led with I know not what error, have not sticked to call thee a god ; but I would have such fools as these to consider with themselves, it savours not of a deity to murder or destroy those that serve and follow him. O thou enemy to all reason ! To those that serve thee least, thou givest thy greatest rewards, until thou hast brought them at last into this thy troublesome dance. Thou art an enemy to thy friends and a friend to thy enemies ; and all this is, because thou dost not govern thyself according to order and reason. They paint thee blind, poor, and young ; they put a bow into thy hand, wherein thou drawest, and shootest at random ; but more blind are they that serve thee. For they never taste or see the unsavoury and distasteful recompense, which they receive by thy service; thy fire is of hot burning lightning, which scorches unto death, yet leaves no impression or print of any wound at all. The sticks which thy flames consume, are the souls and lives of human creatures, which are so infinite and so numberless, that it scarce occurreth unto me, with whom I should first begin; not only of Christians, but of Gentiles and of Jews; and all forsooth in requital of their good services. What shall I speak of that Macias of our times; and how by loving, he came to his end? Of whose sad and woeful death thou wast the sole cause. What service did Paris do thee? What Helena? What Clytemnestra? What Ægisthus? All the world knows how it went with them. How well likewise didst thou requite Sappho, Ariadne, and Leander, and many other besides, whom I willingly silence, because I have enough to do in the repetition of mine own misery? I complain me of the world, because I was bred up in it; for had not the world given me life, I had not therein begot Melibea; not being begot, she had not been born; not being born, I had not loved her; and not loving her, I should not have mourned, as now I do, in this my latter and uncomfortable old age! O my good companion! O my bruised daughter, bruised even all to pieces! Why wouldst thou not suffer me to divert thy death? Why wouldst thou not take pity of thy kind and loving mother? Why didst thou shew thyself so cruel against thy aged father? Why hast thou left me thus in sorrow? Why hast thou left me comfortless, and all alone, *in hac lachrimarum valle*, in this vale of tears and shadow of death?

TO THE READER[1]

LO here thy Celestine, *that wicked wight,*
Who did her tricks upon poor lovers prove ;
And in her company the god of Love.
Lo, grace, beauty, desire, terror, hope, fright,
Faith, falsehood, hate, love, music, grief, delight,
Sighs, sobs, tears, cares, heats, colds, girdle, glove,
Paintings, mercury sublimate, dung of dove.
Prison, force, fury, craft, scoffs, art, despight,
Bawds, ruffians, harlots, servants, false, untrue :
And all th' effects that follow on the same :
As war, strife, loss, death, infamy and shame.
All which and more shall come unto thy view.
But if this book speak not his English plain,
Excuse him ; for he lately came from Spain.

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[1] Translated from the Italian of Alfonso Ordoñez.

AN INTERLUDE OF CALISTO AND MELEBEA

A NEW cõmodye in englysh in maner
Of an enterlude ryght elygant and full of craft
of rethoryk | wherein is shewd and dyscrybyd as
well the bewte and good propertes of women |
as theyr vycys and euyll cõdiciõs | with a morall
cõclusion and exhortacyon to vertew.

1–26]

MELEBEA

¶ Franciscus Petrarcus, the poet lawreate,
Sayth that Nature, whych is mother of all thing,
Without stryff can gyue lyfe to nothing create;
And Eraclito, the wyse clerk, in his wrytyng,
Sayth in all thynges create stryff is theyre workyng,
And ther is no thing vnder the firmament
With any other in all poyntes equivalent:
¶ And, accordyng to theyre dictys rehersyd as thus,
All thynges are create in maner of stryfe.
These folysh louers then, that be so amerous,
From pleasure to displeasure how lede they theyr lyfe,
Now sory, now sad, now Ioyous, now pensyfe!
Alas! I, pore mayden, than what shall I do,
Combryd by dotage of one Calisto?
¶ I know that Nature hath gyuyn me bewte,
With sanguynyous compleccyon, fauour and fayrenes:
The more to God ought I to do fewte
With wyll, lyfe, laud, and loue of perfytnes.
I deny not but Calisto is of grete worthynes,
But what of that? For all hys hygh estate,
Hys desyre I defy, and vtterly shall hate.
¶ O his sayinges and sutes so importune,
That of my lyfe he makyth me almost wery!
O hys lamentacyons and exclamacyons on fortune,
With similytude maner as one that shuld dy!
But who shall pyte thys? Infayth not I.

Shall I accomplysh hys carnall desyre ?
Nay, yet at a stake rather bren in a fyre.
¶ Of trouth I am sory for hys troble,
To stryue wyth hym self thus for loue of me ;
But though hys sorows, I assure you, shuld doble,
Out of his daunger wyll I be at lyberte.
[Calysto] What a mys, woman, now ? Cristes benedicite !
[M.] Nay, nay, he shall neuer that day see,
Hys voluptuous appetyte consentyd by me.
¶ Wyst he now that I were present here,
I assure you shortely he wold seke me ;
And without dout he doth now inquere,
Wether I am gone, or where I shuld be.
Se, is he not now come, I report me :
Alas, of thys man I can neuer be ryd !
Wold to Cryst I wyst, where I myght be hyd.
Calysto. ¶ By you, feyre Melebea, may be sene
The grace, the gyftes, the gretnes of god.
M. Where in ? C. In takyng effect of dame Nature's strene,
Nor yerthly, but angellyke of lykelyhode,
In bewte so passyng the kinde of woman hod.
O God, I myght in your presens be able
To manyfest my dolours incomperable :
¶ Greter were that reward than the grace
Heuyn to optayn by workys of pyte !
Not so gloryous be the saintes that se Goddes face,
Ne Ioy not so moch, as I do you to see.
Yet dyfferens there is bytwene theym and me,
For they gloryfy by his assuryd presens,
And I in torment be cause of your absens.
M. ¶ Why, thynkyst thou that so grete a reward ?
Ca. Ye, more greter than yf God wold set me
In heuyn aboue all seyntes, and more in regard,
And thynk it a more hyer felycyte.
M. Yet more gretter thy reward shalbe,
Yf thou fle from the determynacyon
Of thy consent of mynd by such temptacion.
[¶] I perseyue the entent of thy wordys all,
As of the wyt of hym, that wold haue the vertew
Of me such a woman to be come thrall.
Go thy wey wyth sorow ! I wold thou knew
I haue foule skorn of the, I tell the trew,
Or any humayn creature with me shuld begyn
Any communycacyon perteynyng to syn.
¶ And I promyse the, where thou art present,

Whyle I lyff, by my wyll I wyll be absent.
[Et exeat.
[C.] ¶ Lo, out of all ioy I am fallyn in wo,
Uppon whom aduers fortune hath cast her chauns
Of cruell hate, whych causyth now awayto go
The keper of my ioy and all my pleasauns.
Alas, alas, now to me what noyauns!
S[EMPRONIO]. Dew gard my lordes, and God be in this place!
C. Sempronio? S. Ye, syr. C. A, syr, I shrew thy face!
¶ Why hast thou bene from me so long absent?
S. For I haue bene about your bysynes,
To order such thynges as were conuenient,
Your house and horse and all thyng was to dress.
C. O Sempronio, haue pyte on my dystres;
For of all creatures I am the wofullest.
S. How so? what is the cause of your vnrest?
C. ¶ For I serue in loue to the goodlyest thyng
That is or euer was. S. What is she?
[C.] It is one which is all other excedyng:
The picture of angelles, yf thou her see;
Phebus or Phebe no comparyson may be
To her. S. What hyght she? C. Melebea is her name.
S. Mary, syr, this wold make a wyld hors tame!
C. ¶ I pray the, Sempronio, goo fet me my lute,
And bryng some chayre or stole with the,
The argumentes of loue that I may dispute;
Whych scyens, I fynd the, arte without pyte.
Hy the, Sempronio, hy the, I pray the.
S. Syr, shortly, I assure you, it shalbe done.
C. Then farewell! Cryst send the agayn sone!
¶ O what fortune is egall vnto myne!
O what wofull wyght with me may compare!
The thurst of sorow is my myxyd wyne,
Which dayly I drynk wyth deepe draughtes of care.
S. Tush, syr, be mery, let pas awey the mare:
How sey you, haue I not hyed me lyghtly?
Here is your chayre and lute to make you mery.
C. ¶ Myry, quod a? nay, that wyll not be.
But I must nedys syt for very feblenes.
Gyue me my lute, and thou shalt see
How I shall syng myne vnhappynes.
Thys lute is out of tune now, as I ges;
Alas! in tune how shuld I set it,
When all armony to me discordith yche whyt,
¶ As he, to whos wyll reson is vnruly?

For I fele sharp nedyls within my brest;
Peas, warr, truth, haterad, and iniury,
Hope and suspect, and all in one chest.
S. Behold Nero in the loue of Tapaya oprest,
Rome how he brent: old and yong wept,
But she toke no thought, nor neuer the less slept.
C. ¶. Gretter is my fyre, and less pyte shewd me
S. I wyll not mok; this foule is a louer.
C. What sayst thou? S. I say, how can that fyre be,
That tormentyth but one lyuyng man, gretter
Than that fyre that brennyth a hole cyty here,
And all the people therin? C. Mary, for that fyre ys grettyst,
That brennyth verey sore, and lastytes lengyst:
¶ And gretter is the fyre that brennyth one soule
Than that whych brennyth an hundred bodyes.
S. Hys sayeng in this none can controll.
C. None but such as lyst to make lyes.
And yf the fyre of purgatory bren in such wyse,
I had leuer my spirete in brute bestes shuld be,
Than to go thydyr, and than to the deyte.
S. ¶ Mary, syr, that is a spyce of heryse.
C. Why so? S. For ye speke lyke no Crystyn man.
[C.] I wold thou knewyst Melebea worshyp I;
In her I beleue, and her I loue. S. A, ha, than,
Wyth the Melebea is a grete woman.
I know on whych fote thou dost halt on:
I shall shortly hele the, my lyff theruppon!
C. ¶ An vncredable thyng thou dost promyse me.
S. Nay, nay, it is easy Inough to do;
But furst, for to hele a man, knowlege must be
Of the seknes; than to gyff counsell therto.
C. What counsell can rule hym, Sempronio,
That (kepyth) in hym kepyth no order of counsell?
S. A! is this Calisto his fyre? Now I know well,
¶ How that loue ouer hym hath cast her net,
In whose perseuerans is all inconstans.
C. Why? is not Eliceas loue and thyn met?
S. What than? C. Why reprouest me than of ignorans?
S. For thou settyst mannis dignite in obeysauns
To the imperfeccion of the weke woman.
C. A woman? Nay a god of goddesses. S. Beleuyst that than?
C. ¶ Ye, and as a goddes I here confesse;
And I beleue there is no such sufferayn
In heuyn, though she be in yerth. S. Peas, peas.

(S.) A woman a god! nay, to God a vyllayn.
Of your sayeng ye may be sory. C. It is playn.
S. Why so? C. Because I loue her, and thynk surely
To obteyn my desyre I am vnworthy.
S. ¶ O ferfull hart, why comparyst thou with Nembroth
Or Alexander? of this world not lordes onely,
But worthy to subdew heuyn, as sayeng goth;
And thou reputyst thy self more hye
Then them both, and dyspayryst so cowardly
To wyn a woman, of whom hath ben so many
Gotten and vngotten neuer hardes of any.
¶ It is resytyd in the fest of seynt Ihõn,
Thys is the woman of auncyoun malyce;
Of whom but of a woman was it long on,
That Adam was expulsyd from Paradyse?
She put man to payn whom Ely dyd dispyse.
C. Than syth Adam gaff hym to theyre gouernaunce,
Am I gretter than Adam my self to auaunce?
S. ¶ Nay, but of those men it were wysedome,
That ouercame them, to seke remedy,
And not of those that they dyd ouercome.
Fle from theyre beginnynges, eschew theyre foly.
Thou knowyst they do euyll thynges many:
They kepe no meane, but rygour of intencyon,
Be it fayre, foule, wylfull, without reason.
¶ Kepe them neuer so close, they wylbe shewyd,
Gyff tokyns of loue by many subtell ways,
Semyng to be shepe, and serpently shrewd:
Craft in them renewyng, that neuer decays,
Theyre seyenges, sightynges, prouokynges, theyr plays.
O what payn is to fulfyll theyre appetytes,
And to accomplysh theyre wanton delytis!
¶ It is a wonder to se theyre dyssemblyng,
Theyre flatteryng countenannce, theyr ingratytude,
Inconstannce, fals witnese, faynyd wepyng:
There vayn glory, and how they can delude:
Theyre folyshnes, theyre Ianglyng not mewde:
Theyre lecherous lust, and wylenes therfore:
Whychcraftes and charmys to make men to theyre lore:
¶ Theyre enbawmyng and theyre vnshamfastnes:
Theyre bawdry, theyre suttelte, and fresh attyryng!
What trimmyng, what payntyng, to make fayrnes!
Theyre fals intentes and flykkeryng smylyng!
Therfore, lo, yt is an old sayeng
That women be the dyuelles nettes, and hed of syn;

And mannys mysery in Paradyse dyd begyn.
C. ¶ But what thynkyst thou by me yet for all this?
S. Mary, syr, ye were a man of clere wyt,
Whom Nature hath indewyd with the best gyftes,
As bewte and gretnes of membres perfyt,
Strenght, lyghtnes, and beyond this ychewhyt
Fortune hath partyd with you of her influens,
For to be able of lyberall expens.
¶ For wythout goodes, wherof Fortune is lady,
Noman can haue welth. Therfore by coniecture
Yow shuld be belouyd of euery body.
Calisto. But not of Melebea now I am sure;
And though thou hadst praysyd me without mesure,
And comparyd me without comparison,
Yet she is aboue in euery condicion.
¶ Behold her noblenes, her auncyon lynage,
Her gret patrymony, her excellent wyt,
Her resplendent verteu, hye portly corage,
Her godly grace, her suffereyn bewte perfyte!
No tong is able well to expresse it;
But yet, I pray the, let me speke a whyle,
Myselff to refresh in rehersyng of my style.
¶ I begyn at her herr, which is so goodly,
Crispyd to her helys, tyed with fyne lase,
Farr shynyng beyond fyne gold of Araby:
I trow the son coler to hyt may gyff place;
That who to behold it myght haue the grace,
Wold say incomparison nothyng counteruaylys. . . .
S. Then is it not lyke here of asse tayles?
Ca. ¶ O what foule comparison! this felow raylys.
Her gay glasyng eyen so fayre and bryght;
Her browes, her nose in a meane no fassyon faylys;
Her mouth proper and feate, her teeth small and whyght
Her lyppis ruddy, her body streyght vpryght;
Her lyttyll tetys to the eye is a pleasure.
O what Ioy it is to se such a fygure!
¶ Her skyn of whytnes endarkyth the snow,
Wyth rose colour ennewyd, I the ensure.
Her lyttyll handes in meane maner—this is no trow—
Her fyngers small and long, with naylys ruddy most pure
Of proporcyon none such in purtrayture,
Without pere, worthy to haue for fayrenes
The apple that Parys gaue Venus the goddes.
S. ¶ Sir, haue ye all done? C. Ye, mary, what than?
S. I put case all this ye haue sayd be trew;

Yet are ye more noble, syth ye be a man.
C. Wherin? S. She is vnperfyte, I wold ye knew,
As all women be, and of lesse valew.
Phylozophers say the matter is less worthy
Than the forme; so is woman to man surely.
C. ¶ I loue not to here this altercacion
Betwene Melebea and me her louer.
S. Possyble it is in euery condicyon
To abbor her as mych as you do loue her;
In the wynnyng, begilyng is the daunger,
That ye shall see here after wyth eyen fre.
C. With what eyen? S. With clere eyen, trust me.
C. ¶ Why, wyth what eyen do I se now?
S. Wyth dyme eyen, whych shew a lytyl thyng much.
But for ye shall not dispayre, I assure you
No labour nor dylygens in me shall gruch:
So trusty and fryndely ye shall fynd me such,
In all thynges possyble that ye can adquire
The thyng to accomplysh to your desyre.
C. ¶ God bryng that to pase, so glad it is to me
To here the thus, though I hope not in thy doyng.
S. Yet I shall do yt, trust me, for a surete.
C. God reward the for thy gentyll intendyng;
I gyff the this chayn of gold in rewardyng.
S. Sir, God reward you, and send vs good sped;
I dout not but I shall performe it in dede:
¶ But wythout rewardes it is hard to work well.
C. I am content, so thou be not neclygent.
S. Nay, be not you; for it passyth a meruell,
The master slow, the seruant to be dylygent.
C. How thynkyst it can be? shew me thyne intent.
S. Sir, I haue a neyghbour, a moder of bawdry,
That can prouoke the hard rokkys to lechery.
¶ In all euyll dedes she is perfet wyse.
I trow more than a M vyrgyns
Haue bene distroyed by her subtell deuyse;
For she neuer faylyth, where she begynnis.
All onely by thys craft her lyffyng she wynnis.
Maydes, wyffys, wydows, and euerychone,
If she ones meddyll, ther skapyth none.
C. ¶ How myght I speke wyth her, Sempronio?
S. I shall bryng her hydyr vnto this place;
But ye must in any wyse let rewardis go,
And shew her your greuys in euery case.
C. Ellys were I not worthy to attayn grace.

But alas, Sempronio, thou taryest to long.
S. Syr, God be with you. C. Cryst make the strong
¶ The myghty and perdurable God be his gyde,
As he gydyd the iij kynges in to Bedleme
From the est by the starr, and agayn dyd prouyde
As theyre conduct to retorn to theyre own reame;
So spede my Sempronio to quench the leme
Of this fyre, which my hart doth wast and spende;
And that I may com to my desyryd ende!
¶ To pas the tyme now wyll I walk
Up and down within myne orchard,
And to my self go comyn and talke,
And pray that fortune to me be not hard;
Longyng to here, whether made or mard
My message shall return by my seruaunt Sempronio.
Thus fare well, my lordys; for a whyle I wyll go.
C[ELESTINA]. ¶ Now the blessyng that our lady gaue her sone,
That same blessyng I gyue now to you all!
That I com thus homely, I pray you of pardon;
I am sought and sendfore as a woman vniuersall.
Celestina, of trewth, my name is to call;
Sempronio for me about doth inquere,
And it was told me I shuld haue found hym here.
¶ I am sure he wyll come hyther anone;
But the whylyst I shall tell you a prety game:
I haue a wench of Sempronio's, a prety one,
That soiornyth with me: Elecea is her name.
But the last day we were both ny a stark shame;
For Sempronio wold haue her to hym self seuerell,
And she louyth one Cryto better or as well.
¶ Thys Cryto and Elicea sat drynkyng
In my hous, and I also makyng mery,
And as the deuyll wold, farr from our thynkyng,
Sempronio almost cam on vs sodenly.
But then wrought I my craft of bawdery;
I bad Cryto go vp, and make hym self rome
To hyde hym in my chamber among the brome.
¶ Then made I Elicea syt doun a sowyng,
And I wyth my rok began for to spyn,
As who seyth of Sempronio we had no knowyng.
He knokkyd at the dore, and I lete hym in;
And for a countenaunce I dyd begyn
To catch hym in myne armys, and seyd, See, see,
Who kyssyth me, Elicea, and wyll not kys the!
¶ Elicea for a countenaunce made her greuyd,

And wold not speke, but styll dyd sowe.
Why speke ye not ? quod Sempronio, be ye meuyd ?
Haue I not a cause ? quod she ; No, quod he, I trow.
A ! traytour, quod she, full well dost thou know !
Where hast thou ben these .iii. days fro me ?
That the inpostume and euyll deth take the !
¶ Pease, myne Elicea, quod he, why say ye thus ?
Alas ! why put you your self in this wo ?
The hote fyre of loue so brennyth betwene vs,
That my hart is wyth yours, where euer I go ;
And for .iii. days absens to say to me so,
In fayth, me thynkyth, ye be to blame.
But now hark well, for here begynnyth the game !
¶ Cryto, in my chamber aboue that was hyddyn,
I thynk lay not easyly, and began to romble ;
Sempronio hard that, and askyd who was within,
Aboue in the chamber, that so dyd Iomble.
Who ? quod she, a louer of myne ! May hap ye stomble,
Quod he, on the trewth, as many one doth.
Go vp, quod she, and loke, whether it be soth.
¶ Well, quod he, I go. Nay, thought I, not so.
I sayd, Com, Sempronio, let this foole alone ;
For of thy long absens she is in such wo,
And half besyde her self, and her wyt ny gone.
Well, quod he, aboue yet ther is one.
Wylt thou know ? quod I. Ye, quod he, I the requere.
It is a wench, quod I, sent me by a frere.
¶ What frere ? quod he. Wilt thou nedes know ? quod I ; than
It is the f [*the rest of the line is cut out*].
O, quod he, what a lode hath that woman
To bere hym ! Ye, quod I, though women per case
Bere heuy full oft, yet they gall in no place.
Then he laught. Ye, quod I, no mo wordes of this ;
For this tyme to long we spend here amys.
[Intrat Sempronio.
S. ¶ O moder Celestyne, I pray God prosper the.
C. My son Sempronio, I am glad of our metyng.
And, as I here say, ye go aboute to seke me ?
S. Of trouth to seke you was myne hyther commyng.
Mother, ley a perte now all other thyng,
And all only tend to me, and Imagyn
In that that I purpose now to begyn.
¶ Calisto in the loue of fayre Melebea
Burnyth, wherfore of the he hath grete nede.
C. Thou seyst well : knowyst not me Celestina ?

I haue the end of the matter, and for more spede
Thou shalte wade no ferther; for of this dede
I am as glad, as euer was the surgyon
For saluys for broke hedes to make prouysyon.
¶ And so intend I to do to Calisto,
To gyff hym hope and assure hym remedy:
For long hope to the hart mych troble wyll do.
Wherfore to the effect therof I wyll hye.
S. Peas, for me thynkyth Calisto is nye.
[Intrat Calisto et Parmeno.
C. Parmeno. P. What sey you? C. Wottyst who is here?
Sempronio, that reuyuyth my chere.
P. ¶ It is Sempronio with that old berdyd hore.
Be ye they my maister so sore for doth long?
C. Peas, I sey, Parmeno, or go out of the dore!
Commyst thou to hinder me? then dost thou me wrong;
I pray the help for to make me more strong
To wyn this woman, elles goddes forbod.
She hath equall power of my lyff vnder God.
P. ¶ Wherfore to her do ye make such sorow?
Thynk ye in her ars ther is any shame?
The contrary who tellyth you, be neuer his borrow;
For as much she gloryfyeth her in her name,
To be callyd an old hore, as ye wold of fame.
Dogges in the strete and chyldren at euery dore
Bark and cry out, Ther goth an old hore!
C. ¶ How knowyst all this? dost thou know her?
P. Ye, that [*part of this line, the back of l.* 369, *is cut out*] agone
For a fals hore, the deuyll ouer throw her!
My moder, when she dyed, gaue me to her alone,
And a sterker baud was ther neuer none.
For that I know I dare well se;
Let se the contrary who can ley.
¶ I haue bene at her hows and sene her trynkettes,
For payntyng thynges innumerable,
Squalmys and balmys; I wonder where she gettes
The thynges that she hath with folkes for to fable,
And to all baudry euer agreable.
Yet wors then that whych wyl neuer be laft,
Not only a baud, but a wych by her craft.
Ce. ¶ Say what thow wylt, son, spare not me.
S. I pray the, Permeno, lefe thy malycyous enuy.
P. Hark hydyr, Sempronyo, here is but we thre;
In that I haue sayd canst thou denye?
Ca. Com hens, Permeno, I loue not thys, I;

And, good mother, greue you not, I you pray.
My mynde I shall shew: now hark what I say.
¶ O notable woman, O auncyent vertew!
O gloryous hope of my desyryd intent!
Thende of my delectable hope to renew,
My regeneracion to this lyfe present,
Resurreccon from deth: so excellent
Thou art aboue other. I desyre humbly
To kys thy handes, wherin lyeth my remedy:
¶ But myne vnworthines makyth resystence.
Yet worship I the ground that thou gost on,
Beseching the, good woman, with most reuerens
On my payn with thy pyte to loke vppon.
Without thy comfort my lyfe is gone;
To revyue my dede sprytes thou mayst preferr me,
With the wordes of thy mouth to make or marr me.
Ce. ¶ Sempronio, can I lyff with these bonys,
That thy master gyffyth me here for to ete?
Wordes are but wynd; therfore attons
Byd hym close his mouth, and to his purs get.
For money makyth marchaunt, that must Iet.
I haue herd his wordes, but where be his dedes?
For with out money with me no thyng spedys.
Ca. ¶ What seyth she, Sempronio? Alas, my hart bledes,
That I wyth you, good woman, mystrust shuld be.
S. Syr, she thynkyth that money all thyng fedys.
[Ca.] Then come on, Sempronio, I pray the, wyth me;
And tary here, moder, a whyle, I pray the;
For where of mystrust ye haue me appelyd,
Haue here my cloke, tyll your dout be assoylid.
S. ¶ Now do ye well; for wedes among corn,
Nor suspecions with fryndes, dyd neuer well.
Or faythfulnes of wordes tornyd to a skorn
Makyth myndes doutfull, good reason doth tell.
Ca. Come on, Sempronio, thou gyffyst me good counsell.
S. Go ye before, and I shall wayt you vppon.
Farewell, mother, we wyll come agayn anon.
P. ¶ How sey ye, my lordis? se ye not this smoke,
In my maisters eyes that they do cast?
The one hath his chayn, the other his cloke;
And I am sure they wyll haue all at last.
Ensample may be by this that is past,
How seruauntis be dissaytfull in theyr maisters foly,
Nothyng but for lucre is all theyr bawdry.
Ce. ¶ It pleasyth me, Parmeno, that we to gedyr

May speke, wherby thou maist se I loue the,
Yet vndeseruyd now thou commyst hydyr;
Wherof I care not; but vertew warnyth me
To fle temptacyon, and folow charyte,
To do good agayns yll, and so I rede the.
Sempronio and I wyll helpe thy necessyte.
¶ And in tokyn now that it shall so be,
I pray the among vs let vs haue a song:
For where armony is, ther is amyte.
P. What, a old woman syng? Ce. Why not among?
I pray the no lenger the tyme prolong.
P. Go to; when thou wylt, I am redy.
Ce. Shall I begyn? P. Ye, but take not to hye.
[Et cantant.
[C.] ¶ How sey ye now by this, lytyll yong fole?
(C.) For the thyrd parte Sempronio we must get.
After that thy maister shall come to skole
To syng the fourth parte, that his purs shall swet.
For I so craftely the song can set;
Though thy maister be hors, his purs shal syng clere,
And taught to solf, that womans flesh is dere.
¶ How seyst to this, thou praty Parmeno?
Thou knowyst not the world nor no delytis therin:
Dost vnderstand me? infeyth, I tro no.
Thou art yong inough the game to begyn.
Thy maister hath wadyd hymself so farr in,
And to bryng hym out lyeth not in me, old pore. . . .
P. Thou shuldyst sey it lyeth not in me, old hore.
Ce. ¶ A horeson, a shame take such a knaue!
How darst thou wyth me, thou boy, be so bold?
[P.] (M.) Because such knolege of the I haue.
Ce. Why, who art? Par. Parmeno, son to Albert the old;
I dwelt with the by the ryuer, where wyne was sold.
[Ce.] And thy moder, I trow, hyght Claudena.
[P.] That a wyld fyre bren the, Celestena!
Ce. ¶ But thy moder was as olde a hore as I.
Come hydyr, thou lytyll fole, let me see the:
A! it is euen he, by our blyssyd lady!
What, lytyll vrchyn, hast forgotyn me?
When thou layst at my beddes fete, how mery were we!
P. A, thou old matrone, it were almys thou were ded!
How woldestthou pluk me vp to thy beddes hed,
¶ And inbrace me hard vnto thy bely!
And for thou smellydyst oldly, I ran from the.
Ce. A shamefull horeson! fy vppon the, fy, fy!

Come hyther, and now shortly I charge the,
That all this folysh spekyng thou let be.
Leue wantonnes of youth; than shalt thou do well;
Folow the doctryne of thy Elders and counsell,
¶ To whom thy parentes, on whos soulis God haue mercy!
In payn of cursyng bad the be obedyent.
In payn wherof I command the straytly,
To much in mastership put not thyne intent:
No trust is in theym, if thyne owen be spent.
Maysters now adays coveyt to bryng about
All for theym self, and let theyre seruantes go without.
¶ Thy maister, men sey, and as I thynk he be,
But lyght karych not—who come to his seruyce,
Faire wordes shall not lak, but smal rewardes, trust me.
Make Sempronio thy frynd in any wyse;
For he can handle hym in the best gyse.
Kepe thys, and for thy profet tell it to none;
But loke that Sempronio and thou be one.
P. ¶ Moder Celestyne, I wot not what ye meane;
Calisto is my mayster, and so I wyll take hym,
And as for ryches I defye it clene;
For who so euer with wrong rych doth make hym,
Soner than he gat it, it wyll forsake hym.
I loue to lyfe in yoyfull pouerte,
And to serue my mayster with trewth and honeste.
Ce. ¶ Troth and honeste be ryches of the name;
But surete of welth is to haue ryches,
And after that for to get hym good fame
By report of fryndes; thys is truth dowtles.
Than no such maner frynd can I expresse
As Sempronyo, for both your profettes to spede;
Whych lyeth in my handes now, yf ye be agreyd.
¶ O Parmeno, what a lyfe may we endure!
Sempronyo louyth the doughter of Elyso . . .
P. And who Arusa? Ce. Lykyst her? Par. Peraduenture.
[Ce.] I shall get her to the, that shall I do.
P. Na, moder Celestyne, I purpose not so.
A man shuld be conuersant, I here tell,
Wyth them that be yl, and thynk to do well.
¶ Sempronyo hys ensample shall not make me
Better nor wors; nor hys fautes wyll I hyde;
But, moder Celestyne, a questyon to the:
Is not syn a non in one espyed
That is drownyd in delyte? how shuld he prouyde
Agayns vertew to saue hys honeste?

Ce. Lyke a chyld with out wysdome thou answeryst me.
¶ Without company mirth can haue non estate:
Vse no slowth; nature abhorryth idelnes,
Whych lesyth delyte to nature appropryate.
In sensuall causys delyght is chefe maistres;
Specyally recountyng louys bysynes:
To say, Thus doth she; the tyme thus they pas,
And soch maner they vse, and thus they kys and basse;
¶ And thus they mete and enbrase to gyther.
What spech, what grase, what pleys is betwene theim!
Where is she? there she goth; let vs se whyther.
Now pleasyd, now froward, now mume, now hem!
Stryke vp, mynstryl, with sawes of loue, the old problem.
Syng swete songes; now Iustes and torney.
Of new inuencyons what conseytes fynd they?
¶ Now she goth to mas: to morow she commyth owt.
Behold her better; yonder goth a cokold.
I left her alone: she comyth: turn abowt!
Lo thus, Permeno, thou mayst behold
Fryndes wyll talk to geder, as I haue told.
Wher fore perseyue thou, that I sey truly,
Neuer can be delyte without company.
[Hic iterum intrat Calisto.
Ca. [¶] Moder, as I promysed to assoyle thy dowt,
Here I gyfe the an. C. pesis of gold.
Ce. Syr, I promyse you I shall bryng it about,
All thyng to purpose, euyn as ye wold;
For your reward I wyll do as I shuld.
Be mery, fere nothyng, content ye shall be.
[Ca.] Then, moder, fare well; be dylygent, I pray the.
(C.) ¶ How sayst, Sempronio, haue I done well?
S. Ye, syr, in my mynd, and most accordyng.
Ca. Then wylt thou do after my councell?
After this old woman wyll thou be hyeng,
To remember and hast her in euery thyng.
S. Syr, I am content, as ye commaund me.
Ca. Then go, and byd Parmeno come, I pray the.
¶ Now God be theyre gyddys! the postes of my lyfe,
My relefe fro deth, the Imbassades of my welth,
My hope, my hap, my quyetnes, my stryfe,
My Ioy, my sorow, my sekenes, my helth!
The hope of thys old woman my hart telth
That comfort shall come shortly, as I Intend.
Or els come deth, and make of me an end.
P. ¶ In fayth it makyth no forse nor matter mych.

CA. What seyst, Parmeno, what sayst to me?
P Mary, I say playnly, that yonder old wych
And Sempronio to geder wyll vndo the.
CA. A, yll tongyd wrech, wyll ye not see?
Thynkyst thou, lordeyn, thou handelyst me fayre?
Why, knaue, woldest thow put me now in dyspayre?
[Et exeat Calisto.
P. ¶ Lo, syrs, my master, ye se, is angry;
But thys it is, tell folys for theyre proffyt,
Or warn theym for theyre welth, it is but foly;
For stryk theym on the hele, and as moch wyt
Shall com forth as at theyr forehede to perseyue it.
Go thy way, Calesto, for on my charge
Thy thryft is sealyd vp, though thou be at large.
¶ O, how vnhappy I am to be trew;
For other men wyn by falsehed and flatery:
I lese for my troth; the world doth so ensew,
Troth is put bak, and takyn for foly.
Therfore now I wyll chaunge my copy.
If I had done, as Celystyne bad me,
Calysto hys mynyon styll wold haue had me.
¶ Thys gyuyth me warnyng from hens forward
How to dele with hym for all thyng as he wyll:
I will the same forward or bakward.
I will go streyght to hym, and folow hym still:
Say as he sayth, be it good or yll;
And syth these bawdes get good, prouokyng lechery,
I trust flatery shall spede as well as bawdery.
[Hic exeat Parmeno et intret Melebea.
M. ¶ I pray you, came this woman here neuer syn?
In fayth, to entre here I am half adrad;
And yet why so? I may boldly com in:
I am sure from you all I shall not be had.
But, Iesus, Iesus, be these men so mad
On women, as they sey? how shuld it be?
It is but fables and lyes, ye may trust me.
[Intret Celestina.
C. [¶] God be here in. M. Who is ther? C. Wyl ye bye
any thred?
M. Ye, mary, good moder, I pray you come in.
C. Cryst saue you, fayre mestres, and God be your spede;
And helth be to you and all your kyn;
And Mary, Goddes mother, that blessyd vyrgyn,
Preserue and prosper your womanly personage,
And well to inioy your yough and pusell age!

¶ For that tyme pleasurys are most eschyuyd;
And age is the hospytall of all maner sykenes,
The restyng place of all thought vnreleuyd;
The sporte of tyme, past the ende of all quiknes;
Neybour to deth, a dry stok wythout swetnes;
Discomforte, disease all age alowith;
A tre without sap, that small charge boweth.
M. ¶ I meruell, moder, ye speke so much yll
Of age, that all folke desyre effectuously.
C. They desyre hurt for them self as all of wyll;
And the cause why they desyre to come therby,
Is for to lyff; for deth is so lothly.
He that is sorowfull wold lyff to be soryer,
And he that is old wold lyff to be elder.
¶ Fayre damesell, who can shew all the hurtes of age?
His werynes, feblenes, his discontentyng;
His chyldishnes, frowardnes of his rage,
Wrynkelyng in the face, lak of syght and heryng,
Holownes of mouth, fall of teth, faynt of goyng;
And, worst of all, possessyd with pouerte,
And the lymmys arestyd with debylite.
M. ¶ Moder, ye haue takyn grete payn for age;
Wold ye not retorn to the begynnyng?
C. Folys are they that are past theyre passage,
To begyn agayn, which be at the endyng;
For better is possession than the desyryng.
M. I desyre to lyff lengger; do I well, or no?
C. That ye desyre well, I thynk not so;
¶ For as sone goth to market the lambys fell
As the shyppes; none so old but may lyff a yere;
And ther is none so yong but, ye wot well,
May dye in a day. Then no aduauntage is here
Betwen youth and age; the matter is clere.
M. Wyth thy fablyng and thy resonyng, I wys,
I am begylyd; but I haue knowen the or thys:
¶ Art not Celystyne, that dwellyd by the ryuer syde?
C. Ye, for soth. M. In dede age hath aray the!
That thou art she, now can skant be espyed.
Me thynkyth by thy fauour thou shuldyst be she:
Thou art sore chaungid, thou mayst beleue me.
[C.] Fayre maydon, kepe thou well thys tyme of youth;
But bewte shall passe at the last, thys is truth:
¶ Yet I am not so old as ye iuge me.
[M.] Good moder, I ioy much of thyne accoyntanaunce,
And thy moderly reasons ryght well please me.

And now I thank the here for thy pastaunce.
Fare well tyll a nother tyme that hap may chaunce
Agayn, that we two may mete to gedyr.
May hap ye haue bysynes, I know not whether.
C. ¶ O angelyk ymage! o perle so precyous!
O, how thou spekyst, it reioysyth me to here.
Knowist thou not by the deuyne mouth gracyous,
That agaynst the infernall feend Lucyfere
We shuld not only lyf by bred here,
But by our good workys, wher in I take some payn:
Yf ye know not my mynd now, all is in veyn.
M. ¶ Shew me, moder, hardely all thy nesessite,
And yf I can, I shall prouyde the remedy.
C. My necessite! nay, God wot, it is not for me:
As for myne, I laft it at home surely;
To ete when I wyll, and drynk when I am dry.
And I thank God euer one peny hath be myne,
To by bred when I lyst, and to haue .iiii. for wyne.
¶ Afore I was wyddow, I caryd neuer for it;
For I had wyne ynough of myne owne to sell;
And with a tost in wyne by the fyre I coud syt,
With .ii. dosen soppes the collyk to quell;
But now with me it is not so well,
For I haue nothyng but that is brought me
In a pytcher pot of quartys skant thre.
¶ Thus I pray God help them that be nedy;
For I speke not for my self alone,
But as well for other; how euer spede I,
The infyrmyte is not myne, though that I grone;
It is for a nother that I make mone,
And not for my self: it is a nother way,
But what I must mone, where I dare not say.
M. ¶ Say what thou wylt, and for whom thou lest.
C. Now, gracyous damsell, I thank you than,
That to gyf audyens ye be so prest,
With lyberall redynes to me old woman,
Whych gyffyth me boldnes to shew what I can
Of one that lyeth in daunger by sekenes,
Remyttyng hys langour to your gentyllnes.
M. ¶ What meanyst thou, I pray the, good moder?
Go forth with thy demaund, as thou hast done.
On the one parte, thou prouokyst me to anger,
And on the other syde to compassyon.
I know not how thy answere to fassyon:
The wordes whych thou spekyst in my presence

Be so mysty, I perseyue not thy sentence.
C. ¶ I sayd I laft one in daunger of sekenes,
Drawyng to deth for ought that I can se:
Now chose you or no to be murderes,
Or reuyue hym with a word to come from the.
M. I am happy, yf my word be of such necessyte,
To help any Crystyn man, or ells goddes forbod:
To do a good dede is lykyng to God.
¶ For good dedes to good men be a lowable,
And specyally to nedy aboue all other;
And euer to good dedys ye shall fynd me agreable,
Trustyng ye wyll exhort me to non other.
Therfor fere not, spek your peticion, good mother.
For they that may hele sekefolk, and do refuse theym,
Suerly of theyre deth they can not excuse theym.
Ce. ¶ Full well and gracyously the case ye consyder.
For I neuer beleuyd that God in vayn
Wold gyff you such countenannce and bewte to gedyr,
But charyte therwith to releue folke in payn;
And as God hath gyffyn you, so gyff hym agayn.
For folkes be not made for them self onely,
For then they shuld lyff lyke bestes all rudely;
¶ Among whych bestes yet some be pyteful:
The vnicorne humblyth hym self to a mayd;
And a dog in all his power yrefull,
Let a man fall to ground, his anger is delayd:
Thus by nature pyte is conueyd.
The kok, when he skrapith, and happith mete to fynd,
Callith for his hennes: lo! se the gentyll kynde!
¶ Shuld humayn creaturys than be of cruelnes?
Shuld not they to theyre neybours shew charyte,
And specyally to them wrappyd in sekenes,
Than they that may hele theym cause the infirmyte?
M. Mother, without delay, for Goddes sake shew me,
I pray the hartly, wythout more prayeng,
Where is the pacient that so is paynyng.
Ce. ¶ Fayre damsell, thou maist well haue knowlege herto:
That in this Cyte is a yong knyght,
And of clere lynage, callyd Calisto,
Whose lyfe and body is all in the, I plyght.
The pellycan, to shew naturys ryght,
Fedyth his byrdys—me thynkith I shuld not prech the!
Thou wotist what I meane; lo! nature shuld tech the.
M. ¶ A ha! is this the entent of thy conclusyon?
Tell me no more of this matter, I charge the.

Is thys the dolent for whom thow makyst petycyon ?
Art thow come hyther thus to desseyue me ?
Thow berdyd dame, shameles thou semest to be !
Is this he that hath the passion of folishnes ?
Thinkyst, thow rybaud, I am such one of lewdnes ?
¶ It is not sayd, I se well, in vayn,
The tong of man and woman worst members be.
Thow brut baud ! thow gret enmy to honeste ! certayn
Cause of secret errours ! Iesu, Iesu, b[e]nedicite !
Som good bodi take this old thefe fro me,
That thus wold (me) disseyue me with her fals sleyght !
Go owt of my syght now ! get the hens streyght !
C. ¶ In an yuyll howre cam I hyther ; I may say,
I wold I had brokyn my legges twayn.
M. Go hens, thou brothell, go hens, in the dyuyll way !
Bydyst thou yet to increase my payn ?
Wylt thow make me of thys fole to be fayn ?
To gyue hym lyfe, to make hym mery,
And to my self deth, to make me sory ?
¶ Wilt thow bere away profet for my perdicion,
And make me lese the house of my father,
To wyn the howse of such an old matrone
As thow art, shamfullyst of all other ?
Thinkist thou that I understand not, thou falls mother,
Thy hurtfull message, thy fals subtell ways ?
Make a mendes to God, thou lyffyst to long days !
¶ Answere, thou traytres ! how darst be so bold ?
Ce. The fere of the makyth me so dysmayd,
That the blod of my body is almost cold.
Alas ! fayre maydyn, what hast thou sayd
To me pore wydow ? why am I denayed ?
Here my conclusion, which ys of honeste ;
With out cause ye blame thys gentylman and me.
M. I sey I wyll here no more of that fole :
Was he not here with me euyn now ?
Thow old which, thou bryngyst me in grete dole :
Ask him what answere he had of me, and how
I toke hys demaund, as now know maynst thou.
More shewyng is but lost, where no mercy can be.
Thus I answerd hym, and thus I answer the.
Ce. ¶ The more straunge she makyth, the gladder am I ;
Ther is no tempast, that euer doth endure.
M. What seyst thou ? what seyst, thow shameful enmy ?
Speke out. Ce. So ferd I am of your dyspleasure ;
Your anger is so grete, I perseyue it sure,

And your paeyens is in so gret an hete,
That for wo and fere I both wepe and swete.
M. ¶ Lyttyll is the hete in comparyson to say
To the gret boldnes of thy demeanyng.
Ce. Fayre mayden, yet one word, now I you pray:
Appease with pacyens, and here my sayeng.
It Is for a prayer, mestres, my demaundyng,
That is sayd ye haue of Seynt Appolyne,
For the toth ake, wher of this man is in pyne.
¶ And the gyrdle there thou weryst about the,
(¶) So many holy relykes it hath towchyd,
That thys knyght thynkyth his bote thou maist be.
Therfore let thy pyte now be a vouchid;
For my hart for fere lyke a dog is couchyd.
The delyght of vengennis who so doth vse,
Pyte at theyre nede shall theym refuse.
[Mel.] ¶ Yf this be trew, that thou seyst to me now,
Myn hart is lyghtnyd, perseyuyng the case:
I wold be content well, yf I wyst how
To bryng this seke knyght vnto some solas.
Ce. Fayre damsell, to the be helth and grace:
For yf this knyght and ye were aquayntyd both two,
Ye wold not iudge him the man that ye do.
¶ By God and by my soule, in him is no malyncoly:
With grace indewid, in fredome as Alexandre,
In strenght as Hectour, in countenaunce mery,
Gracious; enuy in him reynyd neuer.
Of noble blod, as thou knowyst, and yf ye euer
Saw him armyd, he semeth a Seynt George;
Rather than to be made in natures forge,
¶ An angell thou woldist iudge him; I make auow
The gentyll Narciso was neuer so fayre,
That was inammoryd on his own shadow;
Wherfore, fayre mayde, let thy pyte repayre,
Let mercy be thy mother, and thou her heyre.
This knyght, whom I come for, neuer seasyth,
But cryeth out of payn, that styll encresyth.
M. ¶ How long tyme, I pray the, hath it holdyn hym?
Ce. I thynk he be .xxiiii. yeres of age;
I saw hym born, and holpe for to fold hym.
M. I demaund the not therof: thyne answer aswage.
I ask the how long in this paynfull rage
He hath leyn. Ce. Of trewth, fayr maydyn, as he says,
He hath be in this agony this .viii. days;
¶ But he semyth he had leyn this .vii. yere.

Me. O how it greuyth me, the il of my pacyens,
Knowyng his agony and thy innocency here.
Unto myne anger thou hast made resistens,
Wherfore thy demaund I graunt in recompens.
Haue here my gyrdyll: the prayer is not redy;
To morow it shalbe. Come agayn secretly.
¶ And, moder, of these wordes passyd betwene vs
Shew nothyng therof vnto this knyght,
Lest he wold report me cruell and furyous.
I trust the: now be trew, for thougtes be lyght.
Ce. I meruell gretly thou dost me so atwyght
Of the dout, that thou hast of my secretnes:
As secret as thy self I shall be dowteles.
¶ And to Calisto with this gyrdle Celestina
Shall go, and his ledy hart make hole and lyght.
For Gabriell to Our Lady with Aue Maria
Came neuer gladder than I shall to this knyght.
Calisto, how wylt thou now syt vp ryght?
I haue shewid thy water to thy phesycyon.
Comfort thy self; the feld is half won.
M. ¶ Moder, he is much beholdyn vnto the.
Ce. Fayr maydyn, for the mercy thou hast done to vs
This knyght and I both thy bedfolkis shall be.
M. Moder, yf nede be, I wyll do more than thus.
Ce. It shalbe nedefull to do so, and ryghteous;
For this thus begon must nedis haue an ende,
Which neuer can be without ye condescend.
Me. ¶ Well, mother, to morow is a new day:
I shall performe that I haue you promest.
Shew to this seke knyght in all that I may.
Byd him be bold in all thyngis honest,
And though he to me as yet be but a gest,
If my word or dede his helth may support,
I shall not fayle; and thus byd him take comfort.
[Et exeat Melebea.
Ce. ¶ Now Cryst comfort the, and kepe the in thy nede!
How say you now? is not this matter caryed clene?
Can not old Celestina her matter spede?
A thing not well handlyd is not worth a bene.
Now know ye by the half tale what the hole doth meane:
These women at the furst be angry and furyous:
Fayre wether comyth after stormys tempestyous.
¶ And now to Calisto I wyll me dres,
Which lyeth now languyshyng in grete payn,
And shew hym that he is not remedyles;

And bere hym this to make hym glad and fayn,
And handyll hym, so that ye shall sey playn,
That I am well worthy to bere the name,
For to be callyd a noble arche dame.

Danio, pater Melebee.

¶ O meruelous God, what a dreme had I to nyght!
Most terryble vysyon to report and here!
I had neuer none such, nor none yerthely wyght.
Alas! when I thynk theron, I quak for fere;
It was of Melebea, my doughter dere.
God send me good tythynges of her shortly;
For, tyll I here from her, I can not be mery.
M. ¶ O dere father, nothyng may me more displease,
Nothyng may do me more anoyans,
Nothyng may do me gretter disease,
Than to se you, father, in any perturbans,
For me chefly, or for any other chauns.
But for me I pray you not to be sad,
For I haue no cause but to be mery and glad.
Da. ¶ O swete Melebea, my doughter dere,
I am replete with Ioy and felycyte,
For that ye be now in my presens here,
As I perceyue, in Ioy and prosperite:
From deth to lyfe me thynkyth it reuyuyth me;
For the ferefull dreme that I had lately.
M. What dreme, syr, was that, I pray you hertely?
D. ¶ Dowtles me though[t] that I was walkyng
In a fayre orchard, where were placys two:
The one was a hote bath, holsome and pleasyng
To all people that dyd repayre therto,
To wassh them, and clens them from sekenes also;
The other a pyt of foule stynkyng water;
Shortely they dyed, all that therin did enter.
¶ And vnto this holesome bath me thought that ye
In the ryght path were commyng apase,
But before that me thought that I dyd see
A foule, rough bych, aprikeryd cur it was,
Whych strakyng her body along on the gras,
And with her tayle lykkyd her so, that she
Made her selfe a fayre spaniell to be.
¶ Thys bych then me thought met you in the way,
Leppyng and fawnyng vppon you a pase,
And rownd abowt you dyd renne and play,
Whych made you then dysport and solas;
Whych lykyd you so well, that in short space

The way to the hote bath, anon ye left it,
And toke the streyght way to the foule pyt.
¶ And euer ye lokyd continually
Vppon that same bych, and somoch her eyed,
That ye cam to the foule pyt brynk sodeynly,
Lyke to haue fallyn in, and to haue bene dystroyed,
Whych when I saw, anon than I cryed,
Stertyng in my slepe, and therwith dyd awake;
That yet for fere, me thynk, my body doth quake.
¶ Was not this a ferefull dreme and meruelous?
I pray you, doughter, what thynk ye now to this?

Hic Melebea certo tempore non loquitur sed uultu lamentab[i]li respicit

Why speke ye not? why be ye now so studious?
Is there any thyng that hath chauncyd you amys?
I am your father: tell me what it is.
M. Alas! now your dreme, whych ye haue expressyd,
(¶) Hath made me all pensyfe and sore abasshyd.
[D.] [¶] I pray you, dere doughter, now tell me why.
M. Sir, I know the cause of your vision,
And what your dredefull dreme doth signyfye.
[D.] Ther of wold I fayn now haue noticion.
M. Alas, dere fader, alas, what haue I done?
Offendyd God as a wrech vnworthy!
D. Wherein? dyspayre not; God is full of mercy.
[Et genuflectat.

[M.] ¶ Than on my knees now I fall downe,
And of God chefely askyng forgyfnes;
And next of you: for in to oblyuyon
I haue put your doctryne and lessons dowtles.
D. Fere not, doughter, I am not merciles;
I trust ye haue not so gretly offendyd,
But that ryght well it may be amendyd.
M. ¶ Ye haue fosterid me vp full louyngly
In verteous discyplyne, whych is the ryght path
To all grace and vertew; whych doth sygnyfye
By your dreme that fayre, plesaunt, holesome bath:
The foule pyt, whereof ye dremyd, which hath
Destroyd so many, betokneth vyse and syn,
In whych, alas! I had almost fallyn In.
¶ The prikyeryd curr and the foule bych,
Which made her self so smoth and fayre to see,
Betokenyth an old quene, a baudy wych,
Callyd Celystyne, that wo myght she be!
Whych with her fayre wordes ay so perswadyd me,

That she had almost brought me here vnto,
To fulfyll the foule lust of Calisto.
D. ¶ Alas! dere doughter, I taught you a lesson,
Whych way ye shuld attayn vnto vertew:
That was euery mornyng to say an orason,
Prayeng God for grace all vyce to eschew.
M. O dere fader, that lesson I haue kept trew,
Whych preseruyd me: for though I dyd consent
In mynd, yet had he neuer hys intent.
D. ¶ The verteu of that prayer, I se well on thing,
Hath preseruyd you from the shame of that sin;
But because ye were somwhat consentyng,
Ye haue offendid God gretly therin;
Wherefore, doughter, ye must now begyn
Humbly to besech God of hys mercy
For to forgyue you your syn and mysery.
M. ¶ O blyssid lord and fader celestiall,
Whose infynite merci no tong can exprese,
Though I be a sinner, wrech of wrechis all,
Yet of thy gret merci graunt me forgifnes.
Full sore I repent, my syn I confese:
Intendyng hens forth neuer to offend more:
Now humbly I besech thy mercy therfore.
D. ¶ Now that is well sayd, myne one fayre doughter;
Stand vp therfore, for I know verely,
That God is good and mercyfull euer
To all synners whych wyll ask mercy,
And be repentaunt, and in wyll clerely
To syn no more. He of hys grete goodnes
Wyll graunt them therfore his grace and forgifnes.
¶ Lo, here ye may see, what a thyng it is
To bryng vp yong people verteously,
In good custome; for grace doth neuer mys
To them that vse good prayers dayly,
Which hath preseruyd thys mayde vndoutydly,
And kept her from actuall dede of shame;
Brought her to grace; preseruyd her good name.
¶ Wherfore, ye vyrgyns and fayre maydens all,
Unto this example now take good hede;
Serue God dayly; the soner ye shall
To honeste and goodnes no dout procede;
And God shall send you euer his grace at nede
To withstand all euyll temptacions,
That shall come to you by any occasions.
¶ And ye, faders, moders, and other, which be

Rulers of yong folkes, your charge is dowtles
To bryng them vp verteously, and to see
Them occupied styll in some good bysynes,
Not in idell pastyme or vnthryftynes,
But to teche them some art, craft, or lernyng,
Whereby to be able to get theyr lyffyng.
¶ The bryngers vp of youth in this region
Haue done gret harme because of theyr neclygens
Not puttyng them to lernyng nor occupacyons:
So when they haue no craft nor sciens,
And com to mans state, ye see thexperience,
That many of them compellyd be
To beg or stele by very necessite.
¶ But yf there be therfore any remedy,
The hedys and rulers must furst be dylygent
To make good lawes, and execute them straytely,
Uppon such maystres that be neclygent.
Alas! we make no laws, but ponyshment,
When men haue offendyd. But laws euermore
Wold be made to preuent the cause before,
¶ Yf the cause of the myscheffes were seen before,
Whych by coniecture to fall be most lykely,
And good laws and ordynauncys made therfore
To put a way the cause; that were best remedi.
What is the cause, that ther be so many
Theftes and robberies? It is be cause men be
Dryuen therto by nede and pouerte.
¶ And what is the verey cause of that nede?
Be cause they labur not for theyr lyffyng;
And trewth is, they can not well labour in dede,
Be cause in youth of theyr ydyll vpbryngyng.
But this thyng shall neuer come to reformyng,
But the world contynually shalbe nought,
As long as yong pepyll be euell vpbrought.
¶ Wherfore the eternall God, that raynyth on hye,
Send his mercifull grace and influens
To all gouernours, that they circumspectly
May rule theyr inferiours by such prudence,
To bryng them to vertew and dew obedyens,
And that they and we all by his grete mercy
May be parteners of hys blessyd glory.

Amen.

Iohēs rastell me imprimi fecit
Cum priuilegio regali

APPENDIX I

CRITICAL NOTES

THE TRAGI-COMEDY OF CALISTO AND MELIBEA

The following list contains the variations of the present edition from the first edition of 1631 and the Tudor Translation reprint, 1894, which are denoted by their dates. No mention is made of alterations of spelling, and only such changes of punctuation are noted as make a serious difference to the sense. Words and letters in the text, enclosed in square brackets and unmentioned in the following list, were added in the Tudor Translation edition, as accidentally omitted in the edition of 1631. I have inserted a limited number of stage directions for the reader's convenience, but none of these occur in the original. The text has been modernized—otherwise *una cosa bien excusada*—for the sake of uniformity with previous works in this series.

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY

p. lxxv, l. 16. *Orestes, murthering his mother Theo, and Parrhasius; Ulysses' counterfaited madness*, 1631, 1894. The printers have confused the punctuation, taking apparently Theo (the Greek painter) to be the name of Orestes' mother. The passage, however, is directly translated from Plutarch, *Moralia*, p. 18, *De Audiendis Poetis*. The Latin version runs: 'Pingunt etiam quidam res absurdas et nefarias, ut Timomachus Medeam liberos necantem; Orestem matri necem inferentem, Theo; Parrhasius, Ulyssis simulatam insaniam; Chaerephanes, mulierum cum viris impudicam consuetudinem.' Hence the punctuation in the text: Mabbe's use of chiasmus in an uninflected language was likely to lead to confusion. Other references to the same treatise of Plutarch may be noted in the *Epistle Dedicatory*.

p. lxxvii, l. 2. serve, so 1894. serves, 1631.

PROLOGUE

p. 4, l. 41. so that I seeing these differences, between their extremes have parted this quarrell . . . so 1631 and Sp.

THE ACTORS

p. 6. Alisa, mother to Melibea, so 1631. 1894 omits.

Note that this list appears for the first time in the edition (in Spanish) published at Venice 1553.

ACT. I

p. 10, l. 29 and l. 30. horses, so 1894. *houses*, 1631, cf. Interlude l. 83. Your house and horse and all thyng was to dress. Sp. cavallos.

p. 11, l. 26. come what will come, I care not. *Come what will, come I care not*, 1631, 1894. Sp. Quedese, no me curo.

p. 12, l. 1. who suffers sorrow. *who suffers to sorrow*, 1631, 1894. Sp. que dolor tiene.

p. 13, l. 28. Did not I tell thee, . . . *Did not I will tell thee*, 1631, 1894. Sp. No te digo . . . ?

p. 15, l. 18. wherefore, so 1894, 1631. *whereof?* Sp. de las quales.

p. 16, l. 30. Fly from their deceits, so 1631. 1894 omits *from*.

p. 16, l. 32. for any man, so 1631. *men*, 1894.

p. 28, l. 17. of flowers of oranges. *of flowers, of oranges*, 1631, 1894. Cf. Act. xix, p. 241, l. 8. Sp. de azahar.

p. 33, l. 4. I misdoubt his works, much more his words. *I misdoubt his words, much more his works*, 1631, 1894. Sp. de las obras dubdo, quanto mas de las palabras.

p. 42, l. 1. he left her, so 1894. *I left her*, 1631. Sp. la dexa. Curiously enough the Interlude makes the same mistake, v. l. 580 and critical note, also Appendix III, p. 338.

ACT. IV

p. 64, l. 18. plot, so 1894. *blot*, 1631. Sp. celada.

p. 71, l. 34. scared, so 1894. *scarr'd*, 1631.

p. 74, l. 14. desires, 1631, 1894. Perhaps read *deserves*. Sp. merece; Ordoñez, merita. However, cf. Interlude, l. 747.

p. 81, l. 18. prey, 1631, 1894. Perhaps read *praise*. Sp. no alabaran a Orfeo.

p. 82, l. 13. service, 1631, 1894. Sp. secreto.

ACT. V

p. 89, l. 14. and mine, so 1631. 1894 omits *and*.

ACT. VI

p. 99, l. 17. her son, cf. Act. xvi, p. 224, l. 11. Venus, the mother of Aeneas. *his*, 1631, 1894.

ACT. VII

p. 110, l. 26. I am [not], I confess, the man I was. *I am, I confess the man I was*, 1631. *I am, I confess*, [*not*] *the man I was*, 1894.

p. 113, l. 2. though perhaps she had not the like dexterity, so 1631. 1894 inserts *in* before dexterity, making better sense. Sp. ¿ Pues maña no tenía con todas las otras gracias ? I have kept reading of 1631, though it is a mistranslation. Mabbe was probably misled by Ordoñez, who did not realize that the original was a question and who translates : E forse che non avea destrezza con tutte le altre gratie (ed. Rome, 1506).

p. 115, l. 5. she made. *they made*, 1631, 1894. Sp. tan poco lo tuvo.

p. 120, l. 15. you can never recover it, by living. 1631, 1894 have *you can never recover it but by living.*

p. 123, l. 31, 32. I will give her all that I have. Besides, do you hear ? so 1631. *I will give her all that I have besides, do you hear ?* 1894. Sp. Le daré quanto tengo. Ea, disele . . .

ACT. VIII

p. 130, l. 36. Who ? You. *Who, you ?* 1631, 1894.

p. 132, l. 32. Or what is the matter ? so 1631. 1894 omits.

ACT. IX

p. 141, l. 41. Believe me, so 1631, 1894. *Beshrew ?* Sp. Mal me haga Dios.

p. 142, l. 41. pompeans. Pompeans, 1631, 1894, i.e. pumpkins, cf. Act xviii, p. 237, l. 28, pumpions. Sp. calabazas.

p. 146, l. 1. running horses. *running-horses*, 1631, 1894. Sp. corriendo cavallos.

p. 152, l. 14. Luque, so 1894. *Lugne*, 1631.

ACT. X

p. 154, l. 26. of my honesty, so 1631. *to my honesty*, 1894.

p. 158, l. 13. more cruel, so 1631. 1894 omits *more.*

p. 158, l. 22. that is whole, so 1894. *his*, 1631.

p. 159, l. 36. lancing. v. note on *Don Diego Puede-Ser*, p. lxiii.

p. 160, l. 27. [I] omitted by 1631, 1894. Sp. no rasgare yo.

Act. XII

p. 177, l. 7. I hear. 1631, 1894, read *fear*, probably from the preceding line. Sp. Este bullicio mas de una persona lo haze: quiero hablar, sea quien fuere.

p. 179, l. 9. anew, so 1631. 1894 omits.

p. 183, l. 8. [the friars of], omitted in 1631, 1894. Sp. á los frayles de Guadalupe.

p. 185, l. 28. all that while, so 1631. *all the while*, 1894.

p. 192, l. 10. hit, so 1894. *tit*, 1631.

Act. XIII

p. 197, l. 33. Did not I will you, so 1631. *Did not I tell you*, 1894.

Act. XIV

p. 203, l. 14. thy. *my*, 1631, 1894. Sp. tu lengua.

p. 203, l. 21. flay, so 1631. *slay*, 1894.

p. 208, l. 14. that he might not make a hurly-burly of it, so 1631. 1894 omits.

p. 209, l. 15. quickest and liveliest. *quickest and loveliest*, 1631, 1894. Sp. en vivo fuego. cf. p. 94, l. 38, the liveliest flames of love.

Act. XV

p. 212, l. 15. Do tear and rend thy hair. *Doe, teare, and rent thy hayre*, 1631, 1894.

Act. XVII

p. 227, l. 23. women, so 1631. *woman*, 1894.

Act. XVIII

p. 235, l. 25. as, so 1631. *a*, 1894.

Act. XIX

p. 247, l. 34. O pitiful, pitiful, O horrible sight, so 1631. *O pitiful, O horrible sight*, 1894.

p. 252, l. 9. give some ease, so 1631. 1894 omits some.

p. 253, l. 21. Jewry=*Iuryne*, 1631, 1894.

Act. XXI

p. 257, l. 7. snob, so 1631. sobbe, 1894.

Note.—The Spanish quotations are taken as far as possible from the *Comedia de Calisto y Melibea*, ed. Foulché-Delbosc, Barcelona, Madrid, 1900; passages which do not occur in this reprint of the earlier state, are quoted from *La Celestina*, Librería de Eugenio Krapf, Vigo, 1899.

THE INTERLUDE OF CALISTO AND MELEBEA

The text of this adaptation has been taken from the only surviving copy of the *editio princeps*, preserved in the Bodleian, which I have called B. It has been twice reprinted, once by W. C. Hazlitt in his edition of *Dodsley's Old English Plays*, Vol. I., 1874, and again by J. S. Farmer, in *Six Anonymous Plays, First Series* (*c*.1510–1537), *privately printed for subscribers by the Early English Drama Society*, 1905. Since the latter edition reproduces almost all Hazlitt's errors with a few gratuitous misprints, I have only occasionally referred to it as E.E.D.S.; I have, however, noted all variations from Hazlitt's edition (H). The present text preserves the spelling of the original except for a few certain corrections, mentioned in the following notes; stops, however, have been added and small letters have been replaced by capitals, wherever necessary. Words in square brackets have been inserted, though not in the original; words in round brackets are to be omitted as due to printer's errors.

In the old copy the only title is that printed on p. 267 of this edition, 'A new cōmodye . . .' Hazlitt's title, 'A Tragicomedy of Calisto and Melibæa,' suggests a knowledge of the Spanish original, that the rest of his edition belies. The list of *Dramatis Personæ* printed in the E.E.D.S. edition at the beginning of the play is purely of the editor's invention, and contains several obvious errors. The English stage directions printed by Hazlitt do not occur in the old copy.

l. 2. thing, B. *things*, H. destroying the rhyme.
l. 4. Eraclito, B. *Heraclitus*, H.
l. 25. similytude maner, B. H. inserts [of].
l. 33. What a mys woman now cristes benedicite, B. *What amiss, woman; now Christ benedicite?* H.
l. 39. Wether, B. *whither*, H.
l. 40. report, B. *repent*, H.
l. 41. neuer. *nener*, B.
l. 54. dyfferens. *dyffereus*, B.
l. 64. entent, B. *extent*, H.
l. 67. knew, *kuew*, B.
l. 69. Or any, B. H. inserts [of].
l. 72. Et exeat, B. *Exit*, H, as elsewhere.
l. 78. *Enter* Sempronio *a parasite*, H. Sempronio is nowhere

described as a parasite in the old copy. Dew gard my lordes, B. *Dieu garde, my lord*, H.

l. 83. thyng, B. *things*, H.

l. 97. I fynd the, B. *I find, thou . . .*, H.

without. withont, B.

l. 115. to whos wyll reson is vnruly, so B. and H. Rather *whos wyll to reson is vnruly.* Cf. Sp. a quien la voluntad a la razon no obedece.

l. 117. truth, B., H. I suspect a misprint for *truce.* Sp. Quien tiene dentro del pecho aguijones, paz, guerra, *tregua*, amor, enemistad, injurias, peccados, sospechas, todo a una causa ?

l. 119. Tapaya, tapaya, B. *Poppaea*, H. For discussion of this curious passage, v. Appendix III., p. 333.

l. 121. But. *Bnt*, B. The interchange of *u* and *n* is so common throughout the Interlude, that henceforward it will not be noted.

l. 128. lastytes, B. lasteth, H.

l. 148. that kepyth in hym kepyth, B. *that in him keepeth*, H.

l. 149. A is this Calisto his fyre | now I know well, B. Hence punctuation in text, cf. Sp. Esto es el huego de Calisto ? *Ah, is this Calisto ? His fire now I know well ;* H.

l. 151. inconstans, B. *inconstancy*, H.

l. 152. Eliceas, B. H. has the extraordinary blunder *Elisaeus*', duly reproduced by E.E.D.S.

l. 164. Nembroth, B. *Nimrod*, H.

l. 170. hardes, B. *heard*, H. making no sense. I suggest *hardly*, which is supported by the Spanish. The printer inserted the abbreviation for *es* in place of *ly*.

l. 173. long, B. *sung*, H.

l. 181. beginnynges, B. Perhaps *begilynges*, better sense and accurate translation of Sp. *engaños*, cf. l. 259.

l. 184. Be it fayre foule, B. *Be it fair* [*or*] *foul*, H.

l. 188. H. prints full-stop after *decays*.

l. 189. Theyre seyenges sightynges provokynges theyr plays, B. *Their sayings and sightings, provoking their plays*, H.

l. 197. wyleness, B. H. modernizes as *vileness*, probably correctly, Sp. suciedad. *Wiliness*, however, gives good sense.

l. 217. though. *thought*, B.

l. 222. hye portly corage, B. *her portly courage*, H.

l. 235. gay, B., H. *grey*, E.E.D.S., clearly a misprint, but approximating to the Sp. Los ojos verdes, rasgados.

l. 240. O what Ioy, B. *O what a joy*, H.

l. 243. this is no trow, B. *this no trow*, H.

l. 244. H. punctuates, *with nails ruddy : most pure Of proportion. . . .* But Spanish suggests punctuation in text—las uñas . . . coloradas que parecen rubies entre perlas. Aquella proporción . . .

l. 247. goddes, B. *goodness*, H., corrected in E.E.D.S.

l. 259. wynnyng, B. *woman*, H., meaningless.

l. 270. doyng, B. *doings*, H.

l. 271. H. punctuates, *Yet I shall do it, trust me for a surety.* Sp. Antes lo hare cierto.

l. 285. deuyse, B. *devices*, H.

l. 287. All onely, B. *Alone*, H.

l. 289. skapyth, B. *escapeth*, H.

l. 298. Bedleme. bedleme, B. H. modernizes *Bedlam*, destroying rhyme.

l. 321. Elecea, B. H. as usual latinizes and spells throughout *Elicœa*, so *Melibœa* for Melebea.

l. 335. hym. *bym*, B.

l. 341. meuyd. H. modernizes as *moved* without regard for rhyme.

l. 345. inpostume, B. *imposthumes*, H.

l. 356. Iomble, B., i.e. jumble. *tumble*, H.

l. 359. Go up, B. *So up*, H.

l. 368. Sp. Porfias ? El ministro, el gordo.

ll. 372, 373. H. punctuates, . . . *no more words of this For this time ; too long. . . .*

l. 379. all only, B. *alonely*, H.

l. 396. so sore for doth long, B. H. prints *fordoth* in one word and explains, 'Are you the party that has long been ruining my master ?' thus ingeniously making nonsense. E.E.D.S. prints *for doth* in two words correctly in the text, but in one word in a note, which gives H.'s explanation. Of course the words are a transposition for, *doth so sorely long for.*

l. 400. H. punctuates, *To win this woman : else, gods forbode, She hath equal power of my life under God.* This seems to be nonsense. Cf. l. 744.

l. 403. ars, B. *arse*, H. Read *ears*. Sp. y tu piensas que es vituperio en las orejas desta ?

l. 410. H. conjectures, Yea [that I do time long] agone.

ll. 414, 415. For that I know I dare well se Let se the contrary who can ley, B. *For that I know I dare well say : Let see the contrary who can lay*, H. The author appears to mean, For that I know I dare well say ; Let say the contrary who can lie.

ll. 416, 417. H. punctuates . . . *trinkets For painting, things innumerable.*

l. 430. H. punctuates, *My mind I shall show now, hark what I say.*

l. 435. Resureccon from deth | so excellent . . ., B. H. disregarding punctuation of original, reads *Resurrection from death so excellent ; Thou art above [all] other.*

l. 449. makyth marchaunt, B. *maketh [the] merchant,* H.

l. 461. Or, B. *For,* H., with good sense.

l. 475. vndeseruyd, B. Hazlitt would emend *undeserving,* but cf. Sp. inmerito.

l. 478. rede, B. H. reads, *and so I read thee, Sempronio, and I will help* . . . making no sense, for Celestina is talking to Parmeno. *and so I read thee, Sempronio and I will help,* E.E.D.S.

l. 479. necessyte, B. *necessities,* H., again disregarding rhyme.

l. 486. Et cantant, B. *cantant,* H.

l. 491. so, B. *see,* H. *craftely,* B. *craftly,* H.

l. 502. M., B. misprint for P.

l. 505. given by B. to Parmeno. H. follows B., but the sense demands that this line should be spoken by Celestina, and the following by Parmeno. Sp. Cel. . . . tu eres Parmeno, hijo de la Claudiana ? Parmeno. A la he, yo. Cel. Pues huego malo te queme . . .

l. 530. karych, B. *care ich,* H.

l. 534. Kepe thys, and for thy profet tell it to none. *Keep this, and for thy profit : tell it to none,* H.

l. 545. H. punctuates . . . *fame. By report* . . . making no sense. The punctuation in the text gives a meaning sufficiently near to the Spanish, bienes tienes . . . has menester amigos para los conservar.

l. 552. *And who ? Arusa ? Ce. Likest her ?* P. *Peradventure ?* H. This punctuation gives no sense that I can understand ; Elicia, presumably 'the daughter of Elyso,' was certainly not the daughter of Areusa, nor was Sempronio in love with Areusa. According to the Spanish, Areusa was the daughter of Elyso and cousin of Elicia. The punctuation in the text gives a good sense and is supported by B. which reads, P And who Arusa | Ce Lykyst her | P | Peradventure.

ll. 560,561. Is not syn a non in one espyed That is drownyd in delyte | how . . . B. H. punctuates *Is not sin anon in one espied ? That is drowned in delight, how* . . . H. is nearer the Spanish, E si hombre vencido del deleyte va contra la virtud, no se atreva a la honestad.

l. 579. better, B., H. Probably misprint for *letter*. Sp. mira su carta.

l. 580. I left her alone, B. Sp. sola la dexa, *he* leaves her alone. Curiously enough Mabbe has the same mistake, v. p. 42, l. 1, and critical note, also Appendix III, p. 338.

l. 600. Imbassades, B. *ambassadors*, H.

l. 603. H. punctuates *The hope of this old woman ; my heart telleth.*

l. 612. H. omits *now*.

l. 617. H. omits *as*.

l. 622. lese, B. *lose*, H.

l. 626. Hys mynyon, B. *to his mission*, H. An ingenious blunder!

l. 629. I will the same, B. *I will* [*be*] *the same*, H., perhaps correctly.

l. 641. here ĩ, B. *here*, H.

l. 643. gdd, B. *god*, H.

l. 644. all, B. H. omits.

l. 647. your yough and pusell age, B. *your youth and pucellage*, H.

l. 648. eschyuyd, B. *escheved*, H. explaining as eschewed = shunned, which gives no sense. 'Escheve', however, is an obsolete verb, meaning 'to accomplish, to achieve'.

l. 661. *wdld*, B. *would*, H.

l. 682. or thys, B. *ere this*, H.

l. 683. dwellyd, B. *dwelleth*, H. Sp. solia morar.

l. 684. aray, B. *arrayed*, H.

l. 697. perle, B. *heart*, H. Sp. perla.

l. 711. Afore, B. *Before*, H.

l. 720. H. punctuates perhaps correctly, *But as well for other, however speed I.*

l. 731. good, B. *gentle*, H.

l. 744. forbod, B. *forbid*, H.

l. 770. Than, B. *When*, H. or *Then when.*

l. 773. paynyng, B. H. suggests *pining* needlessly. Cf. Sp. esso doliente, que de tan mal perplexo se siente.

l. 780. lo, B. *as*, H.

l. 787. such one, B. *such an one*, H.

l. 790. thou great enemy to honesty, certain; H. E.E.D.S. punctuates correctly as in text.

l. 793. me disseyue me, B. *me deceive*, H.

l. 833. here, B. *bear*, H.

l. 836. pyne, B. H. modernizes as *pain* to detriment of rhyme.

l. 838. ¶So many, B. *And so many*, H.

l. 854. Gracious | B. *in countenance merry : Gracious, envy in* *him reigned never*. H. But v. Sp. gesto de un rey; gracioso, alegre; jamas reyna en el tristeza.

l. 858. H. punctuates *An angel thou wouldst judge him, I make a vow*. Punctuation in text is approved by Sp. semeja angel del cielo. Por fe tengo que no era tan hermoso aquel gentil Narciso.

l. 872. But he semyth he had leyn, B. *But he seemeth,* [*as*] *he had lain*, H.

l. 873. *pacyent*, B. *patient*, H. *pacyens* seems to me a certain correction as is shown (*a*) by the rhyme, (*b*) by the Spanish O quanto me pesa con la falta de mi paciencia.

l. 882. I trust the | now, B. *I trust thee now be true*, H.

l. 904. gest, B. guest, H., i.e. stranger.

l. 908. How, B. *Now*, H. clene, B. *clear*, H.

l. 918. sey, B. see, H.

l. 946. clens, B. *clean*, H.

l. 981. noticion, B. *knowlition*, H.

l. 994. that, B. the, H.

l. 1001. Celystyne, B. *Celestina*, H.

l. 1026. one, B. *own*, H.

l. 1051. in, B, H. *an*, E.E.D.S.

l. 1070. ordynauncys, B. ordinance, H.

APPENDIX II

ON THE AUTHORSHIP AND EARLY HISTORY OF THE *COMEDIA Ó TRAGICOMEDIA DE CALISTO Y MELIBEA.*[1]

During the last seven years so much light has been thrown upon this obscure problem, more particularly by the brilliant scholarship and careful researches of M. R. Foulché-Delbosc, that no apology is needed for the present appendix. His discoveries have, so far as I am aware, never been reported in English, except for a very brief summary in *The Influence of The Celestina in the Early English Drama* by A. S. W. Rosenbach,[2] and an edition of Mabbe's *Celestina* would be incomplete and misleading without some reference to them.

It may be taken for granted (v. supra, note on *Don Diego Puede-Ser*, p. lxviii) that Mabbe took as the basis of his translation an edition in twenty-one acts, such as has been continually reprinted from 1502 to 1900. He omitted, however, certain supplementary matter, which these editions contain and which is of importance for the light it throws upon the problem we are considering.

The two-volume edition of the *Celestina*, published by Krapf, Vigo, 1900, a reprint of the edition of Valencia, 1514, begins with the title,[3] '*Tragi-comedy of Calisto and Melibea, newly revised and emended, with the addition of the arguments at the beginning of each act, which contains, besides the pleasantness and sweetness*

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[1] It was not until the Italian edition of 1519 published at Venice that this work was definitely entitled the *Celestina*, a title that appears for the first time in Spanish in the edition of Alcalá, 1569, though we have the authority of Valdés and Feliciano de Silva that it was in common use in Spain some thirty-five years before.

[2] Jahrbuch der deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft, vol. xxxix, 1903.

[3] The title of the edition of Valencia, 1514, differs slightly from that of earlier editions of the same form (i.e. twenty-one acts). That of Seville, 1502, runs, '*Tragi-comedy of Calisto and Melibea. Wherein is contained, besides the pleasantness and sweetness of the style, many philosophical sentences, and profitable instructions very necessary for the younger sort, showing the deceits housed in the bosoms of servants and bawds: and newly added the* tratado *of Centurio.*'

of the style, many philosophical sentences and profitable instructions very necessary for the younger sort, showing the deceits housed in the bosoms of servants and bawds.' Following the title is a short dedicatory letter from 'The Author to a Friend': from this we learn that the writer found while away from home a fragmentary MS.: 'I saw that it was unsigned by its author, who, as some say, was Juan de Mena, and, as others, Rodrigo Cota.' Fascinated by the extraordinary brilliance of this fragment, he set to work to complete it, a task which he accomplished 'in no more than fifteen days of a vacation, while his friends were in the country.' He adds that he is by profession a *jurista*, and, that he may not be blamed for wasting his time on frivolous pursuits, he has followed the example of the original author and concealed his name. The letter ends thus, 'And that you may know where my unpolished work begins, I arranged that all that was due to the ancient author should be included without division in a single act or scene, down to the first words of the second act, *My brothers*' (in Mabbe's translation, *Tell me, my masters*, v. p. 45).

Following this letter are eleven eight-line stanzas, in which the author makes his excuses to the reader. From their substance we learn little of importance; the author found the original draft at Salamanca, while he was on vacation, and regrets that Cota or Mena could not have completed a work, which one or the other had originally composed. These verses, however, have another purpose; as we learn from one of the closing stanzas of Alonso de Proaza, who saw the work through the press, they present us, despite the protestations of the dedicatory epistle, with the author's name and birthplace, concealed beneath the thin veil of an acrostic. The first letter of each line forms the following sentence, El bachjler Fernando de Roias acabo la comedia de Calysto y Melybea e fve nascjdo en la puebla de Montalvan (the bachelor Fernando de Rojas completed the comedy of Calisto and Melibea, and he was born in the town of Montalvan).

The prologue follows; this has been translated by Mabbe *in extenso*, but as he is inclined to obscure those points, which are of most importance for our purpose, no doubt intentionally, as his readers would find therein little to interest them, it is necessary to state briefly the information that can be gleaned from the prologue as to the author and his work. It is implied that the edition, for which the prologue was written, is not the first edition: 'the printers have bestowed their puncture' by the addition of arguments at the beginning of each act; the title has been changed from comedy to tragi-comedy, the former being the title given it by 'the first author' (Mabbe tr. *by the* *author himself*); the writer, 'for the second time putting his pen to a task foreign to his profession,' has made 'a new addition' (Mabbe tr. *new edition*) to the original work, by which the two lovers are given a longer space of time to enjoy their short-lived happiness.

The preliminary matter is followed by an *incipit*, 'Follows *the comedy or tragi-comedy of Calisto and Melibea, written in admonishment of those mad lovers, who overcome in their inordinate desire call their mistresses, and affirm them to be, their God. Composed also as a warning against the beguilings of bawds and wicked and flattering*[1] *servants*.' A trace of this *incipit* is preserved in the half-title of Mabbe's translation, *A Comedy or Tragi-comedy of Calisto and Melibea.* At the end Mabbe has omitted[2] three valedictory verses with the heading, 'Concluye el autor', and the *octavas*, avowedly written by Alonso de Proaza, *Corrector de la impresión*, with which the whole work closes. There are seven of these eight-line stanzas in the edition of Valencia, 1514; of these the penultimate, explaining why the work was to be called a tragi-comedy and not a comedy, appears for the first time in this edition. The fifth stanza gives the key to the acrostic verses at the beginning; it is to be noted that one edition, that of Seville, 1523, omits this stanza. The last conveys as a rule the date of the impression and therefore varies in the different editions, very much to the detriment of the metre. Thus we learn that 'the car of Phœbus had made 1502, 1507, 1523, etc., revolutions, when this short sweet treatise was printed and completed.' In these editions the last stanza is headed, 'Describes the time at which the work was printed': the edition of Valencia, 1514, however, has an important variant; the verse now 'Describes the time and place, at which the work was first printed complete.'—'When Phœbus' car had accomplished 1500 revolutions . . . this short sweet treatise, after careful revision and correction . . . was printed complete at Salamanca.'

To sum up, we learn from the supplementary matter, published with the editions in twenty-one acts:

(i) That the *Celestina*, as it stands in these editions, has been revised and augmented: the printers have added arguments, the title has been changed from *comedy* to *tragi-comedy*, and the author has made 'a new addition', which prolongs the happiness of the lovers, and this addition is presumably to be identified with the *Tratado de Centurio* mentioned in the title of the edition of Seville, 1502, as newly added, v. footnote (3) p. 303. Moreover, according to the edition of Valencia, 1514, the first *complete* edition of the *Celestina* was published at Salamanca in 1500.

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[1] The words *wicked and flattering* are missing in the Krapf edition, and therefore, I presume, in the edition of Valencia, 1514; this is doubtless due to a printer's error, as they reappear in the edition of Valencia, 1518, with the omission of *and*.

[2] The sonnet that concludes Mabbe's translation is from the Italian of Alphonso Hordognez or Alfonso Ordoñez: it appears in the earliest edition, Rome, 1506.

(ii) That the first act was not from the same pen, as the rest of the piece, but that it was taken from an old MS., found by the later author during a vacation at Salamanca, and variously attributed to Juan de Mena and Rodrigo Cota.

(iii) That the author of the rest of the piece was the bachelor Fernando de Rojas, a native of Montalban, and probably a professor of law at Salamanca.

The only external evidence, available before the year 1900 to check these statements, may be summarized as follows. (i) It was known vaguely that a single copy of the *Celestina,* containing only sixteen acts and certain unspecified but important variants, was in existence, but it had never been collated with any of the later editions and consequently its contents were mainly a matter of surmise. This copy was known from the name of one of its possessors as the Heber copy. It was supposed that Acts XV–XIX were in this edition omitted in their entirety, these acts, therefore, composing the episode of Centurio, which in the titles of the early editions in twenty-one acts is characterized as newly added. It was certain that the first page was missing and it was suggested that the back of this page might have contained the letter of 'The Author to a Friend': otherwise the supplementary matter, that is the acrostics, prologue and final *octavas,* was wanting, though the arguments were included. Brunet, *Manuel du Libraire*, ed. 1860, tom. I, col. 1,716, stated that the last page, which alone bore the mark of the printer Fadrique de Basilea and the date 1499, was a late facsimile on paper, bearing the water-mark of 1795. For the most part this edition was accepted as the *editio princeps* of the *Celestina*, published at Burgos (Fadrique was a printer at Burgos, 1485–1517), in the year 1499. There was, however, a distinct tendency to doubt the *bona fides* of this Heber copy, a doubt not unnatural, when, after figuring in Quaritch's catalogue in 1895, it became entirely inaccessible in the hands of an unknown purchaser. Indeed in the bibliography to the Krapf edition it is seriously argued that the Heber copy is a forgery, suggested by the statements in the prologue. On this assumption the *editio princeps* of the *Celestina* was the edition of Salamanca, 1500; no copy of this edition was known to exist, but its existence was held to be proved by the final *octava* of the edition of Valencia, 1514, quoted above. It was assumed that the latter edition was an accurate reprint of the former, and that, therefore, the *editio princeps* of the *Celestina*, published at Salamanca in 1500, contained the twenty-one acts and all the supplementary matter which we find in the edition of Valencia, 1514. Consequently the statements in the prologue were discredited: the *Celestina* had only one published form, and that form was the one generally accepted, and reprinted in the modern editions prior to 1900. This theory was an extreme theory, and was put forward at the very time that the researches of M. Foulché-Delbosc were proving its absurdity, but it is interesting as showing the tendency of theories unchecked by continual examination of facts, to recede ever further from the truth.

(ii) As to the authorship of the first act opinions were divided. Juan de Valdés in his *Diálogo de la Lengua* (1535–1536) distinguishes between the author of the first act and the later author, and professes to prefer the former, but he mentions neither Mena nor Cota in this connection. Though certain other critics followed Valdés in advocating a separate authorship for Act. I, the general tendency was to reject the theory. Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly in his *History of Spanish Literature* (Heinemann, 1898), justly remarked that 'the prose is vastly superior to Mena's, but the verse is no less inferior to the lyrism of Cota's *Diálogo*,' while Sr. Menéndez y Pelayo urged the unity of thought and language *of the whole twenty-one acts* as fatal to the theory. Certainly it is inconceivable that Juan de Mena could have written the first act of the *Celestina*, and if Cota might have done so, he has left nothing at all resembling it.

(iii) Of Fernando de Rojas practically nothing was known beyond a note in an unpublished *History of Talavera*, dating from the seventeenth century, which states that Fernando de Rojas, the author of the *Celestina*, lived, died and was buried at Talavera and that he held for some years the office of Alcalde Mayor of that town. Slender evidence indeed, as the author of the History clearly drew a large part of his information from the very acrostic verses,[1] which his evidence is required to check. However, it was generally agreed that Fernando de Rojas was the author of the greater part, some said of the whole, of the *Celestina*, as we have it, although one critic suggested in 1843 that Rojas might be no more than a literary mystification.

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[1] No doubt Alfonso de Villegas depended on the same authority, when in his *Comedia Selvagia* (1554) which imitated the *Celestina* even to its acrostics, he wrote:

Sabemos de Cota que pudo empeçar,
Obrando su ciencia, la gran Celestina,
Labróse por Rojas su fin con muy fina
Ambrosía, que nunca se puede estimar.

Had the above mentioned suspicions as to the Heber copy been turned in a different direction, the discoveries of M. Foulché-Delbosc might have been anticipated. There is a copy described in the bibliography to the Krapf edition (No. 3) which is at present in the British Museum. This edition contains the full twenty-one acts and all the supplementary matter, and according to the final page was printed at Seville in 1501. This final page, however, is a facsimile, which was supposed to have been taken from the only other copy of this edition known to exist, preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale. This may well have been the case, but it is now certain that the edition to which the facsimile is attached is one of a later date, which has been passed off as an edition of Seville, 1501, by the addition of the spurious page. As to this point no doubt could remain when in 1900, M. Foulché -Delbosc published a reprint of the Paris copy, dated Seville, 1501, with the title of *Comedia de Calisto y Melibea* (Unico texto auténtico de *La Celestina*), as vol. i. of the *Bibliotheca Hispanica.* A brief description of this edition is necessary : it contains only sixteen acts, omitting the *Tratado de Centurio,* which in later editions retards the inevitable catastrophe; but we find that the omitted episode consists not of Acts XV–XIX inclusive as had been supposed, but of a part of Act. XIV, Acts XV, XVI, XVII, XVIII and five-sixths of Act. XIX. The *adicionador* responsible for the later editions of the *Celestina* has performed the remarkable feat of intercalating not between two acts, nor even between two speeches, but in the middle of a speech of Lucrecia, a passage comprising five whole acts and about one-fifth of the original work. In the earlier edition Melibea asks Lucrecia, ‘ Didst thou not hear us, Lucrecia ? ’ Lucrecia replies, ‘ No, madame, I was fast asleep. . . . Hark, hark, madame ! What a great mischance is this.’ The first part of Lucrecia’s reply down to the word *asleep* will be found on page 205 of this edition of Mabbe’s translation, and the remainder on page 247, the intervening pages being an interpolation of some date posterior to 1501. Nor was this all ; the important variants known to exist in the Heber copy are conspicuous here. According to M. Foulché-Delbosc’s calculations, the edition of Seville contains 6,730 lines ; the later editions contain 8,466 lines, the additions being the *Tratado de Centurio* of 1,332 lines and various interpolations scattered throughout the piece (with the exception of Act. I) amounting to 439 lines, while thirty-five lines have been omitted.[1] Of the supplementary matter we have the letter of ‘ The Author to a Friend ’, the acrostic verses and at the end six stanzas of Alonso de Proaza, but they offer important variants. In the letter to a friend, there is no mention of either Mena or Cota : the sentence quoted above now runs, 'I saw that it was unsigned by the author, and the reason was that it was unfinished, but whoever he was, he is worthy of perpetual memory.' While the last sentence runs, 'And that you may know where my unpolished work begins and that of the ancient author comes to an end, in the margin you will find a cross ; and it is the end of the first scene.' It is to be noted that no cross is to be found anywhere in the text. Again the acrostic verses differ from those in later editions. There is no mention of Cota or Mena ; a wish is merely expressed that the original author, a great man and of high worth, had finished the work of his own pen. The last acrostic stanza is totally different from that of the later editions, in which it has been partially rewritten and transferred to the valedictory *octavas,* headed '*Concluye el Autor*'. The final *octavas* of Alonso de Proaza present no striking differences ; 1501 is the date given by the last stanza. The prologue and the three valedictory verses attributed to the author are wanting.

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[1] The reader will find at the end of this Appendix, p. 322, a list of these additions and omissions, so far as they can be traced in Mabbe’s translation.

The printers 'had already bestowed their puncture'; for the edition of 1501 has the arguments of the later editions. The title, however, is different: it runs as follows, '*Comedy of Calisto and Melibea, with its arguments newly added, wherein is contained, besides the pleasantness and sweetness of the style, many philosophical sentences and profitable instructions necessary for the younger sort, shewing the deceits housed in the bosoms of servants and bawds.*' After the preliminary matter comes the *incipit,* which differs only from that quoted above from the later editions by the omission of the words *or Tragi-comedy.*

It was quite clear that the edition of Seville, 1501, preserved an earlier and unamplified text of the *Celestina.* Simultaneously with the reprint of 'the only authentic text of the *Celestina*', M. Foulché-Delbosc published in the *Revue Hispanique,* vol. vi., 1900, his *Observations sur la Célestine,* a masterpiece of destructive criticism, in which his theme was 'the inexactitude, total or partial', of all the accepted theories as to its authorship and origin. But before stating M. Foulché-Delbosc's conclusions, we must give a brief description of the Heber copy, which later knowledge has entirely vindicated from the charge of forgery.

It was not until 1902 that this elusive edition became accessible : in that year Herr Konrad Haebler succeeded in procuring photographic facsimiles of two pages of the Heber *Celestina,* and by the aid of these he established[1] conclusively that this copy was not a forgery, that it was printed by Fadrique of Basilea at Burgos, and that the last page was a facsimile, in all probability reproducing the matter which had been contained on the missing page. Consequently the Heber *Celestina* was printed in the year 1499, and was therefore a copy of the earliest surviving edition. Soon after M. Foulché-Delbosc was enabled to bring the text of this copy within reach of all, reprinting it as vol. xii of the admirable *Bibliotheca Hispanica.* The text of the Heber copy differs so little from that of the edition of Seville, 1501, that M. Foulché-Delbosc is inclined to believe that the latter was taken directly from the former. Although the first page and the original last page are missing, his arguments show conclusively that the Heber copy contained neither the letter of 'The Author to a Friend', nor the acrostic verses; the missing first page contained no more than the title and the *incipit*:[1] nor could the last page have contained the six final *octavas* of Alonso de Proaza.

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[1] *Bemerkungen zur Celestina, Revue Hispanique,* vol. ix, p. 139.

In the second part of his *Observations sur la Célestine,*[2] M. Foulché-Delbosc points out that a careful examination of the Heber copy has modified none of the opinions, which he expressed in his earlier article. He holds that the Heber *Celestina* of Burgos, 1499, does not preserve the earliest state of the comedy. The words *with its arguments newly added*, preserved by the edition of Seville, 1501, and probably contained on the missing leaf of the Heber copy, as that edition includes the arguments, point to an earlier state, in which the arguments had not yet been added. In consequence he concludes that the *Celestina* had four published forms.[3]

(i) A state in which the sixteen original acts existed without the arguments, and without the preliminary and final matter. Probably in this state the work had no other title than the *incipit* of Seville, 1501; the form of the *incipit* which is more archaic than that of the title points to this conclusion. Of this state no copy is known to survive.

(ii) The work still consists of sixteen acts, but the title of *Comedia de Calisto y Melibea . . .* has been added, and the old title has become the *incipit.* In addition we have the general argument and an argument at the head of each act. This state is preserved in the Heber copy.

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[1] Herr Haebler suspects that the first page was blank.

[2] *Revue Hispanique*, vol. ix., 1902.

[3] Omitting the fifth state in which a twenty-second act is added after Act XVIII entitled *Auto de Traso e sus compañeros.* This addition first appears in the edition of Toledo, 1526, and has never been regarded as anything but spurious: indeed it did not even claim to be the work of the original author.

(iii) To the second state have been added the letter of ‘The Author to a Friend’, the acrostic verses and the six *octavas* of Alonso de Proaza. This state is preserved in the edition of Seville, 1501.

(iv) The *Celestina* for the first time consists of twenty-one acts, and a prologue and the three valedictory stanzas have been added. The title has now been changed to *Tragicomedia de Calisto y Melibea.* The earliest editions known of this state are two of Seville, one of Toledo, one of Salamanca: all dated 1502.

As to the arguments, which first appear in the second state of the *Comedia de Calisto y Melibea*, M. Foulché-Delbosc sees no reason to doubt the statement of the prologue, that they were added by the printers without the author's intervention. The additions in the third state, the letter of ‘The Author to a Friend,’ the acrostic verses and the six final *octavas* of Alonso de Proaza, are of far greater importance. For the first time the reader was informed that the author had not composed the whole work, but that he had merely finished an unsigned fragment, (as we have said, neither Mena nor Cota is named as the possible author in the third state, i.e. Seville, 1501). It is stated that the end of the original fragment and the beginning of the new author's work ‘is marked by a cross: and it is the end of the first scene’. Unfortunately the only surviving copy of this state has no *cross* anywhere in the text that could mark the end of the first scene, and the word *scene* is not necessarily the same as *act*, which would seem to have a wider signification. M. Foulché-Delbosc considers that we are face to face with a deliberate mystification. He points to contradictions and improbabilities in the matter added to this state; the apologies for remaining anonymous, contained in the letter, stultified immediately by the acrostic of the supposed author's name and birthplace, an acrostic to which the fifth of Alonso de Proaza's final *octavas* gives the key. Again what could be more improbable than that the original Acts II–XVI were written in fifteen days? On the strength of these difficulties he ascribes the additional matter contained in the edition of Seville, 1501, to a new hand. The publisher, or perhaps Alonso de Proaza, to whet the reader's curiosity, invented the nameless fragment, on which according to the dedicatory epistle the work is based; to mystify the reader still more they referred him to a non-existent cross at the end of the first *scene*, and left him to identify the words *act* and *scene*, if he pleased—in fact, to make the division between the old and new portion of the Celestina, just wherever his inclination suggested.

In his first article, published in 1900, M. Foulché-Delbosc argued that the attribution of the work to Fernando de Rojas, born at Montalban, was similarly a romantic fiction on the part of the publisher or editor. At that time nothing was known of Fernando de Rojas beyond the somewhat suspicious passage from Gómez de Tejada's *History of Talavera,* consequently M. Foulché-Delbosc was disposed to regard him as a myth, as a personage invented lock, stock and barrel by the author of the letter and the acrostic verses. This position, however, he modified two years later, when evidence was at last forthcoming that Fernando de Rojas did exist, and was known to his contemporaries as the author of the *Celestina.* Since this evidence provided us with the startling information that Rojas was a *converso,* a baptized Jew, the theory of a mystification on the part of the publisher fell to the ground; for at the beginning of the sixteenth century no publisher could have hoped to recommend a work to the public by ascribing it to one of the new Christians, in whom the Holy Office was so deeply interested. This information comes from an unexpected quarter. In a case before the Inquisition of Toledo (1517–1518) an inhabitant of Talavera de la Reina called as one of his witnesses the bachelor Fernando de Rojas: in another case (1525–1526) Alvaro de Montalvan, native of the town of Montalvan, was accused of Judaism. On June 7, 1525, this Alvaro stated that he had four children; among them 'Leonor Alvares, wife of the bachelor Rojas who composed the *Melibea,* native of Talavera'; her age he states as thirty-five, and he adds 'that he named as his counsel the bachelor Fernando de Rojas, his son-in-law, who is a *converso*' (i.e. baptized Jew), a dangerous office which the Inquisitor did not permit Rojas to undertake. Sr. Serrano y Sanz, who first published this information in the *Revista de archivos, bibliotecas, y museos,* April and May, 1902, adds, on the authority of D. Luis Jiménez de la Llave, that 'in the year 1538, Fernando de Rojas held the post of Alcalde Mayor of Talavera from February 15 to March 21, succeeding Dr. Muñez de Durango'. On this evidence M. Foulché-Delbosc acknowledges the existence of Fernando de Rojas, but maintains that he was not the author of the *Celestina,* relying principally on chronological difficulties. The date at which the *Celestina* was written cannot be given with any certainty. The main evidence is to be found at the beginning of Act. III, p. 54, of Mabbe's translation. "And I pray, what wonder would you think it, if some should come and tell you, 'There was such an earthquake in such a place,' or some such other things; tell me, would you not straight forget it? As also, if one should say unto you, 'Such a river is frozen; such a blind man hath recovered his sight; thy father is dead;

such a thunderbolt fell in such a place; *Granada is taken;* the king enters it[1] this day; the Turk hath received an overthrow; to-morrow you shall have a great eclipse; such a bridge is carried away with the flood[2]; such a one is now made a nobleman[3]; Peter is robbed; Ines hath hanged herself.' " M. Foulché-Delbosc considers that the words, 'Granada is taken', must certainly refer to an event which had not yet taken place; the *Celestina* must therefore have been written before 1492. On the other hand he finds in the rest of the passage allusions to events that could happen more than once, suggested by recent occurrences. Thus the Turk was overthrown at Rhodes in 1480, an eclipse took place in 1482; again one of the spans of the bridge of Toledo fell to the ground and in 1484 was repaired, while in 1482 Pedro González de Mendoza was nominated archbishop of Toledo. Accordingly M. Foulché-Delbosc assigns 1483 as the probable date of the *Celestina.* If 1483 is the correct date, supposing the *Celestina* to have been written by Rojas at the age of forty, a probable age in view of its ripe experience and worldly wisdom, he would be eighty-two in 1525, when his wife was thirty-five, and in 1538 as *alcalde mayor* of Toledo he must have been ninety-five: granting that the *Celestina* was not written till the year before the conquest of Granada, 1491, the improbability still remains great, and M. Foulché-Delbosc holds it in the last degree unlikely that a young man in the early twenties could have written the *Celestina.*

He therefore suggests that Rojas wished to appropriate to himself the glory of the unknown author of the *Comedia de Calisto y Melibea,* that he declared himself[4] to Alonso de Proaza as the discoverer of the old MS. and the author of the rest of the work, and that he either convinced Proaza that his story was true, or persuaded him to aid in the mystification of the public.

The additions in the fourth state are the insertion of the names Juan de Mena and Rodrigo Cota in the dedicatory epistle and the acrostic verses, the modification in the said epistle which leaves no possible doubt as to where the supposed original author's work ends, the alterations in the *octavas* and the three additional valedictory stanzas, the prologue and the additions to the text.

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[1] Note that *the King enters it to-day,* is in the Spanish, *the King enters to-day.*

[2] *with the flood* is not in the Spanish.

[3] Mabbe quaintly translates obispo = bishop as *nobleman.*

[4] The same critic considers that the following passage from the letter of 'The Author to a Friend' represents the writer as a man of age and experience, addressing a friend younger than himself,' . . . there occurred to me, not only the need that our country has of the present work . . . but in particular yourself, whose youth I remember to have seen the captive of love. . . .' Since Rojas was a young man at the time of writing, he suggests that Proaza knew of him only by letter—unless Proaza was himself in the plot. Can any weight be attached to this argument? Is not the young man ever ready to offer the treasures of his inexperience to his coevals and elders alike?

As to the attribution of the first act to Mena or Cota, M. Foulché-Delbosc suggests that the editor of the 1502 edition (assuming that one of the four 1502 editions is the first of this state) inserted their names to give an extra advertisement to the book. The same editor, following the edition of Seville, 1501, noted the absence of the cross, and wishing to make the matter quite clear, he concluded that '*at the end of the first scene*' meant the same as *at the end of the first act*, and to make certainty surer, he quoted the first words of the second act, as marking the beginning of the new author's work. The introduction of Mena and Cota in the letter necessitated a modification of the acrostic verses, and M. Foulché-Delbosc suggests that in honour of Juan de Mena the *adicionador* wrote a new last stanza for the acrostic, introducing one of Mena's lines almost word for word. The old stanza he recast and made the first of the three valedictory verses. As to the prologue M. Foulché-Delbosc points out that at the end it repeats in almost the same words the same reflexion as the letter,[1] a repetition which suggests a deliberate imitation, and he asks why, if the author considered the arguments as *una cosa bien excusada* [2] (i.e. as quite superfluous), did he not omit them ?

The most important point of all is the amplification of the text : the additions compose more than a quarter of the original piece, and their object is, as M. Foulché-Delbosc points out, simply to pad out the volume. The omissions only amount to thirty-five lines and these are attributed by the same authority to the printer's carelessness. The interpolations scattered throughout the work are as a rule simply repetitions : where in the original one proverb or aphorism is used we have in the later editions two, three or even more proverbs, piled one on the other and all meaning very much the same thing ; sometimes a thought already expressed is developed or repeated. The reader is referred for examples to the table at the end of this Appendix. From the artistic point of view M. Foulché-Delbosc finds many of the additions distinctly unfortunate. In Act. IV he remarks that the interpolation on p. 83 (LUCRECIA. A blessing . . . in peace.) doubles illogically and unnecessarily the length of the *aside*. In Act. VI (p. 95) he finds it unnatural that Calisto, engrossed in Celestina's news, should notice Parmeno's behaviour, his crossing himself, his mumbling and amazement. Again the addition on p. 98, in which Celestina describes her interview with Melibea, is conceived in a spirit of grotesque exaggeration, which is quite discordant with what goes before. In Act. VII (p. 124) the prolongation of the dialogue between Celestina and Areusa is more unnatural than appears in Mabbe's version ; for he has omitted the words, ' quiero ver para quanto eres, ante que me vaya : retoçala en esta cama ', which should end Celestina's speech at the bottom of page 123.

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[1] *Prologue* . . . insomuch that I have consented (though against my will) to put now the second time my pen to this so strange a *task* and so far *estranged from my faculty*, stealing some hours from my *principal studies*, together with others allotted to my *recreation*.

The Author to his Friend . . . especially that, as I am a jurist, it is, though a work of discretion, *estranged from my faculty* ; and whosoever should know this would say that I did it not for *recreation* from my *principal studies* . . . as is the truth, but rather that, led astray from my legal profession, I had meddled with this new *task*.

[2] v. Prologue, p. 4. Mabbe tr. ' A thing very excusable, in former times being much used, and in great request with your ancient writers.' The Spanish means, however, ' A thing quite superfluous, according to the custom of ancient writers.'

Of the *Tratado de Centurio* (p. 205, l. 15—p. 247, l. 28), M. Foulché-Delbosc says, ' le sacrilège est flagrant '. The catastrophe instead of following immediately upon the first love scene in Melibea's garden is delayed for a whole month, during which the lovers meet repeatedly. He characterizes as poor the idea of Elicia and Areusa wishing to avenge on Calisto and Melibea the death of Sempronio and Parmeno, The sole merit of this addition he finds in the braggart Centurio, the prototype of the swaggering *capitán*, who appears so often on the Spanish and Italian stage.

He points out that the maidenly Melibea of Act. XIV is very different from the Melibea of Act. XIX, who seems to have been taking lessons from Elicia and Areusa. Calisto's soliloquy at the end of Act XIV he regards as tedious and unnatural ; of 184 lines only sixteen are devoted to Melibea, who has just surrendered herself to his arms, and this ardent lover can think of nothing but the unpleasant consequences of the death of Sempronio and Parmeno. The same soliloquy contains tedious classical reminiscences of Romulus and Torquatus : indeed the pedantry of the *adicionador* is noticeable elsewhere, cf. Act. III (p. 61), Act. XIII (p. 200), Act. XVI (p. 224), Act. XX (p. 253).

M. Foulché-Delbosc expresses his conclusions in the following words, ' Il est inadmissible que ce chef d'œuvre, la *Comedia de Calisto y Melibea*, ait été défiguré comme à plaisir par celui-là même qui l'avait composé . . . . Les seize actes de la *Comedia* *de Calisto y Melibea* sont d'un seul auteur.—Cet auteur est inconnu. —Il est resté entièrement étranger aux additions successives que son œuvre a subies.'

In the foregoing pages I have stated at some length the solution to the problem of the *Celestina,* generally accepted before the publication of M. Foulché-Delbosc's *Observations sur la Célestine,* and the conclusions, diametrically opposed to this solution, expressed in that article, which marks an epoch in the critical history of the *Celestina.* I fear that these conclusions have lost much of their cogency and brilliancy in my reproduction, and if I now venture to take up an independent position, it is not without a full consciousness of my own shortcomings in experience and scholarship.

It is, I conceive, a fundamental law of criticism that affirmative evidence must be admitted as true, unless a strong presumption of its falsity can be established. The edition of Seville, 1501, states that Fernando de Rojas is the author of the *Comedia de Calisto y Melibea* (laying aside for a moment the question of the first act): are M. Foulché-Delbosc's arguments sufficient to establish a strong presumption that this statement is false?

His first argument is that the letter of 'The Author to his Friend', and the acrostic verses contain inconsistencies and contradictions, which render their evidence valueless, and that therefore these additions are not due to the original author, and that original author was not Fernando de Rojas. I would point out that the existence of inconsistencies in the letter and the acrostics does not prove that they are due to another writer, unless these inconsistencies are of a kind that a later author might fall into, and that the original author would avoid. Indeed, a man claiming the authorship of a work he had never written would be more careful to make his claim consistent, than a man who never dreamt that his authorship would be contested. For the most part these inconsistencies are rather trivial: we are informed that the comedy was completed in a fortnight; it is certainly a short time, but this affectation of carelessness is not unparalleled[1] and can scarcely be magnified into a deliberate misrepresentation; if it be considered so, the original author is as likely as any one else to have been guilty of it. That the writer should declare in the letter that he is anxious to remain anonymous, and immediately after stultify his declaration by the acrostic, is very illogical but essentially human. Moreover, it is at least possible, and perhaps probable, that the letter was not originally written for the edition of Seville, 1501, and that it may have appeared in a previous edition, possibly the edition of Salamanca 1500,[1] mentioned in the edition of Valencia 1514, of which no copy has come down to us, without the acrostic verses, or possibly with the acrostic verses, but without the final *octava* that gives the key to their meaning. If Fernando de Rojas is the veritable author, it is natural that he should not wish to draw too much attention to the person of a *converso*, or connect his name too openly with a work so unorthodox; he would, however, after the success of the anonymous edition or editions, wish to be remembered as the author of the *Celestina*, and might well have disguised his name in an acrostic, as a kind of compromise. At any rate I can see no reason why, if Rojas or any one else is claiming an honour that he has not earned, he should gratuitously contradict himself, or indeed why he should resort to the device of the acrostic at all.

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[1] Thus Congreve talks of his *Incognita* as the work of 'the idle hours of a fortnight's time,' and though the *Incognita* is little more than a pamphlet, no one takes the statement seriously or regards it as more than an expression of what Professor Raleigh calls 'fashionable indifference'. v. *The English Novel,* p. 102.

The last and most important point, brought forward by M. Foulché-Delbosc to prove the untrustworthiness of the letter, is the attribution of the first act to an earlier author, an attribution complicated by a reference to a non-existent cross at the end of the first scene. Assuming that this is a deliberate mystification, and that the cross has been purposely omitted, again I ask, is it more likely that a false claimant, whose story should at least be definite, or the original author, concocted this extraordinarily clumsy deception? The theory that an ingenious editor conceived the idea to excite the reader's curiosity seems to me full of difficulties. What motive had he for omitting a cross, which he could so easily have inserted anywhere? Surely he might have been content with the trick he was playing on his readers with the acrostics, without inventing another mystery for them. But is it quite certain that the first act is entirely from the hand of the author of the other fifteen acts? The letter definitely states that the writer has completed an unsigned fragment, which he found while on vacation at Salamanca. What arguments have we to disprove this statement? It can hardly be urged that the alterations in the editions of twenty-one acts, i.e. the insertion of Juan de Mena and Rodrigo Cota, and the definition of the end of the first author's work, prove that the assertions of the earlier edition are false. The names of Mena and Cota may have been introduced to shed a glamour over the work; but a strong presumption has not been established that the original author was too straightforward[1] for this deception, and if we claim no more for Rojas than the authorship of Acts II–XVI of the *Comedia de Calisto y Melibea*, we can disregard any alterations made in the later editions of the *Tragicomedia*. Herr Haebler suggests with great probability that the omission of the cross was purely accidental, and that a later editor or the author himself, perceiving how easily a misunderstanding could arise through a printer's error and the vagueness of the word *scene* instead of *act*, made the correction that we have in the later editions; the author would of course know where the missing cross should be, and the editor might well have had before him an edition containing the cross, of which no copy has been preserved. The only other argument is that of Sr. Menéndez y Pelayo, who considers that it is inconceivable that a work with such unity of conception and execution could be anything but the work of a single mind. But M. Foulché-Delbosc cannot avail himself of this argument, since it is applied to the whole twenty-one acts of the tragi-comedy by Sr. Menéndez y Pelayo. At any rate, Salvá's suggestion that the first act has been retouched disposes of this difficulty, and seems in every way probable.

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[1] This edition would of course contain only sixteen acts.

On the other hand, I can see no cogent reason why Rojas or any one else should make this statement, unless it were true. If Rojas is a false claimant to the authorship, why does he deprive himself of the honour of composing the first act? it was as easy for him to claim the whole as a part. It is just conceivable that, if Rojas is the veritable author, he may have hoped to have relieved himself of part of the responsibility which might have proved fatal to a *converso*, for the freedom and unorthodoxy of his work: he must have known, however, that so feeble a plea would not avail him.

In this connection it is worthy of note that the first act is nearly twice as long as the longest of the other acts, and seven times the length of the shortest, though it could have been split into two acts without the slightest change on page 21 of this edition, where the scene shifts abruptly to Celestina's house. The words, 'I arranged that all the work of the ancient author should be included in one act or scene,' suggest this observation: these words, it is true, occur only in the tragi-comedy, yet it is not impossible that they are due to the original author. It is no doubt on account of its length that this is the only act which has suffered no interpolations [1] in the editions of twenty-one acts. The *adicionador*, who, if he was not the original author, certainly shows a remarkable respect for the original author's work, has missed a tempting opportunity for interpolation in the speech of Sempronio, Act. I, pp. 15, 16. Mabbe has obscured the passage in his translation, by omitting, as usual, all biblical references. In the Spanish (Seville, 1501) Sempronio bids Calisto read his historians, philosophers and poets, mentioning Solomon, Seneca, Aristotle, St. Bernard, Adam: Calisto replies, 'This Adam, this Solomon, this David, this Aristotle, this Virgil, whom you mention . . . ' Sempronio as a matter of fact has mentioned neither David nor Virgil. Solomon might naturally suggest David, as woman is the topic, but Virgil for Seneca is rather surprising: can it possibly be that the later author struck out a reference to Virgil in Sempronio's speech, reserving him for mention in Act. VII (p. 115), but forgot to omit his name in Calisto's summary? It would certainly seem that the *adicionador* did not examine Act. I so carefully as the rest of the Comedy. Again the *incipit*, which from its more archaic form may have been the title of the earlier fragment, as it probably was of the *editio princeps*, suggests rather that the *Celestina* is a warning to those blasphemous lovers who called their mistresses their God; it is in the first act that Calisto's blasphemy is particularly noticeable, and perhaps in this we may see a relic of the original work, which was intended to convey a moral that did not appeal to the *converso*, and became somewhat obscured in the sequel.

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[1] I do not think that, because the author has been guilty of a deception that can easily be accounted for, we can therefore conclude that he is deceiving us in other places, where it is almost impossible to find a motive for deception.

As to the chronological difficulties raised by M. Foulché-Delbosc they are more serious, but not, I think, decisive. The question is, whether a man whose wife was thirty-five in 1525, and who was himself *Alcalde Mayor* of Salamanca in 1538, could have been the author of the *Celestina.* If we accept M. Foulché-Delbosc's suggestion that the work was written in 1483, it is improbable but still not impossible that Fernando de Rojas was the author; for it is, I think, as dangerous to dogmatize on the author's age, as on the time he spent in composing his work. Moreover, is it quite certain that the *Celestina* was written before the capture of Granada? In strictness of logic the words quoted above, '*Granada is taken*', should mean that Granada was not yet taken; but an artist is not necessarily logical. I conceive that even now an author might write, 'If you were told to-day that Ladysmith had been relieved, that Port Arthur had fallen, you would forget it in twenty-four hours', and the phrase would not appear unnatural. But if we consider with M. Foulché-Delbosc that several of the parallel clauses allude to events which could take place any number of times, and which were suggested to the author because they had actually occurred recently and in his knowledge, nothing could be more natural than that he should include a reference to Granada without considering the improbability of a second conquest of that town. The mention of Granada might naturally suggest the Turk, who now that the Moors had been swept from Spain was Christendom's greatest foe; there was, M. Foulché-Delbosc informs us, an eclipse on May 8, 1491; in 1492 the saintly Talavera, Isabella's confessor, was raised to the Archbishopric of Granada. In fine, it certainly appears that our chronological data are too vague at present to form a valid objection to the definite statement that Fernando de Rojas was the author of the *Comedia de Calisto y Melibea.*

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[1] One line is omitted in the later editions. The end of Sempronio's speech mentioned above reads in the edition of Seville, 1501, as follows, No has rezado en la festividad de sant Juan, *do dize: las mugeres y el vino hazen a los hombres renegar*; do dize: . . . Later editions omit the words in italics; this may well be a printer's error, due to the repetition of *do dize*; though, as the same quotation from Ecclesiasticus occurs at the beginning of this speech, its omission may be intentional. Mabbe, as usual, omits all biblical references.

I hope that the foregoing considerations show that Fernando de Rojas has not yet been proved to be a fraudulent claimant, and that consequently pending further evidence we may regard him as the original author of the *Comedia de Calisto y Melibea.* Whether he was responsible for the additions that appear in the tragi-comedy, is the question that we have now to consider. I have already pointed out that the introduction of Mena and Cota does not to my mind invalidate his claim to the authorship; it is quite likely that a friend suggested to him that the original fragment must have been the work of Mena or Cota, and that he embodied the suggestion in the letter, as likely to dispose the reader in his favour. An explanation has already been put forward for the alteration of the last sentence of the letter, which defines the end of the old author's work.

The prologue certainly contains a display of learning, which to the modern reader seems terribly pedantic, and this same pedantry appears more freely in the additions than in the original work. But what we regard as tedious and pedantic, Rojas' contemporaries considered interesting and the mark of an educated writer; and more than a century later Mabbe translates with an obvious gusto his most irrelevant allusions: it is likely enough that the *Comedia* may have been criticized for its lack of classical polish, and that the author wished to show that he was as capable as any one else of abusing 'les souvenirs de l'antiquité'. The praise of Heraclitus in the prologue comes naturally enough from the original author of the *Comedia*, in which there are several passages that recall the doctrine of πάντα ῥεῖ. As to the repetition of words and ideas in the letter and the prologue, it seems to cut both ways ; for it is a vice into which an author is only too prone to fall. M. Foulché-Delbosc's query as to the arguments would be even more unanswerable, if the publisher was responsible for the prologue.

It may be granted that generally speaking the additions are artistically unfortunate, and a close examination shows that they contain more inconsistencies than the original sixteen acts ; but it does not necessarily follow that the original author is not responsible for them ; second thoughts, as Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly remarks, are not always best. Yet it is not without regret that one rejects the beginning of Act. XIX, the romantic scene in the garden, which Sr. Menéndez y Pelayo compares to that scene in *Romeo and Juliet*, when the lark's song rang 'so out of tune' in the lovers' ears. It is hard to believe that there was another Spaniard living who could have written that scene besides the author of the *Comedia de Calisto y Melibea*. One may account for the piling-up of proverbs easily enough ; already in 1501 the author recommends his work for its 'sentencias filosofales', and he may well have thought the more he added the better his readers would like it. I must confess to having quoted, before I was aware of M. Foulché-Delbosc's discoveries, the remarkable change in Melibea's character after she had surrendered herself to her lover as a striking instance of Rojas' realism and psychological insight. Again I regarded Calisto's soliloquy (Act. XIV) as an attempt to describe a psychological fact; for is not his self-contempt and oblivion of Melibea a natural reaction after the experiences of the night ? The burlesque spirit in which Celestina describes her interview with Melibea is not unnatural, since she would be naturally anxious to exaggerate the difficulties she had overcome. The whole passage may be compared with her description of Parmeno's mother in Act. VII, p. 113.

As to the *Tratado de Centurio* I admit at once that aesthetically the catastrophe should have followed immediately upon the first night of love. But this addition has a certain meaning which may have commended it to Rojas besides the very natural one of prolonging the happiness of two characters whom the author had begun to love as the creations of his genius. In the edition of sixteen acts the catastrophe is not really motived by what precedes ; it is merely a chance that Calisto falls from the ladder and not the result of his own actions. In the longer version the revenge of Areusa and Elicia, following naturally from the deaths of Sempronio and Parmeno and therefore from Calisto's ungoverned passion, brings about Calisto's death, although Centurio did not intend that it should have fatal results.

If the *adicionador* was not the original author, he accomplished a very remarkable feat; he must have regarded the text with almost the same reverence as if he had written it himself, for he has added one-fourth to the original piece almost without the alteration of a word. Moreover, he has omitted one or two passages,[1] which cannot be ascribed to printers' carelessness, and he would scarcely have troubled to do this, had he been only a literary hack with a commission to enlarge the book. His additions have deceived the world for centuries,[2] so that Sr. Menéndez y Pelayo, one of the greatest of Spanish critics and scholars, can talk of the 'uniformity or rather identity of style' in every part of the *Celestina* and of the 'admirable unity of thought which reigns throughout the whole work, of the consistency of the character drawing, and of the logical and gradual development of the plot'. This feat I still cannot believe to have been possible for any writer other than the original author.

PRINCIPAL PASSAGES, WHICH DO NOT OCCUR IN THE EDITIONS OF SIXTEEN ACTS (BURGOS 1499, SEVILLE 1501), ADDED IN THE LATER EDITIONS.

Act. II

p. 51, l. 25. and I for my part . . . maintain your flight.

Act. III

p. 55, l. 4. for long custom . . . lesseneth wonders.
p. 56, last line. And whilst she was . . . go on our way (p. 57, l. 28).
p. 58, l. 26. they lie . . . clouding of their joy.
p. 61, l. 22. Prince and chief ruler . . . frightful Hydras.

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[1] v. p. 326.

[2] It is remarkable that critics have continually quoted passages, which occur only in the later editions of the *Celestina*, as particularly worthy of praise; thus Major Martin Hume in his *Spanish Influence on English Literature*, p. 127, chooses out the last speech of Act. VII, to illustrate 'how here (i.e. in the *Celestina*), for the first time in modern literature, the character of the individual is developed by what he says, instead of only guessed at by what he does.' He quotes Elicia's speech (pp. 126, 127) from *As long as we have meat* . . . to *pleasures for their riches*, though the latter part of his quotation does not occur in the editions of sixteen acts.

ACT. IV

p. 65, l. 17. Methinks . . . saluteth me.
p. 68, l. 19. Go on . . . woman from me.
p. 70, l. 20. He is rich . . . nothing in their hands (p. 71, l. 1).
p. 73, l. 17. And sometimes . . . travel with mettle.
p. 74, l. 32. and your dog . . . out of pity.
p. 74, l. 38. The pelican . . . beasts and birds (p. 75, l. 2).
p. 76, l. 1. This poor gentleman . . . ready to die. Mabbe mistranslates Sp. 'Up, friend' (i.e. the devil she has conjured), 'all is coming to ruin.'
p. 78, l. 20. and you know . . . for ever and ever.
p. 79, l. 16. Assuredly . . . to mar a great city.
p. 83, l. 1. LUCRECIA. A blessing . . . hence in peace.

ACT. V

p. 87, last line. I mean . . . you can use (p. 88, l. 6).
p. 89, l. 36. and look . . . devise.

ACT. VI

p. 95, l. 19. PARME. O what starting holes . . . cross himself again.
p. 98, l. 2. bearded miscreant.
l. 4. And when she . . . wits about me.

ACT. VII

p. 115, l. 4. And their honours.
p. 120, l. 14. And such . . . company.
p. 122, l. 21. to feed always . . . wears them out.
l. 29. as you may see . . . to your profit.
p. 124, l. 9. AREUSA, nay fie . . . do so no more (p. 125, l. 5).
p. 126, l. 37. I desire nothing . . . cares to themselves; and (p. 127, l. 4).
p. 127, l. 4. and a good sound sleep . . . Venice.

ACT. VIII

p. 130, l. 29. Then am I . . . complain.
p. 131, l. 8. Do not vex . . . prick through.
p. 131, l. 18. and the rather . . . is perpetual.
p. 136, l. 23. nor is all . . . glisters.

ACT. IX

p. 139, l. 3. afford her . . . as strangers.
p. 139, l. 31. O my young amorous youths.
p. 141, l. 1. this drives . . . instead of thirteen.

p. 142, l. 33. with parched . . . pressed together.
p. 143, l. 6. unless it be . . . sweetest.
p. 147, l. 21. They never . . . in one's mouth.
p. 150, l. 17. and I also . . . wretched remembrance.

Act. X

p. 159, l. 7. But let her . . . clearly know that.
p. 163, l. 40. I perceived . . . smooth flattery (p. 164, l. 16).

Act. XI

p. 170, l. 28. Besides mother . . . to the battle (p. 171, l. 3).
p. 172, l. 9. for I never go near . . . wall's corner. But.

Act. XII

p. 181, l. 40. and not to desire . . . endless contention (p. 182, l. 6).
p. 183, l. 12. and mine host . . . in the garden.
p. 184, l. 7. and when for . . . to use them.
p. 191, l. 16. I go not . . . this greyhound.
p. 192, l. 24. It is an infallible . . . appeaseth anger.

Act. XIII

p. 197, l. 16. Didst thou see them . . . cruel sorrow.
p. 200, l. 17. or else feign myself . . . wife Penelope.

Act. XIV

p. 201, l. 10. For who knows . . . to visit me (p. 202, l. 5).
p. 203, l. 16. since I am . . . to uncase them.
p. 205, l. 1. let your coming be . . . are to come.
p. 205, l. 15. Sosia. Tristan we must go . . . What will become of us? (p. 247, l. 27).

Act. XX

p. 250, l. 10. Come let us go quickly; . . . view of her.
p. 253, l. 3. but admit my death . . . they did amiss;
p. 255, l. 30 And thus almost . . . he was wont to do.
p. 255, l. 37. he going down . . . come soon enough.

PRINCIPAL PASSAGES OCCURRING IN THE EDITIONS OF SIXTEEN ACTS (BURGOS 1499, SEVILLE 1501) SUPPRESSED IN THE LATER EDITIONS.

Act. I.

p. 16, l. 24, v. Appendix II, p. 319, footnote.

ACT. III

p. 54, l. 39. Ines hath hanged herself; *Christopher was drunk.* Now in such cases. . . . The clause inserted in edition of Seville, 1501, is missing in that of Burgos, 1499, as in the later editions in twenty-one acts.

ACT. IV

p. 72, l. 7. MELIBEA. . . . What laughest thou at?

LUCRECIA. Because thou didst not recognize Mother Celestina *after so short a time by the physiognomy of her face.*

MELIBEA. Two years are not so short a time; and besides her face is all wrinkled.

CELESTINA. Madame. . . . Mabbe mistranslates, perhaps purposely, considering that Lucrecia's remark was scarcely respectful.

ACT. VI

p. 101, l. 29. CALISTO. In my dreams have I seen her so oft, night by night, that I fear me, that will happen unto me, which befel Alcibiades *or Socrates*; for *the one* dreamed that he saw himself enwrapped in his mistress's mantle and was the next day murdered, and found none to remove him from forth the common street, no, nor any to cover him, save only she who did spread her mantle over him; *while the other perceived that they called him by name, and died three days after.* Though I for my part . . .

ACT. VII

p. 110, l. 7. if you will but handfast your affections each to other, *nor will your master have any more privy to his counsels than you.*

p. 116, l. 9. . . And for that which thy father left thee, thou hast it safely kept for thee.

PARMENO. Well do I believe it, but would fain learn how much it is.

CELESTINA. That cannot be now: thy time will come, as I told you, when you shall learn and possess it (*know and hear*, Burgos 1499).

PARMENO. Let us now leave talking of the dead and of patrimonies; *for if little they left me little shall I have:* and let us parley. . . .

p. 117, l. 34. O, how like a siren dost thou look!
AREUSA. Thou speakest me well, mother.
CELESTINA. O how sweetly everything smells ...

p. 122, l. 21. It is a rare and strange thing to see a partridge fly single, *especially in summer.*

p. 123, l. 40. he says . . . that any benefit shall light well, that shall fall upon you. *And also since this is done by my intercession, he promises me henceforward to be very friendly with Sempronio and to act against his master as he may be required, in a certain business that we have in hand. Is that so Parmeno? Do you promise even as I have said?*

PARMENO. Yes I promise faithfully.

CELESTINA. Ah! Sir scoundrel, I have thy word! in a good hour did I catch thee. Come hither Modesty . . .

Act. XI

p. 167, l. 36. And hear you me, for I will tell it you in a few words (for I love to be short): Melibea is wholly at your service.

In the early editions this runs as follows: *For I bring you many good words from Melibea; she is wholly at your service.*

Act. XXI

p. 263, l. 25. Why didst thou show thyself so cruel against thy aged father? *Why hast thou left me, when it was I that should have left thee?* Why hast thou left me. . . .

NOTE

M. Foulché-Delbosc is disposed to attribute the omissions, enumerated above, to the printer's carelessness; in a certain number of cases this explanation may be accepted as certain; for instance, Act. I (p. 16, l. 24), Act. VII (p. 117, l. 34), Act. XXI (p. 263, l. 26), and it is reasonable to suppose that in Act. III (p. 54, l. 39) the inane clause *Christopher was drunk*, which appears only in the edition of Seville, 1501, and not in that of Burgos, 1499, was added by a printer's freak. But an examination of some of the other omitted passages suggests that there was a purpose in their omission, and I am inclined to believe that the *adicionador* was not content with enlarging the *Comedia de Calisto y Melibea*, but that he also attempted to improve the earlier work by expunging certain passages that seemed to him out of place. The following remarks are merely tentative, but they may perhaps be worthy of the reader's consideration.

Act. IV (p. 72, l. 7). It is to be noted that the chronology of the *Celestina* is difficult to follow, and the author as a rule avoids mentioning any definite space of time. Moreover it is strange that Melibea who, according to Act. XXI (p. 258), is twenty years old, should have forgotten Celestina's face, and yet remember how long it is since she has seen her; while two years could not have altered Celestina's appearance very much, if she had, as Parmeno says at the end of Act. II, 'six dozen of years about her'. Celestina calls herself in Act. XII (p. 192) 'an old woman of sixty years of age'.

Act. VI (p. 101, l. 29). Here again we seem to be face to face with a deliberate alteration. The reference to Socrates may well have been omitted as out of place. For the fatal voices that Socrates heard calling him by name are scarcely parallel to Calisto's dreams to his beloved, even though he has said above that all his senses 'have brought whole basketfuls of trouble to his heart . . . the eyes in seeing her, the ears in hearing and the hands in touching her'. Melibea could hardly suggest Socrates' *daimon* to the most pedantic of lovers.

Act. VII (p. 110, l. 7). The sentence omitted is better away. For Parmeno and Sempronio, whether friends or enemies, have no rival to fear in their master's confidence.

Act. VII (p. 116, l. 9). The 'great store of gold and silver' (v. p. 37) left to Parmeno by his parents according to the veracious Celestina, plays no real part in the plot. The author appears to forget all about it, and it would seem to be a survival from the original draft of the play. Parmeno knew Celestina too well to take her promises seriously, and the reviser may possibly have omitted this passage, for fear that Parmeno's question might be taken as serious and not ironical.

Act. VII (p. 123, l. 40). The omission of these lines does not look much like a printer's error, but it is hard to see a purpose in it. It is to be noticed that the *adicionador* has added a long passage a few lines later, and he may have thought it well to lighten the length of the Act a little; it is remarkable that by far the largest number of omissions occur in this Act. Perhaps he thought it unlikely that the cunning Celestina would show her hand in this way to Areusa, who was a young lady particular as to appearances, and who might have objected to her favours being made the object of a bargain. Moreover the added *Tratado de Centurio* requires that Areusa should really have loved Parmeno, since it is to avenge his death that she seeks vengeance on the lovers.

ACT. XI (p. 167, l. 36). Here we have the addition of a good touch in the portrait of Celestina. It is quite natural that the wise bawd, who in the hands of the *adicionador* has become even more wordy, should pride herself on her brevity. It may be compared with the addition in Act. VII (p. 115), where Celestina, talking of the disreputable occupations of Parmeno's mother and their reward, remarks that 'men must suffer something in this wicked world, for to uphold their lives *and honours*'.

It is very dangerous, I am fully aware, to dogmatize on the object of the reviser's alterations; but it would certainly seem that, while in his additions he has treated the original text with a scrupulous care, that must have cost him no little trouble, he has also in a few cases endeavoured to improve it by suppression. If we imagine that the *adicionador* was not the original author, but only a literary hack with a commission to enlarge the work, it is surprising that he should have deliberately shortened it; for he was fully aware how a number of short additions will increase the bulk of a work, witness the brevity of many of his interpolations. It seems to me far more probable that the *adicionador*, who was anxious, it may be admitted, to enlarge the work, and also desirous to improve it aesthetically, was no other than the author himself, even though his additions have impaired the value of the whole work.

APPENDIX III

AN INTERLUDE OF CALISTO AND MELEBEA[1]

The influence of the *Celestina* was not confined to the Picaresque Novel; to a great extent it formed the early Spanish drama, while its earliest appearance on the English stage foreshadows that romantic movement which found a perfect expression in Shakespeare's genius. It solved the problem which all art must solve, the fusion of realism and idealism, that is the expression of life, as it essentially is, in the terms of art. The heartless selfishness of Celestina and Sempronio, the shamelessness of Elicia and Areusa, the well-meaning but weak-willed Parmeno, have left their mark upon the picaresque novel; but they are all subordinate to the romantic loves of Calisto and Melibea, which, however brief their duration, however cruel the Nemesis that overtook them, transcend all material things, and morality itself. By its conception of love, its central theme, the *Celestina* is both idealistic and romantic, and Calisto, whose universe was Melibea's love, and Melibea, who for Calisto held the world well-lost, are worthy precursors of Romeo and Juliet.

It is not surprising that attempts should have been made to adapt the *Celestina* to the stage, its dramatic qualities are obvious, and it is for this reason that Alonso de Proaza tells us that the reader of *Calisto* 'should sometimes mutter through closed teeth, sometimes speak with joyous hope and passion, sometimes in anger and great confusion . . . weeping and laughing in time and season'. Pedro Manuel Jiménez de Urrea, who wrote later *La Penitencia de Amor*, a combination of the *Celestina* and the allegorical *Cárcel de Amor*, published in his *Cancionero*, Logroño (1513), an *Égloga de la tragicomedia de Calixto y Melibea de prosa trovada en metro.* This versified version of the first act of the tragicomedy was from its argument intended for representation. The argument runs as follows: 'This eclogue is to be presented in two parts. First enters Melibea and after her Calixto, and they talk together: in the end Melibea dis-misses Calixto in anger, and he goes off first, followed immediately by Melibea. Calixto returns in great despair, to seek Sempronio, his servant, and the two stay talking, until Sempronio goes to seek Celestina, that she may find a remedy for his master's love. The poem ends when Calixto remains alone, and to make a good conclusion, they go off singing the *villancico*, which comes at the end.' The author has kept very closely to his original, and his verse is easy and fluent, though his eclogue is rather a versified extract from the tragi-comedy than an adaptation.

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[1] The Spanish Melibea becomes in the Interlude Melebea, and in Hazlitt's reprint Meliboea, hence the different spellings in this Appendix.

Some few years later an Englishman followed in the footsteps of Urrea, probably unconsciously; but he was not content, like his predecessor, with abridging the first act, which, according to the author of the tragi-comedy, was the nucleus round which the rest of the work was written. *A new commodye in English, in maner of an enterlude ryght elygant and full of craft of rethoryk wherein is shewd and dyscrybyd as well the bewte and good propertes of women as theyr vycys and euyll condicions with a morall conclusion and exhortacyon to vertew*, was the quaint and surprising title of this English adaptation. I have ventured for convenience to call it *An Interlude of Calisto and Melebea*, since the short titles used by former editors are scarcely satisfactory.[1] A single copy of the original edition has come down to us, preserved in the Malone Collection at the Bodleian Library, Oxford; it was printed by John Rastell, as the colophon informs us, and though it bears no date, it probably appeared between 1520 and 1530. In the year 1523 Juan Luis Vives, the great classicist, published at Bruges his *De Institutione Christianae feminae*, dedicated to Catherine of Aragon, in which he condemned the *Tragicomedia de Calisto y Melibea* as *liber pestifer*, and called Celestina *lena nequitiarum parens*, or, as Richard Hyrd translates, *y^e baude mother of noughtyness*: the same year he came to England and went into residence at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, as fellow and reader in rhetoric. It has been suggested that Vives' denunciation of the *Celestina* served the usual purpose of such denunciations and drew the attention of one of his pupils or friends to the reprobated work, who composed a version of the tragi-comedy for the English stage 'in maner of an Enterlude'. Vives did not leave England till 1528, but there is more than chronological evidence to connect him with the Interlude. For Vives was an intimate friend of Sir Thomas More, and it is likely enough that he was acquainted with More's brother-in-law, John Rastell, the printer of the Interlude. On the strength of this connection Rastell has been considered as the author as well as publisher of this version of the *Celestina*; but it is to be noted that the colophon says no more than *Johēs Rastell me imprimi fecit*; it is probable that, had he been responsible for the version, he would have used the words *me fieri fecit*, as he does in the dialogue of *Gentylnes and Nobylyte*, which was possibly his own composition, and in all probability acted in his garden. A recent editor of the Interlude suggests that its author was John Heywood, as he finds that 'style, tricks of diction, phraseology, repetitions, "humour of filth," are, with other evidence, the same in *Calisto and Melibœa* as in Heywood's undoubted productions'. A comparison, however, of the conclusion of the Interlude, where the adapter appears to be relying on his own abilities, with any of Heywood's plays, will, I think, convince the reader that that author could not have been responsible for Danio's moralizing; coincidences of diction and phraseology there are, of course, but it is only accidentally that the adapter of the *Celestina* resembles 'Heywood with the mad, merry wit', as Heywood calls himself, and then almost invariably he is inspired by his original.

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[1] Hazlitt calls it *The Tragicomedy of Calisto and Melibœa*, but the title of tragi-comedy is misleading, as it is not mentioned in the old copy. In the Early English Drama Society's reprint, edited by Mr. John S. Farmer, it is called *An Interlude showing the beauty and good properties of women* (*commonly known as Calisto and Melibœa*), a peculiarly unfortunate abridgment of the original title.

We may consider, therefore, that the Interlude was very probably the work of one of Vives' pupils or friends, but beyond this with present evidence we cannot go with any certainty. In this connection, however, the following point is rather suggestive. I have noted in Vives' Latin treatise, *Ad Sapientiam Introductio*, published at Aberdeen in 1523, a list of natural or bodily (as opposed to accidental) blessings, which recalls a similar list in Act. I of the *Celestina*. The *Latin* has 'forma, sanitas, firmitas, integritas, robur, celeritas, delectatio'; the *Celestina*, 'fermosura, gracia, grandeza de miembros, fuerza, ligereza', which Mabbe translates (p. 17, l. 38), 'favour, feature, largeness of limbs, force, agility', and the Interlude (l. 209), '*bewte*, and gretnes *of membres* perfyt, *strenght*, *lyghtnes*'. The resemblance between the Latin and Spanish is one of thought rather than form, and is probably to be attributed to a common classical original. In 1540 Sir Richard Morison, who took his B.A.[1] at Oxford in 1528 and was therefore 'in statu pupillari' during Vives' professorship, published an English version of the *Introductio* with the title *An Introduction to Wysedom*. He translates the Latin list of natural blessings, quoted above, '*beauty*, health, integrite *of membres*, *strength*, *lightness*, delectation', a translation which, except for the additional qualities, is closer to the Interlude's rendering of the Spanish than to its Latin original: the identity of the italicized words in Morison's *Introduction* and the *Interlude* can hardly be a coincidence; for the two translations are verbally far more alike than their originals. If 'beauty' and 'strength' respectively are natural equivalents of 'forma' and 'fermosura', 'robur' and 'fuerça', Morison's 'integrite of membres' and 'lightness' are by no means the most obvious renderings of 'firmitas, integritas' and 'celeritas', though in the Interlude 'gretnes of membres' and 'lyghtnes' are literal reproductions of 'grandeza de miembros' and 'ligereza'. The conclusion is that Morison must have been acquainted with the versified adaptation of the *Celestina*, called *A new commedy . . . in maner of an Enterlude.* Can it be that Morison composed the Interlude in his undergraduate days, and that he was echoing, consciously or unconsciously, the words he had used in his youthful version of the *Celestina*? It seems scarcely probable that any one but the author would retain a verbal remembrance of a piece which to all appearances met with little or no success, more than ten years after its publication.

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[1] *Spanish Literature in the England of the Tudors*, J. G. Underhill, p. 93.

As far as the plot is concerned the adapter, whoever he was, took Vives' censure to heart; for he proves himself a stickler for morality, and does not scruple to torture a non-moral work of art into an object lesson on prayer and the duties of parents: he shows indeed all the seriousness that is characteristic of Vives and his English disciples. Yet we may be thankful that he does not carry his piety to greater lengths; he reproduces something of Calisto's all-engrossing passion and of Celestina's wisdom, and so long as he follows the Spanish, he does not disfigure his text with sermons: he confines his morality to the conclusion. Indeed, despite his 'exhortacyon to vertew', the early translator is less sedate than Mabbe, and the coarser manners of his time allowed him to retain a good many passages that the latter thought it advisable to omit.

Perhaps he had heard from Vives of Urrea's *Eclogue of the Tragi-comedy of Calixto and Melibea*, and although he apparently made no use of that version was consciously emulating it, Certainly his courage more than equalled his piety: for not content with finding a moral and a warning in the pessimism of his original, he undertook the task of confining its twenty-one acts within the exceedingly narrow limits of an Interlude, and turning its idiomatic *prosa de oro* into a seven-line rhyming stanza, which must have sorely tried his ingenuity.

For the abridgment of his original he adopted drastic measures: he translated fairly literally, though perforce with many omissions, Act. I, part of Act. II, and Act. IV; then, after a line or two reminiscent of the opening of the fifth act, he simply omitted the rest of the tragi-comedy, and presented the reader with a completion of his own. After line 920, with the appearance of Danio, who has taken the place of Pleberio as Melibea's father, there is nothing in the expression or thought to suggest the original of the preceding lines. The cynicism of the Celestina is replaced by a moralizing purpose akin to Vives' pedagogic spirit. It is remarkable that Danio is the only new name in the list of dramatis personæ; it would appear that the adapter, unless he conveyed Danio and his dream from some unidentified source, wished to mark the beginning of his own original work.

He seems to have started on his task with a light heart; for he preserved even a few pedantic lines from the prologue, and gave them to Melebea that she might at her first appearance impress the audience with philosophical quotations from Heraclitus and Petrarch concerning the constitution of the universe. After these strictly congruous remarks follow some thirty lines of original soliloquy, before the translation proper begins. Then, however, the adapter is content to translate and adapt, adding little and omitting freely. At the end of Celestina's interview with Melebea either the patience of his piety and his powers of translation were exhausted, or he despaired of reducing the piece to the required dimensions; accordingly, before anything had happened, before Melebea had even confessed her love for Calisto, much less admitted him as her lover, he abruptly introduces a *deus ex machina* in the shape of Danio and his 'ferefull dreme and meruelous' to cut a knot which was still untied.

The Interlude is indeed far from being a dramatic masterpiece. Besides faults of construction, its versification is rough and its rhyme often feeble, though both rhyme and metre have suffered more than a little in the hands of recent editors. It is often hard to determine whether ignorance or the exigencies of rhyme and metre are responsible for certain blunders in translation; certainly it is to one or the other that we owe the delightful personification of the Tarpeian Rock, as one of Nero's paramours, in the following passage. The Interlude (l. 119) has:

Behold nero in the loue of tapaya oprest
Rome how he brent | old and yong wept
But she toke no thought nor neuer the less slept

Mabbe translates literally,

Nero from Tarpey doth behold
How Rome doth burn all on a flame;
He hears the cries of young and old,
Yet is not grieved at the same.

Tapaya is clearly a misprint for Tarpeya, which Hazlitt has altered to Poppaea, a correction which for perversity deserves to rank with the adapter's mistranslation.[1] Hazlitt's correction has been generally accepted, and it is one of the learned references which led Dr. Brandl to rank the Interlude as an early example of the School-drama, and it is a little curious that Mr. Rosenbach,[2] who, in correcting Dr. Brandl's mistake, points out that these references are derived from the Spanish *Celestina*, which is as unlike a didactic school-drama as any work can be, quotes Poppaea as mentioned in the Spanish.

Again the addition of a vocal duet between Parmeno and Celestina, though in accordance with the traditions of the early English drama, is rather jarring to the sense of dramatic propriety; for Celestina was great with the greatness of Fielding's Jonathan Wild, and never made herself ridiculous. The adapter was more successful when he turned the third scene of the first act, between Celestina, Elicia and Sempronio, which he could not possibly bring upon the stage, into a lively narrative, which at once impresses upon the audience the subtlety of the wise bawd.

Not all the blunders and primitive ruggedness of the Interlude can quite obscure the merit of the original, and a comparison of the Dream of Danio and the Repentance of Melebea with the earlier part of the play will show how the *Celestina's* truth and genius have inspired even an indifferent translator. Sometimes indeed he has a happy turn of phrase: the passage where Calisto describes Melebea's beauty contains several felicities of translation, and the reader will note a few lines here and there which reproduce the original not unworthily. Once or twice even the adapter has added a line of his own, that is, as it were, a faint glimmer of the dawn of English poetic diction; for instance:

The thurst of sorrow is my myxyd wine,
Whych dayly I drink with deep draughtes of care.

Theyre fals intentes and flykkeryng smylyng.

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[1] It is possible that the adapter thought such a classical blunder suitable to Sempronio; but the rest of his work does not suggest such subtlety. Certainly so gross a misconception is against the theory that one of Vives' pupils was the author.

[2] *The Influence of the Celestina in the Early English Drama, Jahrbuch der deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft,* xxxix. 1903, a valuable study of the Interlude, to which the present Appendix is much indebted.

With all its faults the Interlude remains unique among the plays of the period. For the first time the characters are men and women, and are named as such; they are not merely representative of a class or type, like the Friar or the Pardoner, nor are they shadowy personifications of virtues, vices, and the like, the puppets of an allegory. With the Interlude we are in the world of flesh and blood: Calisto, Sempronio, Parmeno, Melebea and Celestina are alive beneath their ill-fitting English clothes, and their words and actions are inspired by human motives, while the story of their lives is bound up in what was even then, 'the old problem', the love of a man and woman.

Its observance of the unities also distinguishes it from all the other plays of its time; it has a story to tell, even though the story never reaches a dramatic conclusion. In fact we have, in the *Interlude of Calisto and Melebea*, as Mr. Rosenbach points out, a play that contains all the essentials of the regular drama with one exception, and that the least important, that of dimension. Its very title, *A new commodye in english, in maner of an Enterlude*, is suggestive: for it is the first time that a play in English, not derived from classical sources, had been called a comedy, while the combination of comedy and interlude recalls the later *Ralph Roister Doister*, the first regular English comedy, which is described in the Prologue as a Comedy or Enterlude. In short, the Interlude contains a reflection, sadly dimmed it is true by the translator's shortcomings, of the romantic realism and the artistic unity which set the *Celestina* among the highest achievements of Spanish genius.

It may be inferred from such lines as that which marks Sempronio's first entrance, 'Dew gard my lordes, and God be in this place', clearly a salutation to the audience, that the Interlude was acted; but it seems that it met with scant success, since its manner, so far in advance of its age, found no imitators, and since it is no more than a lucky chance that we know of its existence through the Malone copy. It has, however, been argued from a passage in a puritanical tract with the title, *A Second and Third Blast of Retrait from Plaies and Theaters, . . . set forth by Anglophile Eutheo* (1580), that the Interlude, or at least a recension of it, was in vogue some fifty years after its first publication. This passage runs as follows: 'The nature of their Comedies are, for the most part, after one manner of nature, like the tragical Comedie of *Calistus*; where the bawdresse Scelestina inflamed the maiden Melibeia with her sorceries. Do we not use in these discourses to counterfet witchcraft, charmed drinks and amorous potions. . .'.

The latest editor of the Interlude, who erroneously ascribes this tract to Gosson, remarks that this description exactly suits the present piece. But this is scarcely the case. The tragical Comedie of *Calistus* is from its title a more accurate reproduction of the *Tragicomedia de Calisto y Melibea* than *A new commodye . . . in maner of an Enterlude.* Mr. Rosenbach, who considers that the tragical Comedie of *Calistus* is a recension of the Interlude, observes that the sorceries of Celestina are contained in the earlier production. The only reference to these sorceries that I can find in the Interlude is that Celestina is occasionally called 'witch', as a term of abuse, and Parmeno once describes her as 'not only a bawd but a witch by her craft'. The only sorceries she made use of were 'fayre wordes', which almost persuaded Melebea 'to fulfill the foule lust of Calisto'. On the other hand, Celestina's sorceries play an important part in the Spanish original, and her weird conjuration at the end of Act. III, omitted in the Interlude, certainly counterfeits witchcraft in unmistakable fashion. It seems then that the tragical Comedie of *Calistus* is an adaptation of the *Celestina,* which follows its original far more closely than the Interlude: it may of course have been based on the earlier work, but there is no evidence [1] to prove that this was the case, as the later author appears beyond doubt to have had recourse to the original work. It may have been to this play, that Gosson, himself once a playwright, was referring in *Playes Confuted* (1581), when he remarked, that '*baudie Comedies* in Latin, French, Italian, and *Spanish,* have been thoroughly ransackt to furnish the Play-houses in London'.

Certainly, even if he used the Interlude, the new adapter or translator would have in all probability omitted the moral conclusion, and indeed the puritanic censure above quoted suggests that it was absent: upon this omission an alteration in the title would naturally follow, and the tragical Comedie would scarcely profess to describe the good properties of women, as well as their vices and evil condicions. Consequently *The Comedy of Beauty and Housewifery,* played on December 27, 1582, by Lord Hudson's servants is not likely to be the later form of Calisto and Melebea, with which it has been identified; the resemblance of name may well be a coincidence. Be that as it may, dramatized versions of the *Tragicomedy of Calisto and Melibea* undoubtedly exercised an appreciable influence on the pre-Shakespearean drama, and there is not the slightest difficulty in supposing that the author of *Romeo and Juliet* was acquainted with the story of Calisto and Melibea.

The *Celestina* was certainly well-known in England at that time, when be it noted *Lazarillo de Tormes* was already popular, and Greene and Nash were attempting to found a school of picaresque fiction. Spanish must have been a comparatively familiar language in England, when a publisher thought seriously of issuing an edition of the *Celestina* in its original language. According to the Stationers Register '*Lacelestina comedia* in Spanishe' was entered on February 24, 1591, for publication, though the venture seems never to have been carried through. Again in October, 1598, there is the following entry, 'entered . . . a booke intituled, *The tragicke Comedye of CELESTINA. wherein are discoursed in most pleasant stile manye Philosophicall sentences and advertisements verye necessarye for younge gentlemen. Discoveringe the sleightes of treacherous servantes and the subtile cariages of filthy bawdes*', a title sufficiently close to that of the original (v. Appendix II, p. 303) to suggest that this work was to be a far more complete version of the tragi-comedy than any that preceded it: presumably, though the word 'book' is often used for a stage play, it was not intended for the stage.

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[1] v. infra.

Thirty-three years later Mabbe published his version of the *Celestina*. It does not seem probable that he was acquainted with the Interlude; the reader will note a frequent verbal similarity in the two versions, but this resemblance can as a rule be explained by their common original. The following passages, however, are worthy of note.

Interlude, l. 83. Your *house* and horse and all thyng was to dress. The obvious misprint mentioned in the Critical Note to Mabbe's version Act. I, p. 10, can be no more than a coincidence.

Interlude, l. 116. For I fele sharp *nedyls* within my brest; Peas, warr, truth[1], *haterad* and *iniury* . . .

Act. I, p. 12. Who harbours in his breast *needles*, peace, war, truce, love, *hate*, *injuries* . . .

Spanish. Quien tiene dentro del pecho *aguijones*, paz, guerra, tregua, amor, *enemistad*, *injurias* . . . The resemblance between the two English versions is striking. Both translate aguijones (lit. stings) as though it were agujas (needles), although elsewhere Mabbe translates it correctly; *injuries* is distinctly a slavish translation of injurias; *hate*, however, was naturally suggested as the opposite of *love*, which perhaps we should supply in the Interlude before *haterad*, though otherwise it is not the obvious rendering of enemistad.

Interlude, l. 502. How dar'st thou wyth me, boy, be so bold ?
Act. I, p. 36. How dar'st thou be so bold with me ?
Spanish. y como te atreves ? (lit. how dare you ?).

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[1] v. Critical Note.

Interlude, l. 512. When thou *lay'st* at my *beddes* fete . . .

Act. I, p. 36. When thou *lay'st* at my *bed's* feet . . .

Spanish. Quando dormias a mis pies (When thou didst *sleep* at *my feet*).

Interlude, l. 521. *Folow* the doctrine of thy Elders . . .

Act. I, p. 38. *following* the doctrine . . . of thy ancestors, return unto reason.

Spanish. tornate *con* la doctrina de tus mayores a la razon (lit. return *with* the doctrine of thy elders to reason).

Interlude, l. 580. I left her alone.

Act. I, p. 42. I left her alone (reading of original edition v. Critical Note).

Spanish. Sola la dexa (he leaves her alone).

Interlude, l. 631. Thys gyuyeth me warnyng from hens forward . . . I will . . .
Say as he sayth, be it good or yll.

Act. II, pp. 51, 52. But this shall be a warning unto me ever hereafter *to say as he says*. If he say . . .

Spanish. Mas esto me porna escarmiento daqui adelante con el; que si dixere . . . (But this shall be a warning to me ever hereafter *in my dealings with him* (lit. *with him*); so if he says . . .).

Interlude, l. 747. For good dedes to good men be a lowable.
And specyally to *nedy* aboue all other.

Act. IV, p. 74. Besides, he that doth a benefit, receives it, when it is done to a person that *desires* it.

Spanish.[1] é más que el que haze beneficio, le rescibe, quando es á persona que le *merece* (Especially as, he that doth a benefit, receives it, when it is done to a person that *deserves* it). The English versions insist on the wishes or necessity of the recipient, while the original is concerned only with his deserts.

Interlude, l. 850. . . . in him is no malyncoly:
With grace *indewid*.

Act. IV, p. 80. the poor gentleman hath no gall in him . . .
He is *endued* with thousands of graces. . . .

Spanish. No tiene hiel, gracias dos mil (he has no gall, but two thousand graces). Both Mabbe and the author of the Interlude have hit on the word *endued* without suggestion from the Spanish. Mabbe also uses 'melancholy', the Interlude's rendering of hiel (gall), to translate tristeza two lines below, 'there is no melancholy . . . that reigneth in him,' where the Interlude has 'enuy in him reynyd neuer,' and the Spanish, 'jamas reyna en el tristeza' (sadness never reigns in him).

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[1] This is the reading of the editions in twenty-one acts. Burgos 1499 reads y el que le [beneficio] da le recibe, quando a persona digna del le haze; in Seville 1501 the second *le* before recibe is omitted. The passage has been rewritten in the later editions, and a change made in the following words, apparently for the sake of clearness. This alteration is not mentioned by M. Foulché-Delbosc in his Appendix, *Revue Hispanique*, tom. vii. 1900, p. 75.

These resemblances may be no more than the coincidences of translation, and they are neither numerous nor definite enough to prove Mabbe's acquaintance with the Interlude. They rather suggest, if they are not merely accidental, the possibility that a version of the *Celestina* founded on the Interlude was published at the end of the sixteenth century, though no copy of it has come down to us, and that this version was consulted by Mabbe, who has consequently preserved some of the renderings of the earliest adaptation.

It is remarkable that the *Celestina* should at the end of the sixteenth century have been far more familiar to the English public than it was to the English scholars of the nineteenth century. The remarkable fact that the Interlude is the first instance of Spanish influence upon the English drama, and that it is the first important work to be translated from the Spanish, was until the last few years practically ignored. Thus J. P. Collier in his *History of English Dramatic Poetry* analysed the play, but the only mention of the Spanish *Celestina* is confined to the following footnote, 'It was very early the subject of a play in Spanish. It was finally extended in that language to twenty-one *Jornadas* [1] or Acts, and was translated into English by Thomas (*sic*) Mabbe in 1631.' He quotes with approval a number of the most striking passages, and is apparently unaware that every one of them is a translation, or at least a paraphrase, of the Spanish, while he says with justice, 'There is nothing remarkable in the moral lecture of old Danio at the end'. He considers also that Scelestina, as the wise bawd is misnamed in the puritanical tract quoted above, is the correct spelling of Celestina. Vanegas de Busto would have agreed with him on moral grounds; for, curiously enough, Busto hit on the same pun to express his disapproval of Celestina's morals.

It was not till 1874 that *An Interlude of Calisto and Melebea* was reprinted by W. Carew Hazlitt in his edition of *Dodsley's Old English Plays*, vol. i. In this case the editor has completely ignored the Spanish original, which in one or two cases would have enabled him to establish the correct reading. Thus a glance at the Spanish would have shown the impossibility of correcting tapaya to Poppæa, and would have explained the passage where Celestina bids Crito ‘to hyde hym in my chamber among the brome’. Hazlitt explains *broom* as ‘Probably the rushes with which the room was laid’, a note which becomes, in the ‘Note-Book and Word-List’ to the Early English Drama Society's edition, ‘one of the substitutes for rushes with which rooms were anciently strewn’. No authority is quoted for this use of broom, nor have I been able to find any. The Spanish says *en la camarilla de las escobas*, ‘in the housemaids' closet,’ ‘in the little chamber where the besoms be’ as Mabbe puts it, and this is probably what the adapter was driving at, though his translation is not very clear.

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[1] The use of the word *jornadas* is particularly unfortunate, as the *Celestina* is divided into *auctos* or *autos*.

Not only is the *Tragicomedia de Calisto y Melibea* unmentioned, but the text has been so altered by modernization, by the copyist's errors, and by the latinizing wherever possible of proper names etc., that its relation to the Spanish is much obscured, a fact which has led later students into error. It seems that Hazlitt wished to identify the Interlude with the later tragical Comedie of *Calistus*, and so he gives us Meliboea for Melebea, Elicæa for Elecea, calls Sempronio a parasite, and one is only surprised that Calisto has not become Calistus. Such traces of its romance origin as Eraclito, Narciso, preserved in the old copy, were all obliterated and reduced to the ordinary Latin forms. The Interlude has been recently reprinted in *Six Anonymous Plays First Series, edited by John S. Farmer. Privately printed for subscribers by the Early English Drama Society*, 1905, a reprint which can be at once dismissed as a valueless reproduction of Hazlitt.

Students of the early English drama, in discussing the Interlude, show, as a rule, a certain reluctance to admit the indebtedness of the Interlude to the Spanish, or at least a considerable vagueness as to the nature of the *Celestina.* Thus in Mr. Chambers' *Mediaeval Stage* the Interlude is described as ‘a partial English version through the Italian of the Spanish *Celestina* (1492) of Fernando Rojas de Montalvan and Rodrigo Costa’, a description that contains more than one inaccuracy. Again, Mr. Gayley in ‘An Historical View of the Beginnings of English Comedy’, in *Representative English Comedies, From the Beginnings to Shakespeare* (1903), fully admits the importance of the Interlude, and mentions that a Spanish work, ‘the dramatic novel of *Calisto and Melibœa,*[1] is the source of our first English romantic drama’. But he goes on to say that the Interlude may be called

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[1] Hazlitt's mis-spelling of the heroine's name has been extended by Mr. Gayley and other writers on the Early English drama to the Spanish original.

English, because, ‘ though it derives from romance sources (the Spanish dramatic composition by Fernando de Rojas, before 1500), and is affected by the Italian, it does not follow exactly the plot of its original ’. This hardly suggests that the Interlude qua romantic comedy is essentially a translation from the Spanish, while the translator’s additions and alterations are as dull and as inartistic as the average interlude of the time. The greater part (800 lines out of 1088) is translated more or less literally, and contains all the romantic intrigue and vigorous realism, which distinguishes the Interlude from the other plays of its period. The note in the British Museum Catalogue, ‘ It is founded in slight measure only upon the Spanish Tragicomedia ’, expresses the generally received opinion.[1]

Recognizing that four-fifths of *The Interlude of Calisto and Melebea* is a reproduction of the *Celestina*, one naturally inquires, what was the version used by the translator ? In the first place, it is clear that the English version is founded upon the later recension of the tragi-comedy in twenty-one acts, as is shown by the inclusion of the extracts from the Prologue, which first appears in that state, and again by l. 763 and l. 778, since the examples of the dog and pelican are similar additions. In the second place the question arises was the interlude translated directly from the Spanish, or from a version in some other language ? The *Celestina* had been already translated into Italian by Ordoñez ; the earliest edition of Ordoñez’s version extant, probably not the *editio princeps*, is that of Rome 1506, and it had been reprinted in 1514 at Milan, in 1515 at Venice and Milan, in 1519 and 1525 at Venice. The earliest French translation is that of Paris, 1527, reprinted in 1529, while there is a German edition of 1520. Both Mr. Gayley and Mr. Chambers assume that the Interlude was translated through the Italian, and they are supported by Mr. J. G. Underhill[2] in his *Spanish Literature in the England of the Tudors* (1899) : but in no case is any authority given for this statement or any proof advanced. This theory, which is quite unfounded, may be partly due to the inaccuracies of the reprint of *Calisto and Melebea*, and partly to a natural presumption that the Italian version would be more accessible to the English writer. I have compared the English with the Italian and Spanish versions, and find that wherever the two latter vary, the former invariably approximates to the Spanish. The following passages will prove this contention:—

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[1] Ten Brink gives full weight to the Spanish influence in his *History of English Literature*, and of course Mr. Rosenbach in the article mentioned above.

[2] Mr. Underhill kindly informs me that he has modified his views as to the Italian origin of the Interlude, and that a forthcoming edition of his *Spanish Literature in the England of the Tudors* will support the theory of its direct Spanish origin, advocated in this Appendix.

Interlude l. 116. sharp nedyls. Mabbe has also mistranslated *aguijones* (— stings) in this passage, as needles (v. p. 12), though later he translates the word more correctly in the phrase, 'Kick not against the prick' (p. 47) (Sp. huye de tirar coces al aguijón). It was easy enough to confuse *aguijones* with agujas (— needles), but the Italian has coltelli (— knives), which could not have suggested this translation.

l. 129. And gretter is the fyre that brennyth one soul. . . . In this passage the Spanish editions in sixteen acts have la que *mata* (that slayeth), a reading which is preserved in the edition of Salamanca (1502) and Valencia (1514). But the editions of Seville and Toledo (1502) read la que quema (that burneth), doubtless by a printer's error; for it is easy to mistake la q̃ mata for la q̃ q̃ma. It is clear that the Interlude is based on a version which reads *quema* or its equivalent; the Italian, however, preserves the correct reading and translates amazza (— Sp. mata).

l. 158. sufferayn, a literal translation of the Spanish *soberano*; the Italian has *dio.*

l. 179. To seke remedy. This is either a mistranslation of *remedasses* (— thou shouldest imitate), the reading of the editions of Burgos (1499), Seville (1501) and (1502), Salamanca (1502), or else the adapter read with Toledo (1502) and Valencia (1514) *remediasses,* which is clearly a corruption: the Italian has *te assimigliassi.*

l. 183. rygour of intencyon, suggested by the Sp. no tienen intención; por rigor. . . These words are omitted in the Italian.

l. 697. O angelyk ymage! O perle so precyous! a word for word translation of O Angelica ymagen! O perla preciosa: the Italian has, O angelica figura! O gemma preciosa.

The above passages prove, I consider, beyond all possibility of doubt, that the Interlude was not translated from the Italian. This conclusion also sets aside the remote possibility of a German text being the original of the Interlude: for Wirsung's translation of 1520 is made through the Italian, and it is inconceivable that the English version, thus 'three degrees removed from the truth', could approximate so closely to the Spanish.

Mr. Rosenbach suggests that it is just conceivable that a French translation may have been employed, and draws attention to line 78, which Hazlitt prints as '*Dieu garde*, my lord, and God be in this place'. He points out, however, that the expression *Dieu garde* was in common use at the time, and does not occur in any of the early French translations in the British Museum. Moreover, the correct reading of this line is 'Dew gard my lordes . . .' The words are added in the English version as Sempronio's salutation to the audience, when he comes upon the stage for the first time (cf. ll. 311, 312, 466, 613, etc), and therefore have no bearing on the question.

The only French version which could have been used by the composer of the Interlude is that of Paris (1527), which is unfortunately inaccessible to me. According to Mr. Rosenbach this version was 'translate d'ytalie': if this statement be correct, it could not have been the original of the Interlude any more than the German version could have been; for instance, where the Interlude (l. 129, v. supra) has 'brennyth', versions taken from the Italian would have equivalents for 'slayeth' (amazza).

But there is some reason for supposing that the early French version was not translated from the Italian but directly from the Spanish. According to Brunet the French version of 1542 reproduces the translation used in the editions of 1527 and 1529, and their titles[1] as quoted in the Bibliography of the Krapf *Celestina* are word for word the same. Despite its title of *Celestine* the version of 1542 is not based on the Italian, thus in the passage mentioned above, it reads *brusle*, corresponding to the 'brennyth' of the Interlude; again, in the list of remedies for hysteria (Act. VII, p. 119), where the Italian has Fumo de sole de scarpe vecchie, translated by Mabbe, 'smoke . . . of the soles of old shoes', and by Wirsung gebrannt Schuch-solen, the French version of 1542 follows the Spanish in making no mention of this quaint cure, which is evidently an addition due to Ordoñez.

As the French edition of 1542, which is the earliest accessible to me, resembles the Interlude in being independent of the Italian, and as it almost certainly reproduces the only French text that the author of the Interlude could have used, I have compared the English and French versions. There can be no doubt that the English is an independent adaptation of the Spanish: indeed, the question of French influence could hardly have arisen, had not Hazlitt altered in l. 4 Eraclito to Heraclitus (Fr. 1542 *Eraclius*), and in l. 859 Narciso to Narcissus (Fr. 1542 Narcisus). The following passages, however, are conclusive:—

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[1] It is remarkable that the French editions of 1527 and 1542 have the title *Celestine*. The Italian edition of 1519 had already borne the title *Celestina*, but this title did not displace the original *Tragicomedia de Calisto Melibea* in the Spanish editions until that of Alcalá (1569).

Interlude. l. 44, the gretness of god. Sp. La grandeza de Dios. Fr. La haultesse de Dieu.

l. 51. workys of pity. Sp. obras pias. Fr. bonnes œuvres.

l. 116. (v. supra) sharp nedyls. Fr. compunctions.

l. 119. (v. supra) to seke remedy. Fr. ensuyuisses.

l. 134. brute bestes. Sp. brutos animales. Fr. bestes.

l. 223. Suffereyn bewte. Sp. soberana hermosura. Fr. sa grante beaulté.

l. 228. tyed with fyne lase. Sp. atados con la delgada cuerda. Fr. veoir comment elle les peigne et arroye.

l. 297. The myghty and perdurable god. Sp. O todo poderoso, perdurable Dios. Fr. O dieu tout puissant.

l. 504. Son to Albert the old. Sp. hijo de Alberto tu compadre. Fr. filz Dabetton.

The conclusion is that the Interlude was translated directly from the Spanish. Mr. Rosenbach suggests that a Spanish text printed in Italy was employed, and Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly[1] considers the idea plausible. The former states that three editions of the *Celestina* in Spanish were published in Italy before 1530, viz. Milan, 1514; Venice, 1515 and 1525. I have not been able to find any trace of these editions; they do not appear in the Krapf Bibliography, and it is noticeable that *Italian* versions were published at Milan, 1514, Venice, 1515 and 1525. Can Mr. Rosenbach have mistaken the reprints of Ordoñez's translation for editions of the Spanish original? There is a Spanish edition of Venice 1531, which seems too late for our author's use, and Salvá suspected that the edition of 1523, nominally published at Seville, was really printed at Venice; but this edition reads mata for quema, in the passage quoted above, and is therefore out of court. Pending further information as to early Spanish texts of the tragi-comedy published in Italy, I conclude that the text on which the Interlude was based was Spanish and printed in Spain.

To sum up, the *Tragicomedia de Calisto y Melibea* exercised a direct influence upon the early English drama, and to this influence we owe the nearest approach to a romantic comedy, which had up to that time appeared upon the English stage. *An Interlude of Calisto and Melebea* stands isolated among the plays of this time, and is far in advance of its age: but this isolation and superiority are due not to the merits of its translator, but to the genius of the Spanish author, which could not be quite obscured even by the blunders and inept additions of the English version. As to its influence on the later drama it is impossible to speak with certainty, but it is at least noteworthy that this, the first important contact of English and Spanish literature, produced a drama, which, despite manifold faults, points clearly towards the great romantic movement that some fifty years later enriched England and the world with its most precious dramatic masterpieces.

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[1] *Revue Hispanique*, vol. xv, 1906.

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